

THE

Atlantic



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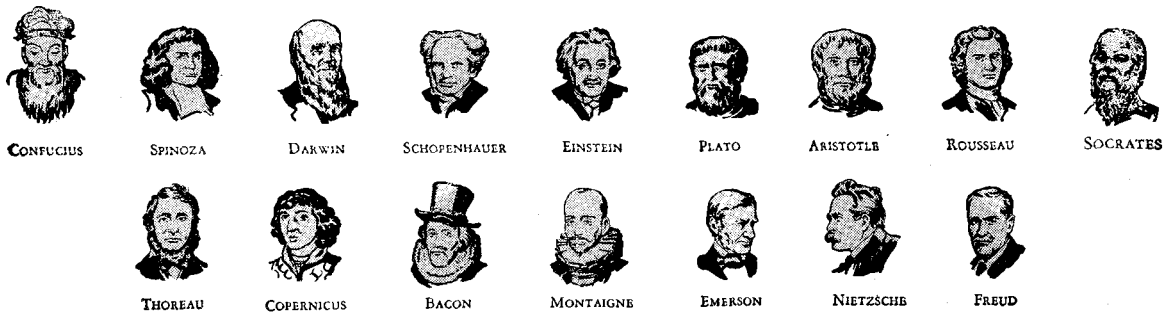
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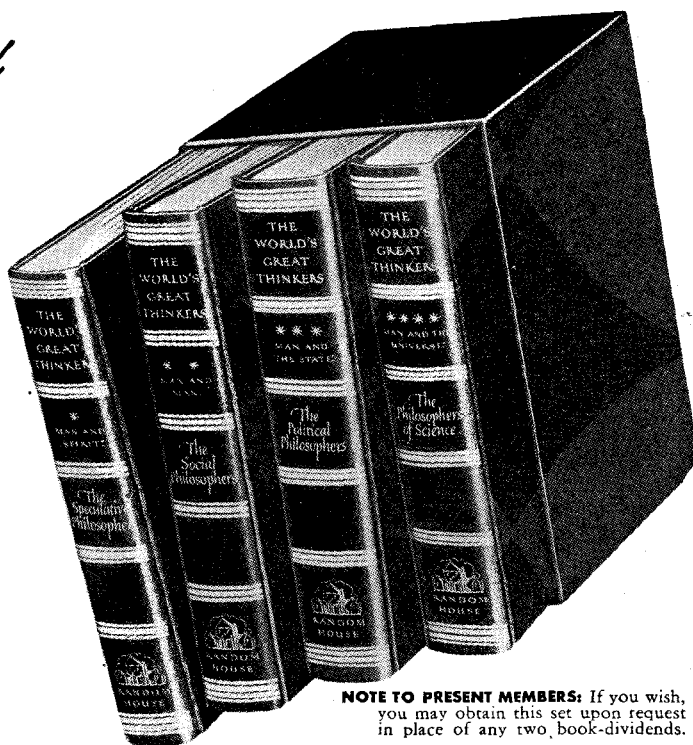
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Moscow

WHILE what has been described as the "cold war" between the Soviet Union and the United States rages unabated, the Kremlin is about to emerge victorious from an intensive internal battle — the Battle of Bread — with consequent vital repercussions in foreign and domestic Soviet policy. The harvesting of a bumper crop is well advanced in southern European Russia, and reports from other food-raising areas indicate an estimated total yield of 264 billion pounds of grain cereals — a figure which approximates that of the best pre-war year.

This agricultural success follows the disastrous summer of 1946 when what Russian experts called the worst drought of the generation scorched the land between the Volga and the Carpathians. Stalin was not only unable to keep his pre-election promise to abolish the rationing system for bread and cereals but was compelled to reduce bread rations for 1947 and increase basic food prices up to 300 per cent while wage rises did not exceed 25 per cent.

The decline of real wages caused by the scarcity of food has been balanced in part, however, by the reduced prices of manufactured goods made possible by the steady progress of reconversion. The accelerated development of light industry has yielded, for the first six months of this year, a net increase over the corresponding period in 1946 varying between 40 and 100 per cent in cotton goods, woollens, leather.

Prices of consumers' goods in the so-called state-operated commercial shops, in the open market, and in the industrial coöperatives have been lowered between 10 and 50 per cent.

Housing remains — and for many years will remain — Russia's worst headache, but over four million peasants in devastated areas are reported to have

moved, since the end of the war, to newly built farmhouses. Gutted cities like Stalingrad, Rostov, Minsk, and Voronezh still contain millions of inhabitants living in cellars, dugouts, and tents. In the capital, whose pre-war population of four and one-half millions has swollen to an estimated seven millions, housing conditions are a nightmare.

"All for a successful harvest"

The Battle of Bread has been won by a combination of luck and management, by favorable weather and skillful generalship. Launched early last autumn, when the Kremlin realized the serious effects of the crop failure, the government and party campaign for a good harvest had all the seriousness, singleness of purpose, and atmosphere of a military campaign.

The best party workers were mobilized for the agricultural front, the peasants were organized into brigades, and the leaders among them were, by the thousands, designated "Heroes of Socialist Labor," the peacetime equivalent of the highest military order, "Hero of the Soviet Union." The state released some of its grain reserves for sowing; and later, where manpower was short, the Army was called in to aid in harvesting.

Not since the early days of collectivization and industrialization has the Kremlin waged such serious "offensives" on the economic front. It was easy to convert the wartime slogan "All for the front" into "All for a successful harvest."

Stalin himself, who during the war gave up most affairs of state to direct the war effort, is reported to have devoted most of his time during the past few months to the agricultural campaign. To the Ukraine, one of the country's principal food-producing republics, he sent the Kremlin's number one trouble-shooter, dynamic Lazar Kaganovich.

In addition to supervising the economic rehabilitation of the Ukraine, the most devastated part of the Soviet Union, Kaganovich has had to liquidate survivals of political and cultural influences of the occupation. He has behind him a rich agricultural experience acquired in the early days of collectivization when he directed the coordination of collective farming and the introduction of machine-tractor stations.

The good news from the agricultural front will give the people a much needed booster shot. While absorbed in the battle of survival the Soviet GI (meaning practically every Soviet adult, since mobilization was total in the Soviet Union) did not visualize the enormity of his country's destruction and the new sacrifices that would be required of him in the first few years of the reconstruction period.

Generous American Lend-Lease and the first contact with American troops in Germany gave him reason to expect equally liberal post-war aid in rehabilitation. And unless he was a professional pessimist — a rare phenomenon among Russians — he could not anticipate the swift breakdown of Allied amity.

How the Russian feels toward America

The average Russian is unquestionably worried about the prospects of war. But in spite of the extraordinary demonstration of American power during and since the war, in spite of the atom bomb, notwithstanding the bitter diplomatic war between the two countries, and in spite of the occasional publication in the Soviet press of some of the more extreme anti-Soviet views voiced in America, the average Russian does not appear to have accepted the inevitability of an armed conflict.

Until recently America was beyond evil in the minds of millions of Russians. In no other country have traveling Americans been received by the common people with as much warmth and hospitality as in Russia. The admiration of American science, technology, and literature bordered on worship.

Russia is a country where Jack London and Mark Twain are almost national writers and are as well known as Pushkin and Tolstoy. Two years ago, Mark Twain's anniversary was celebrated in Moscow by the publication of a new edition of his works and a literary soiree at Voks, the Soviet Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries.

Thirty years after the Revolution there still exists an enormous reservoir of good feeling for America and its institutions. English is the most popular foreign language in Russia and is a required subject in many secondary schools.

Now America is slowly but perceptibly in danger of becoming public enemy number one in the Soviet

Union. A generation ago, among the favorite insulting epithets of Soviet children were phrases like "filthy Samurai," "vicious Fascist," "Trotskyite vermin." An American on a Moscow street a few weeks ago was shocked to hear a Soviet child, who had apparently quarreled with his playmate, abusively shout, "You — American imperialist."

By America, when used derogatively, Russians of course mean what their pundits call "American reactionary circles," "remnants of fascism," "military-imperialistic groups," "financial oligarchs." Even so vitriolic a critic of America as Ilya Ehrenburg in a *Pravda* article was careful to distinguish between the American people, who presumably could do no wrong, and the advocates of immediate atomic warfare.

Said Ehrenburg: "The average American isn't naïve enough to want to die for the dividends of oilmen, arms manufacturers, and other atomists [*sic*]. Americans have heads, good hearts, and humanity. They are now worried about the future, the oncoming crisis, the greed of businessmen, the rise of prices, and the rise of reaction. They are not politicians but living people — these average Americans. They wish to live, work, and amuse themselves. They cannot be driven back to war transports. The louder our enemies shout, the more friends we have. With us are the former soldiers of the Allied armies — Englishmen — Americans — Frenchmen."

The Kremlin expects peace

But though the Russian people are not easily given to hysteria, all the martial language that is being bandied about in press and radio has had its effect. Talk of war, coming on top of the food shortages, overcrowded living, and hard work, is causing the Soviet citizen plenty of worry. Consequently, it is no surprise that Soviet leaders are making every possible effort to play down the possibility of war.

The feeling that atomic warfare will be outlawed sooner or later is gaining, and since Stalin's declaration to that effect, the people have been breathing much more easily. Incidentally, the Stalin prizes recently awarded for science indicate continued and intensive Soviet research in atomic fission.

On the official level there is no indication that the hardheaded realists in the Kremlin expect war in the near future. On the contrary, both their internal policy and their external policy seem to be based on the assumption of peace for some time.

Permanent censorship

During the war, optimistic Russian GIs dreamed of a flow of domestic and foreign consumers' goods. Even hopes of travel abroad did not seem too fantastic. The ordinary Russian has never been and is not

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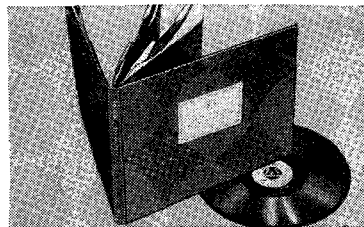
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yet an isolationist, but now definite trends in that direction are discernible. Two recent decrees have emphasized the isolationist mood in the Kremlin. The first, published early in March, caused considerable shock to public opinion by banning marriages between Soviet citizens and foreigners.

The second law of isolationist character, which may seriously affect relations between Soviet citizens and foreigners, was enacted early this summer. The Soviet Council of Ministers issued a new list of items of information constituting "state secrets," the divulgence whereof is punished by imprisonment for from four to twenty years.

The official classification is broad enough to include almost anything the government chooses to call a secret. For example, in addition to ordinary military data which might be considered confidential in any country, it is now criminal to divulge: —

1. Anything concerning industry as a whole or any branches thereof, anything on agriculture, trade, and transportation, which the Council of Ministers declares to be of secret character.
2. The balance of state funds, foreign currencies, financial plans of the U.S.S.R., place and method of keeping rare metals and currency.
3. Plans and projects for imports and exports.
4. Geological deposits, output of rare, non-ferrous metals, and mineral resources.

Of special interest to foreign scientists is the provision penalizing the unauthorized publication, prior to their completion, of inventions, discoveries, technical improvements, and research and experimental work in all branches of science, technology, and national economy.

Finally, the law enjoins the communication of any "information relating to negotiations, relations, and agreements between the U.S.S.R. and foreign states as well as data concerning any measures in the field of foreign policy and foreign trade not contained in officially published documents." This paragraph, which makes diplomatic reportage and speculation virtually impossible, caused near pandemonium among foreign correspondents. Not that Soviet sources have hitherto been free with information on diplomatic matters, but one of the certain effects of this law is to make the censors increasingly harsh with news dispatches.

The prominent publication of the decree in the Moscow press served to add to the chill that has been developing for some time in the ordinary intercourse between foreigners and Russians everywhere. In an atmosphere of mounting tension in international affairs, and with the revival of some of the pre-war anti-imperialist and anti-capitalist slogans, it takes

much less than the prospect of prolonged penal servitude to make the Soviet citizen extremely cautious in his communication with foreigners.

The "liars" of the foreign press

Among the most unhappy victims of this complex of distrust and suspicion is the small group of embittered and frustrated Anglo-American correspondents. Sitting on top of the most important story of the post-war world, they feel impotent to relate it.

There has been perhaps no greater tragedy in the experience of Moscow correspondents than the ill-fated Conference of Foreign Ministers. About one hundred British, American, and French correspondents invaded the Red capital and some of them made a field day of it. Some of the reports that went out of Moscow and those that were published at the end of the conference apparently confirmed the Soviet authorities in all their prejudices against the foreign press.

Little, or not at all, impressed by the fact that a substantial number of reporters were men of high professional skill and integrity, leaders in their field, who did as objective a job as could be expected under the circumstances, the Russians found sufficient evidence of biased and malicious reporting to draw the worst possible conclusions. They felt perfectly justified in retaining the censorship and generally cracking down on the resident newspapermen.

No sooner was the conference over than the Soviet press launched a vigorous campaign against the "liars and slanderers" of the foreign press. A strong editorial in the authoritative magazine *New Times* excoriated the foreign correspondents, "who had every opportunity to report the work of the session fully and truthfully."

Rejecting the argument that the Soviet censorship is an obstacle to mutual understanding between the Soviet Union and the Anglo-Saxon world, the *New Times* laid down the law of permanent censorship and contended that "the sole purpose of censorship is to protect the public of all countries from the lies and misinformation about our countries which are usually sent by their correspondents in Moscow every time the censorship is lifted."

The Moscow Association of Anglo-American Correspondents wrote to Generalissimo Stalin politely pointing out that the most objectionable false reports emanated from sources outside Moscow.

Yet, as long as the Russians remain convinced that "slandering the Soviet Union is the chief specialty of certain newspapers and the profession of venal journalists," they may be expected to apply the limitations on all newspapers and journalists.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



London

THE dollar loan to Britain will be gone by the end of this year. Prime Minister Attlee has warned the people that if Britain is to survive, longer working hours and a further cut in their standard of living are essential. Since the British are living as grimly as any people in Europe, this prospect appalls even the hardiest.

It is no comfort to tell the British that the loan lost 30 per cent of its negotiated value within nine months by the uncontrolled rise in U.S. prices, or that America was the only land where the things needed by the world could be got. The upshot is that, though war-damaged Britain has boosted exports to their pre-war volume while taking only 70 per cent of her pre-war imports, the economic prospect is worse now than at any other time in the dark eight years since the war broke out.

Leading British economists a year ago pointed out that the mere boosting of British exports would not help unless those extra exports went to countries from which Britain could get payment in gold, free or hard currencies (dollars, Swedish and Swiss money, Argentine pesos, and so forth), or the kinds of imports desperately needed by Britain.

The more British goods or services that are bought by the United States, Canada, Argentina, and other hard-currency countries, the easier it will be for Britain to pay her way; for it is (and will continue to be) from those lands that she must get her vital necessities: her food and (for employment's sake) her industrial raw materials.

Yet Britain has boosted her exports — her badly needed electrical generating and other equipment, agricultural machinery, boilers, railroad cars, and so forth — to countries from which she can get only paper debts, blocked currencies, and (as from

France) a trickle of luxury goods: fine dress materials, wines, liqueurs, entertainment, and tourism.

Out of such an impasse the only exit visible to a good doctrinaire British socialist is to give the socializing screw another twist: namely, to move farther away from free trading and nearer to 100 per cent state trading, state monopolies, barter agreements.

What remedies are left?

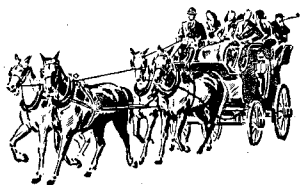
That is the motive underlying the “rebels’” attack on Ernest Bevin. Their pamphlet *Keep Left* has adjured Labor to avoid entangling alliances with the U.S. dollar, American private capitalism, free enterprise, and free trade.

The same motive underlies the Labor Government's mission to Moscow to conclude a trade agreement, Bevin's pressure on Bidault to follow up Marshall's lead, the Cabinet's tinkering with further slashes in imports of U.S. films and tobacco, and its unilateral breach of the British Newsprint Company's contract with Canada in order to cut even further the size of Britishers' under-informing papers.

In mid-July Britain complied with the terms of the dollar loan and made most sterling, arising from current (not backlog) proceeds of sales to Britain by other lands, freely convertible to pay for other countries' needs. There is no denying that this move hampers Britain. Part of the American loan has vanished in rocketing U.S. prices, part has gone in feeding and administering Germany, and now part is going in the converting of sterling into dollars to buy not British but U.S. manufactures for other countries.

Faced with all these unfavorable factors, the British authorities — everyone except the Communists and the *Keep Left* school of fellow travelers in the Labor

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BEFORE MAKING PLANS TO TRAVEL IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

CONTACT

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LONDON (continued)

Party — drew a deep sigh of hope when Secretary Marshall spoke as he did last June.

If the Marshall Plan holds out hope of more tide-over dollars for Britain, between the coming winter (the worst for a century, judging by the economic portents) and sometime in 1948 when a reviving Western Europe might begin to help itself, then the British Cabinet must grasp it. The chauvinistic, confused, groping, uninformed British daily press caught at the straw, too. So did the public: the housewives still queuing (for less than ever), the slow-motion street workers, the resigned and receptive movie audiences, and the baffled and cornered trade-unionists.

Plans: Marshall's or Molotov's

For those who, loyally doctrinaire, wanted to "keep Left," hope could still be based on the Board of Trade's mission to Moscow. For those who had imagination as well as knowledge, and could envision the nation's bankruptcy and impoverishment beginning in its acuteness after December 31, high hopes could now be based on Marshall as a kind of *deus ex America*. Thus, for the time being, the sorry polarization in British political life — the damaging split between those oriented towards Moscow and those oriented towards Washington and those oriented nowhere in particular — was aggravated.

Molotov's ineffable self-assurance and self-sufficiency in Paris, however, disarrayed the Left in Britain (as it did Henry Wallace's friends in the U.S.); and when the Russians followed this up with the sudden conclusion of trade and other treaties with Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia (and between all of them reciprocally), and Czechoslovakia was ordered to back out of her initial acceptance of the invitation to Paris, even the most-traveled fellow travelers in Britain began to have qualms.

These qualms increased as, at the end of July, the Board of Trade's economic experts, long loyal to Sir Stafford Cripps and his austere views, began to "leak" what had been going on in Moscow with the negotiations for an Anglo-Russian trade agreement.

Britishers were familiar with the Russians' giving Bevin the run-around over the prolongation of the Anglo-Soviet treaty to one of fifty years' duration. They knew the Russians had tried to get Bevin to agree to an "interpretation" or clause under which Britain would be stopped in future from helping any power engaged in war with Russia. And they knew Bevin had said a flat "No."

Now it appeared that the Board of Trade, with Cabinet sanction, had agreed to the Russians' demands for a four-year moratorium on any payments by Russia on the balance of debts to Britain (put at a net total of \$200,000,000); to extend the repayment period *thereafter* to twelve instead of seven years; and to reduce the interest rate from the hitherto 4 per cent to one half of one per cent — that is, to slash it

to one eighth, which would equate it with that on France's indebtedness to Britain in all particulars. This was a generous offer (placing Russian credit on a par with France's) considering the fact that less than one half of the overdue and desperately needed Russian timber and coal mine pit props have as yet been delivered under the standing contracts.

To add Russian insult to injury, the British delegates in Moscow (happily most of them were young, led by Sir Stafford's political deputy, who is still in his early thirties) were treated by their hosts as though they were importunate or guilty satellites, while the Eastern European economic treaties were ostentatiously concluded at the same time in Moscow.

Far to the Left in Britain the feeling spread that not for all the wheat in Russia at this year's end could Britain build dependable future economic relations in such an atmosphere. Even in Britain's darkest days, a million tons of Russian grain can be bought too dear. Dollars may prove cheaper after all.

So the Britishers — the authorities, the press, and the people alike — were driven back, almost willy-nilly, upon the possible meaning to be attached to what came to be called the "Marshall offer." It was a wriggling, squirming situation for them.

The integration of Western Europe

Americans must bear in mind this overriding feature of the British reaction to the "Harvard hint": namely, that Britishers — from the *Economist* to the Federation of British Industries and the British Employers' Confederation (roughly equivalent to the NAM and the Chamber of Commerce), from the Trades Union Congress (paymasters of the Labor Party) to rightwing Tories in the Opposition — are convinced that only a *truly regional* Western European economic dovetailing (including Western Germany) will revive Europe and Britain together.

To the British, that means an extension of the "Benelux" (Belgium, Netherlands, Luxemburg) economic fusion or customs union. If the committees in Paris, galvanized by Bevin's urgency, are to achieve any practicable plan to dovetail each Western European country's best efforts and output with the others' — leaving U.S. dollars to bridge the smallest temporary gap rather than the widest — *then Western Europe as a region must work out its trade-dovetailing on a basis of preferences.*

If American politicians and taxpayers want to make the smallest and not the biggest possible cash outlay for Europe's rehabilitation, then we must let the European workers and industrialists and state boards fill as many of Europe's needs as possible. Otherwise American traders will be tempted into the European sellers' market and may be fleeced of

American goods as badly as Germany fleeced all of us of our private loans to her for rehabilitation purposes after World War I.

In brief, America can only have a revived Western Europe, reasonably reliable and friendly to America, and not a perpetual poor relation needing subsidies in dollars, if America in turn not only allows but actively encourages Western European countries to integrate their economies in any way they please as long as they really integrate them, thus fulfilling in the main their own needs first.

That faces us with the choice of "plans": a domestic "plan" to keep up U.S. business activity 100 per cent in case of a recession, or an external "plan" (like the "Marshall sketch") to achieve the same result but without extra Federal controls at home over enterprise. Which will we choose?

Reciprocity, not dumping

That this confrontation of American choices is no longer very far off is the deep conviction of most Britishers. Hence their unease, their sense that critically decisive days are immediately ahead. Hence, too, their leaders' acute sensitiveness and ham-handedness: the signs of a feeling of inferiority.

To British industrialists and professional men, the vestigial "men of property" in impoverished Britain, Western European economic dovetailing is attractive. It promises the equivalent of an ordered and integrated market of some 220,000,000 souls, the most highly skilled workers of Europe, which can be shared with the industrialists of France, Scandinavia, Switzerland, and the "Benelux" combine — but only on condition that a general Western European preferential trading system is laid down as a foundation.

If Western Europe, in exchange for the bridging of a small annual gap in its needs, is to be laid freely open to uncontrolled sales from America — whether under free competitive private enterprise, or, in slumps, under "dumping" which is "exporting of domestic unemployment" — then British, French, and other remaining *private* industrialists may well throw in the sponge and opt for outright state monopolies and socialism, under which they will at least get preferential salaries and personal advantages.

Viewed from the European end, and especially from London, the so-called "Marshall Plan" — which becomes a plan only when Europeans have drafted it — may be deluding Europeans into misplaced high hopes which a shortsighted Congress may dash. But if the American government dashes the hopes of Secretary Marshall and of Europeans alike, it will be destroying the very ramparts Americans are most concerned to watch. Between now and New Year's, all Europe and America may be made to see that.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

WHETHER there will be a special session of Congress this year depends upon the economic situation in Europe. The indications are that by October the world's dollar shortage will rise to a crisis. The crisis, if unrelieved, will take the form of restrictions imposed upon imports from America out of sheer inability to pay for them. Already the bars are beginning to go up. The effect on our national economy threatens to be a backing up of American surpluses, particularly of food, and this may provoke joblessness.

Our export surplus is now running at the fantastic rate of 9 billion dollars a year. If we reckon half a million jobs per billion dollars' worth of exports, this export trade accounts for 4.5 million employed Americans. That, of course, is less than 8 per cent of our 60-million payroll.

But these things cannot be reckoned arithmetically, as was shown by our 1920-1921 experience, when the contraction in our export trade was felt in a slump which started among the farmers and ended up in the factories making goods for home consumption. The export situation is probably ahead of the building industries among the factors making for uncertainty in our economy.

Secretary Marshall's Harvard speech was governed by two considerations. One was the effect in Europe of the dollar shortage. This dollar shortage is due not to our unwillingness to take imports from Europe (and so provide dollars), but to Europe's lagging output. It is abnormal that Europe should be dependent upon America for coal and food.

The other consideration behind the Marshall speech was the certainty of a fresh call for American assistance. After an outlay of 20 billion dollars for European recovery, the legislators have got into the habit

of calling foreign aid "Operation Rathole." It is a question how far Congress would have gone in extending aid on a national basis.

For these reasons Marshall threw out the idea to Europe that the prerequisite of new American help was a program ensuring the integration of as many European economies as possible. Aid would be considered only on a continental basis. Agree on a "working economy" across national frontiers, said Marshall in effect, and we will ask Congress to finance the deficit in your means of creating it. It is a self-help and help program.

Washington is waiting to see a chart for an organized Europe. It would have welcomed at the initial meeting in Paris a declaration of interdependence, but, failing that, it insists upon machinery that will demonstrate integration. What is envisaged is an organization to give priorities to capital construction on a basis predetermined in terms of importance and speed in the revival of Europe; in other words, a Peace Production Board.

This organization would then allocate both European production and American exports of the material to go into these capital undertakings. Now this would be revolutionary. It would undermine national sovereignty. The possibility of a customs union growing out of a Peace Production Board is clearly in the realm of the feasible.

The Ruhr: powerhouse of Europe

The Ruhr always has been the powerhouse of Europe, and if it were put on its feet, the reconstruction of Europe would be well on its way. Soon after the Marshall speech the Joint Chiefs of Staff issued orders to General Clay in Berlin to push German reconstruction. But the political future of the Ruhr still has to be settled. It is putting the cart before the

horse to revive, say, Germany's steel industry without prior knowledge of its ownership or the disposition of its product. A French protest against the Joint Chiefs' order brought this abruptly to American notice. French fears in this respect had to be assuaged before the coöperators in Paris could begin discussion.

It was unfortunate that after Secretary Marshall had seized the diplomatic initiative so dazzlingly, he should have allowed the military to put this initiative in jeopardy. Russia was given the propaganda point that we are interested only in building up a strong Germany as a Russo-American buffer. The loss now has been retrieved, but the incident shows the dangers involved in the hydra-headed conduct of our foreign policy.

French objections on Germany, of course, had nothing to do with Ruhr coal. The French agree that a coal scheme for the Ruhr should be the foremost objective of the new coöperative policy.

The failures in the revival of post-war Europe as regarded in Washington are headed by coal. They are Britain's failures. She has failed to get back on an export basis for coal. She has failed to get coal output in the Ruhr (Britain's zone) beyond 50 per cent of capacity. The result is to distort the American-European balance of payments. Europe this year is importing American coal at the rate of 50 million tons a year. It has to pay around \$20 a ton for it.

If there were a Ruhr Coal Authority, there might be some hope of making Europe less dependent upon us for coal. But the job has been so long neglected that transport will doubtless have to be provided before a bigger output can be expected. Transport is another shortage which, even after Europe has pooled her transport resources, will have to be repaired from America.

The third failure is French — the lag in French agriculture. If France had a good harvest it would reduce the food dependence upon America, especially in view of the iron curtain in Eastern Europe which separates Europe's granaries from Europe's customers. But the French prospect is bad: the French have had the worst wheat crop in a century. In stricken countries there is bound to be a call upon America for agricultural machinery.

What do we have to spare?

In Washington there are committees sitting which parallel the committees in Paris. They are preparing an inventory of resources so as to be ready when the Europeans submit their blueprint. Commerce Secretary Averell Harriman, who heads the inquiry, has gathered around him the cream of the nation's leadership in research and business. The inquiry will have

at its disposal studies the President has requested from both the Interior Department and the Council of Economic Advisers.

These studies are a necessary aid in the job of seeing how we stand when the call from Europe comes. About the only item we have to spare is machine tools. Machinery for mines and farms is short. Capacity for steam locomotives is available, as is that for rails, but in order to put the factories to work, we need steel, and steel is tight.

Steel output, which is estimated at 69 million tons this year, is insufficient to meet demands now coming from American industries. The only possibility of doing our part lies in the restoration of controls. As Secretary Harriman puts it, there must be a "deferment of cravings."

More government controls?

How will Congress take to a scheme which might put us back on a wartime basis? The Eightieth Congress was elected on a program of "normalcy." It started out by trying to do a job of spring cleaning on the controls, extravagances, excesses, and statutes associated with the war. But the job was only half done.

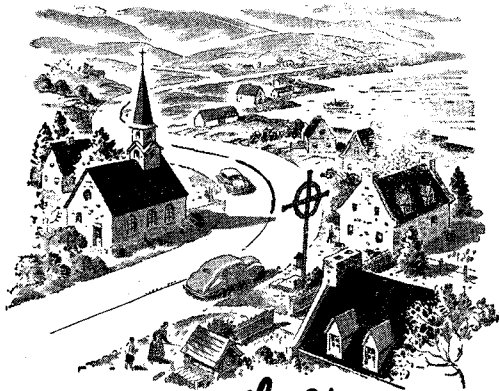
Part way through the session the realization was borne in on the legislators that the peace remained to be won. The realization was helped by the near-hysteria induced by the troubles with Russia. At any rate, the Eightieth Congress did two things which put the necessary weapons in the President's hands for fulfilling the Marshall Plan. One was the renewal of export controls. The other was the renewal of the war power to divert capital goods from domestic markets.

Few people last November would have prophesied such a ready willingness to give the President export and allocation powers. These facts alone should encourage Europe as a whole to produce the kinds of import controls and allocation powers that are the necessary complement of ours.

Before adjournment a Select Committee on Foreign Aid was set up under the titular chairmanship of Representative Charles A. Eaton. Under him will be Representative Christian Herter, who will run the inquiry. Herter intends to set up committees parallel to the Harriman inquiry, and to dispatch them to foreign countries to see what can be done, what should be done, and what is being done. Already the Committee has at its disposal the testimony on domestic possibilities got together by the Vorys subcommittee of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The Eightieth Congress

This picture of President-Congress coöperation in foreign affairs makes last November's prognostica-



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WASHINGTON (continued)

tions of deadlock look a trifle sick. But even on the foreign front it hasn't all been milk and honey. By no means. Congress tried to slip an import fee provision into the wool price support bill which was in flagrant disregard of our commercial treaties. It almost wrecked the Geneva conference for setting up an International Trade Organization, though this shows precious little life, anyway. President Truman's veto stuck.

Yet, as if to cancel out this legislative transgression, the State Department inserted a debt-collecting item into the bill for a fresh allocation of sugar imports. The clause was aimed at Cuba. Evidently Cuba owes money to private Americans for supplies to old Cuban administrations. It is a long-standing debt, and Cuba has offered to submit the dispute to the conciliation machinery set up under various inter-American agreements. Why the State Department refused to agree is a puzzle. Certainly this reversion to the big stick is contrary to all our professions as well as our pledges. It will plague our Hemisphere diplomacy.

Speaker Martin said last November that the new session would open with a prayer and end with a probe. He was prophetic, except that he ought to have used probe in the plural. Congressmen are now scattered all over the country and all over the world looking into matters that require legislation. On the domestic front, investigations into prices, social security, and housing are planned. Lack of action on housing was one of the great omissions of the Eightieth Congress. At the same time Congress accepted the President's plan for the reorganization of housing agencies.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital in these no-Congress days is one of thankfulness that all the dire prophecies of Executive-Legislative deadlock have not been realized. Next year, of course, will be the great test. That is the reason that constructive-minded people hope there will be a special session this year, so that necessary legislation will not be bedeviled by election-year politics.

Take, for instance, national military training. Secretary Marshall attaches the greatest importance to such a measure. To him it would come as a mighty strengthener of his arm in the coming diplomatic tilts with Molotov. It would likewise serve to fill out the new security pattern which has been established by the unification measure. Whether, in spite of popular acceptance of the need for military training, it can be enacted is, of course, a moot point. But, clearly, the difficulty would be enhanced in an election year.

The Capital feels deserted, but Congress has left us to live with an aura of suspicion over the heads of Federal employees. It is anything but a pleasant atmosphere.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

EARLY in July, the new Director General of the Pan American Union, Dr. Lleras Camargo, made it clear, through a series of questionnaires to the Governing Board, what the chief issues were likely to be at the Petropolis Conference. In effect, the questions were these: —

1. In case of an armed attack on an American power, should the republics agreeing to a mutual defense treaty be obligated to come immediately and directly to the attacked power's assistance?
2. Should each treaty power remain free to choose the means by which its assistance would be extended?
3. In consultations among the treaty powers on defense methods against an aggressive attack, should decisions be made unanimously, or by a two-thirds vote, or by a simple majority?
4. Should such decisions, by a two-thirds vote or otherwise, be binding on republics that vote against them or abstain from voting?

The republics voted solidly for extending direct aid to a nation under attack. But endorsement of the principle of mutual assistance was whittled down sharply from then on.

The State Department's spokesman on the Pan American Union's Governing Board, William Sanders, declared that agreeing on the other questions beforehand did not "seem practical."

Besides these prominent issues at Petropolis, Dr. Lleras Camargo's polling operations revealed some of the State Department's basic embarrassments in Latin America. The State Department insisted on rushing through the Petropolis show as soon as it had succeeded in dropping Spruille Braden — long-time foe of a general inter-American defensive military alliance that would include Perón's Argentina. The

Department went to Petropolis anxious to set up the alliance as quickly as possible. It was backed in this aim by plenty of eager military advisers.

But the Department's policy-makers did not care to risk rigid commitments, which the Senate might not ratify, to support some Latin American republic in a war with an overseas power, if the republic should proclaim itself as attacked by an aggressor.

Similarly, it could not risk a commitment to be bound by a two-thirds vote of Latin American republics to carry out a consultation decision on Hemisphere defense measures which the United States had opposed. The United States could not, in practical effect, agree to be bound by a two-thirds or any other majority. Although nobody could say so, the distinguished delegation which Washington sent to Petropolis stood with Argentina for the unanimity rule.

The delegation also went to its labors under two further handicaps. The bill which President Truman has twice recommended for doling out arms and standardized military training to the Latin republics at bargain basement rates failed to come through the legislative log jam of the Eightieth Congress. And because the Petropolis plenipotentiaries from Washington came without low-cost arms to dicker with, they were peculiarly open to black-mailing operations from less than *simpatía* Latin American caudillos, like Perón, on Hemisphere defense "principles."

The Perón-Franco axis

No signs have appeared that the State Department's recent deference to Perón has accomplished anything. One of the minor questions in the Petropolis preliminaries, for instance, was whether Nicaragua should be invited. The current government there was installed in June by a military coup of the former dictator, Anastasio Somoza, who within a few days

of his inauguration ousted a new president, apparently for refusing to be a Somoza stooge. The other American republics, including the United States, at once refused diplomatic recognition to the *de facto* regime, pending consultations on its title to office.

But in spite of this purposeful move, Argentina, backed by Honduras and the Dominican Republic, the two most truculent small dictatorships left in the Hemisphere, began a pressure movement to get Somoza-land invited to Petropolis.

One factor in this campaign is a fairly obvious by-product of the activities of two Argentine trade commissions in Nicaragua within a little more than a year. Argentine-Nicaraguan trade, a small fraction in world commerce at best, has been only sketchily increased by these visitations. But Dictator Somoza and his strong-arm lieutenants, feeling the end of Washington's favor approaching, have suddenly discovered a new enthusiasm for Spanish Falangism and Argentine neo-Fascism.

Within two hours' flight of the Panama Canal, in other words, the tentative Perón-Franco, Buenos Aires-Madrid axis has started to set up a focus of Caribbean infection.

Furthermore, President Perón has been busy recently trying to solidify the Buenos Aires-Madrid axis. A steady stream of propaganda has issued from Argentine government sources, urging the formation of a third international bloc — presumably to occupy some limbo between the current East-West division. Manifestly, this coalition is to be composed of Spain, Portugal, and such Latin American powers as Perón can coax into a new and specialized orbit.

In a world broadcast on July 6, President Perón suggested what Argentina and its proposed third coalition might be up to. "The work to be carried out to obtain international peace," he said, "must consist in the eradication of capitalistic and totalitarian extremism," beginning with "appropriate political, economic, and social action by the state."

Only after appropriate state action has created "a world conscience which places men above systems and ideologies," General Perón explained, can "the destruction of humanity in the holocaust of hegemonies" be rendered "unacceptable." Or, in free translation, world peace and security are best to be attained by following old Spanish and Argentine authoritarian customs.

Mission to Madrid

Shortly after his old antagonist, Mr. Braden, had been dropped in Washington, President Perón sent Argentina's first lady, Señora Evita Perón, on a mission to Madrid.

Before her host, Caudillo Francisco Franco, and several hundred thousand Madrileños, Señora Evita proceeded to make a speech proclaiming that the common or garden brand of democracy, such as exists in the United States, is finished, and praising the "true distributive democracies" of Franco Spain and Argentina. And then she capped melodrama by giving Franco the Fascist salute.

The first lady's performance may or may not have represented the exact shadings of Perón foreign policy of the moment. Señora Evita was neither disavowed nor recalled. She went on to Rome, where she received a Vatican decoration.

From Italy she swept on to Paris to replenish an already eye-staggering wardrobe. Only a subtle chill emanating from London checked her from descending, with more or less sartorial equivalents of Philip of Spain's Armada, upon England.

Nothing in the Argentine first lady's act, however, seemed to unsettle the State Department. Not even Señora Evita's plain efforts at Caudillo Franco's court to promote "distributive democracies" against the U.S.A. brand shook the determination to go ahead with the arming. For all the State Department seemed to care about the Franco show, the big girl from the pampas might have been only a naughty little madcap trying to shock Henry Agard Wallace.

Letting bad enough alone

The first session of the Eightieth Congress struck drastically at United States information and cultural programs all over the world. But nowhere did its economies bear down harder than on the Latin American potential military allies and Good Neighbors.

Out of 122 jobs authorized for cultural and information activities in the Latin American countries in the budget for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1947, only 28 were continued for the year ending June 30, 1948. In Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Honduras, and El Salvador — countries which could use "American way" indoctrination — cultural and information staffs at the embassies were liquidated. In other countries the staffs were cut in half. In every republic, nationals who have been invaluable employees of the cultural and information staffs have been cut from 60 to 70 per cent.

Ambassador Claude G. Bowers cabled from Chile that "with the British doubling, the French tripling, and the Russians going out aggressively in a big way" in their information and propaganda programs, the time was anything but favorable for drastic economies. Numerous United States Chambers of Commerce in the Latin American republics seconded his judgment, and so did the State Department.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The GI and the Legion"

Sir:

As one who has been a member of the American Legion for many years, having held practically every post official position, I was much interested in General Hanford MacNider's article, "The GI and the Legion," in the June *Atlantic*.

Particularly interesting was this quotation from the article, in the light of my experience with the veterans' organization: "The cure is apparent, and I suggest earnestly and seriously, to Mr. Mauldin and any other veterans who are unhappy over the Legion's course, that they get in and make it right."

Early last year there appeared in the *American Legion Magazine* an article in support of universal military training, written by John Kieran. I wrote a reply to the article, opposing the un-American plan of acquiring an army, and sent it to the editor of the magazine with the request that it be published.

I received the following reply from the editor of the Legion publication, Alexander Gardiner: —

I am very sorry it isn't possible for us to make use of the reply to John Kieran which you sent us under date of April 21, addressed to our Indianapolis office. Mr. Kieran expressed sentiment wholly in keeping with the Legion mandates of the past twenty-five years. Since this is an official organ of the American Legion, we do not, in our columns, allow anyone to say anything opposed to Universal Military Training. However, the Legion is a democratic organization and you and all others who oppose UMT have a right to keep on expressing your sentiments in the organization. I am returning to you the reply to John Kieran's article which you sent with your letter.

I would suggest that General MacNider explain what manner of approach might be made to "get in and make it right" when such treatment is given a Legion member of many years standing who sought to express his sentiments in the official magazine. The Legion magazine is considered the property of all members of the organization, yet it seems to be

limited to support of programs which are the pet projects of the topflight officers who have managed to secure convention approval of their ideas through methods similar to those which have won for them the designation of "king makers" through the years.

STATE SENATOR VAL H. COWLES
Price, Utah

● Mr. Cowles should know that universal military training has been a primary Legion objective for twenty-five years and has received the unanimous endorsement of every national convention each year throughout that period. He can hardly expect the organization's national magazine to publish an article denouncing such a definite mandate just because one individual legionnaire may have other ideas. As I suggested in the *Atlantic*, any member who is right and is persistent enough can make his post right and in turn convince his state department that it should go along with him. That is the normal American procedure in any organization, and Mr. Cowles can be sure that he will have no difficulty getting publicity for his ideas throughout the organization once any such group within it are in agreement with him. — HANFORD MACNIDER

Sir:

In his article General Hanford MacNider writes that "the Legion makes no attempt to discriminate between its members on the basis of types of war-time service." I heartily agree with the thought of these words, but unfortunately the Legion has not followed this policy in the past. I have hope, however, for the future.

It is the policy and the program of the United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps that every Cadet Midshipman who finishes the first round of training shall spend a year at sea on the merchant vessels of our country. This policy applied during the war, when sea duty ranged from six months to

two years, depending on the circumstances of shipping and the conduct of the war. Many paid the supreme sacrifice.

Why, then, are we who have offered our lives and services, who have taken our chances like the rest (and I write now not just for the Cadet Corps, but for the Maritime Service as a whole), denied membership in the American Legion?

CADET MIDSHIPMAN JAMES H. YOCUM
United States Merchant Marine Academy
Kings Point, Long Island, N.Y.

"Chosen for Ability"

Sir:

Thank you for your publication of Fred G. Wale's "Chosen for Ability" (July *Atlantic*). It would indeed be a revolutionary move for some Northern and Midwestern universities to hire a full-time Negro professor, but I do not believe it would cause an educational catastrophe. The fact that a particular college is not ready for a Negro teacher is merely an indication that the school's curriculum has not changed since pre-Civil War days.

Until their student bodies are thoroughly indoctrinated with a new sense of values, based on ability and achievement rather than on color of skin, it will be a very difficult task for many white colleges to hire Negro teachers. The theory that being white makes one a member of a God-chosen Master Race born to rule, or bestows membership in a beneficent order which exists for the purpose of distributing the crumbs of education and culture to God's Stepchildren, must be totally destroyed.

As a prospective teacher, I hope the day is not far in the future when I may apply for a position and be judged by my professional qualification rather than by the fact that I am a Negro.

ROBERT A. SMITHEY
Greencastle, Ind.

Sir:

"Chosen for Ability" is well presented. It brings to mind the always evident race-consciousness of individuals who have never had the privilege of many Southerners; that of having been brought up by and with the fine folk of our darker race of Americans. Their mentalities and abilities are like those of other races — distributed. Their kindnesses and their helpfulness in any emergency cannot be exceeded. Their quiet dignity is balm in intense situations. Their capacity for real Christianity is great.

MARTHA LEE DOUGHTY
Onancock, Va.

Fat or Thin?

Sir:

In the March, 1947, issue of the *Science Digest* there is an article by Dr. Logan Clendening, based on Dr. George Draper's book, *The Human Constitution*. The article contrasts the two extremes in

physique, persons of slender and of heavy build. Dr. Draper maintains that the general personality differences which popular opinion has long ascribed to these types really do exist, and are based on differences in their physical constitution.

The reason I call this to your attention is that the article states: "The heavy ones read Eddie Guest, Conan Doyle, and the *Saturday Evening Post*; the thin ones Baudelaire, Dostoevsky, and the *Atlantic*."

An assertion as forthright as this is startling. Perhaps Dr. Draper or Dr. Clendening can support it with the results of detailed research. If, however, it is merely an illustrative generality, I suggest that you and the Curtis Publishing Company can do a good turn for science by following the problem up. You might send around to your respective subscribers an inquiry on their height and weight; for example, just add spaces for that information on the subscription blanks. People are so accustomed to confiding the most personal details on official-looking forms that most of them will put the figures down without a murmur. Later you might extend the inquiry, adding spaces for gonial angle, pelvic index, sugar content of the blood, and other pertinent data.

A point that Dr. Draper stresses is that people should not go against the grain of their physical type. A thin man should not read Dashiell Hammett, nor should the Falstaffs try to play Cato. Thus I find that I shall have to change my ways. I'm a tall, bony type, but clearly too easygoing. I do read the *Atlantic* rather than the *Post*, but I shall henceforth eschew the Sherlock Holmes stories, of which I am inordinately fond, and resume Baudelaire, from whom I parted on quitting my teens.

It would appear that you and the *Post* should in all conscience decline subscriptions from unsuitably constituted readers, and should discourage your physically maladjusted newsstand buyers by means of warning signs.

RICHARD SLOBODIN
New York City

I Personally —

Sir:

When I opened my July *Atlantic*, my eyes fell first on H. J. McWilliams's criticism (*Atlantic Repertee*) of Martha Gellhorn's story "Miami-New York" and Phoebe Pierce's poem "The Carnival," both in the May *Atlantic*. I hadn't read "The Carnival," but hastened to do so. I happen to be one of those old ladies who are so moral it hurts; and if, as someone else suggests, the poem and story mirror a sick world, then it is the thinking people, like *Atlantic* readers, who should read them because it is such people who should, or could, help a sick world. Putting blinders on isn't going to change the scenery.

HULDA NESLUND
Chicago, Ill.

ir:

The symposium, "It's Up to the Women" (June *Atlantic*), and its original provocation — the article by Della D. Cyrus in the November, 1946, and March, 1947, issues — were interesting, but I always feel that the problem isn't so much a woman's problem as it is a human problem. All people, male and female, above the intellectual level of abbages (and who am I to exclude the cabbages!) are lonely and frustrated and wish they had some other work to do. Writers look at artists longingly, doctors look at lawyers, lumbermen look at doctors — all sure that what the other man is doing is much more stimulating and exciting than their own work.

What we need isn't education to be men, or education to be women, but simply education to be real people, with a core of inner toughness to withstand the blows normal to life, and a modicum of tenderness for other people's problems.

MRS. FRANK E. BOWSER
Key West, Fla.

ir:

After reading John E. Hutton's article in the July *Atlantic*, "When Salmon Sulk," I was sulking, too. For seven full pages Mr. Hutton drones on about the unimportant idiosyncrasies of the fish. It would seem that these pages could be used to better advantage in a world of so much strife and frustration.

I am an ardent fisherman, but unlike Mr. Hutton and the editors of the *Atlantic* obviously, I think there are things of much more importance than the time a No. 12 Logie will take in the ventral fin of a *piscis*.

JAMES W. HAM
Troy, N.Y.

The Keats House

ir:

I have been asked to invite subscriptions for the maintenance of the Keats House in Rome. This house, where the young poet made his last fight for life, was purchased some forty years ago by the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association, composed of a number of distinguished citizens of the United States and Great Britain. Over a period of years a large and valuable library has been built up, specializing in works written by and about Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Leigh Hunt, as well as relics and original manuscripts.

The house and library became a

center of English studies frequented by specialists from the Continent as well as from Great Britain and the United States. Thanks to the skill, foresight, and courage with which the librarian, Signora Cacciatore, managed to have the house put under neutral protection, and later to have its treasures removed to a place of safety during the war, all were saved, and Signora Cacciatore had the happiness of seeing the interest which the house aroused among its first visitors after the war; in 1945, during the Allied occupation of Italy, 15,000 American and British troops visited the Keats House, which was kept open until late in the evening for their benefit.

Appreciation came from unexpected quarters; for instance, a Yorkshire coal miner sent a pound note in gratitude for what the library had meant to his son when, as the father said, he "stood in tears amid the alien corn," after his best friend had been shot down at his side.

In spite of this and other kind offerings, the Association and its property are in a serious plight. The once ample endowments have now shrunk to a point where it is impossible to meet such necessary expenses as taxes, repairs, and the librarian's salary. Six hundred pounds (\$2400) have been raised in England, but an endowment of at least \$50,000 is necessary. Any contributions, no matter how small, will be most gratefully received.

Checks should be made payable to Mrs. Sydney L. Wright, Ends Meet Farm, Wyncote, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM FORCE STEAD
Washington, D.C.

Correction

Sir:

I owe the Boston *Globe* a correction and apology for the statement in my article, "The Press and Its Critics" (July *Atlantic*), that the *Globe* was one of the papers that carried no news on the Report of the Commission on Freedom of the Press. The Evening *Globe* of March 27 carried a story of 16 inches length — an adequate report. The Report was released for morning papers of March 27 and my search was unhappily limited to that issue in papers having morning editions, as the *Globe* has. But it was still news that afternoon and I should not have missed the *Globe's* story.

LOUIS M. LYONS
Cambridge, Mass.

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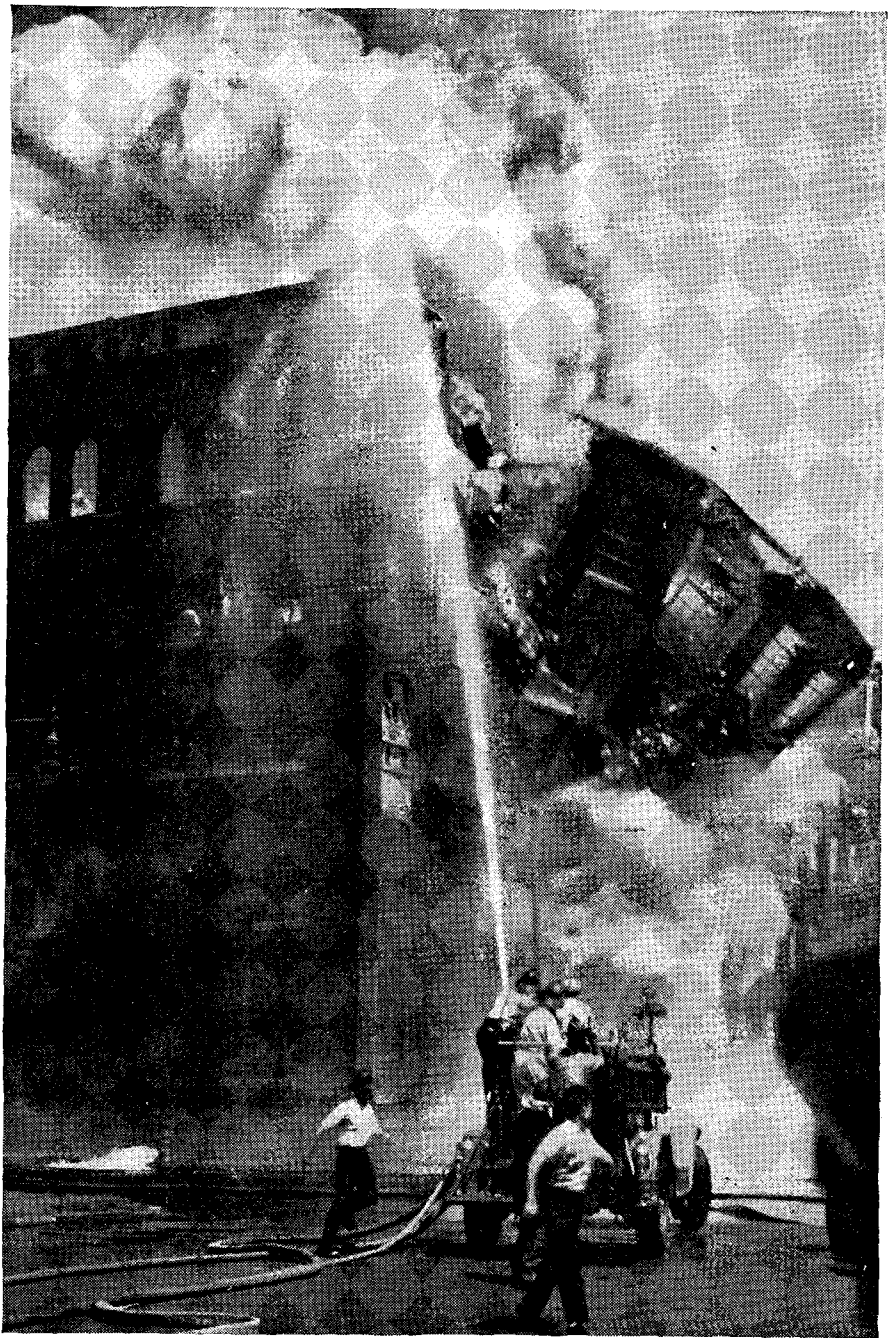
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PACKHORSE PARADISE

by WALLACE STEGNER

ONE of the special pleasures about a back road in the West is that it sometimes ends dead against a wonderful and relatively unvisited wilderness. The road from Grand Canyon to Topacoba Hilltop ends dead against a ramshackle shed and a gate that closes the bottom of the gulch. The whole place looks less like a hilltop than anything we can imagine, but our Indian guide is there, along with a half-dozen other Indians, cooking beans over an open fire. He waves his hands, white with flour, and says we shall be ready to go in thirty minutes.

Eating a lunch of oranges and cookies and a thermos of milk, we look out from the end of the gulch to the outer rim of a larger and much deeper canyon — possibly the Grand Canyon itself, possibly some tributary or bay. The heat is intense, and light glares from the rock faces and talus slopes. Ahead of us is a fourteen-mile ride into Havasu Canyon, the deep-sunk, cliff-walled sanctuary of the Havasupai Indians.

At twelve-thirty the white-handed Indian, a boy of about eighteen, leads up a skinny packhorse and loads on our sleeping bags, tarps, cooking gear, and the small amount of food we are taking for a three-day trip. He is handy at his diamond hitch, but

uncommunicative; his hair grows down over his forehead and he wears big blunt spurs. The horses he brings up look to us like dwarfs, unable to carry our weight, but they do not sag when we climb on. My saddle is too small, and the stirrups won't lengthen to within six inches of where I want them; I console myself with the reflection that if I did put them down where they belong they would drag on the ground, the horse is so small.

For a quarter mile we circle the shoulder of a hill, and then, turning the corner, Mary looks back at me as if she can't believe what she has seen. Below us the trail drops in an endless series of switchbacks down an all but vertical cliff. And this is no cleared path, no neat ledge trail built by the Park Service. This trail is specially created for breaking necks. It is full of loose, rolling rocks, boulders as big as water buckets, steep pitches of bare stone, broken corners where the edge has fallen away.

Our guide, whose name turns out to be Hardy Jones, starts down casually, leading the packhorse, and we follow with our seats uneasy in the saddle, ready to leap to safety when the horse slips. We have ridden trail horses and mules before, but never on a trail like this. But it takes us less than a half hour to relax, and to realize that our horses have neither stumbled nor slipped nor hesitated. They know all the time where all their feet are. At bad places, with a thousand-foot drop under them, they calmly gather themselves and jump from foothold to foothold like goats.

Professor of English at Stanford University, WALLACE STEGNER divides his time between his teaching, his novels, and following little-known trails in the West. *Atlantic* readers will recall his book, *Remembering Laughter*, which won the Little, Brown Novelette Prize in 1937, his long novel, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain* (1943), and should be on the outlook for his recent narrative of New Hampshire, *Second Growth*.

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As we descend, we learn too how these stunted horses got this way. Far up on the canyon walls, among house-sized boulders and broken rockslides, we see wild horses grazing as contentedly as if they were up to their knees in bluegrass in a level pasture. A half dozen of them are in absolutely impossible places, places where no horse could get. But there they are. And there are signs too that sure-footedness is not innate: two thirds of the way down we pass a week-old colt dead by the side of the trail at the bottom of a fifty-foot drop. I ask Hardy what happened. "He fall down," Hardy says.

Ahead of us, in the bottom of a wide sandy wash, a wriggly canyon head begins to sink into the red rock. As soon as we enter this deepening ditch, Hardy turns the packhorse loose up ahead to set the pace. He himself dismounts and lies down in the shade with his hat over his eyes. After a half hour he catches and passes us, and after another fifteen minutes we pass him again, snoozing in the shade. I suspect him of all sorts of things, including nursing a bottle on the sly, but I finally conclude I am wronging him. He is simply sleepy. On occasion his yawns can be heard a half mile.

Once or twice he rides up close and starts a conversation. We discover that he is a good roper, and later in the month will ride to Flagstaff to compete in a rodeo. He has three good rope horses of his own, and he has finished the sixth grade in the Havasupai school. I ask him what he'll take for the pony he is riding, a sightly, tiny-footed, ladylike little mare, and he tells me, I am sure inaccurately, fifteen dollars. Then he asks me what I had to pay for the camera slung around my neck, and when I tell him, he looks incredulous and rides on ahead to take another sleep.

The canyon cuts deeper into rock the color of chocolate ice cream. At times the channel is scoured clean, and we ride over the bare cross-bedded stone. The *Grand Canyon Suite* inevitably suggests itself, and we are struck by the quality of the sound produced by hoofs on sandstone. It is in no sense a clashing or clicking sound, but is light, clear, musical, rather brittle, as if the rock were hollow.

The packhorse leads us deeper into the rock, going at a long careful stride down hewn rock stairs, snaking along a strip of ledge, squeezing under an overhang. It is an interminable, hot, baking canyon, but there are aromatic smells from weeds and shrubs. None of the varieties of trees we meet are known to us. One is a small tree like a willow, with trumpet-shaped lavender flowers, another a variety of locust covered with fuzzy yellow catkins. Still another, a formidable one to brush against, is gray-

leafed, with dark-blue berries and thorns three inches long. I pick a berry and ask Hardy what it is. "No eat," he says.

2

For three hours we see nothing living except lizards and the occasional wild horses grazing like impossible Side-hill Gazinks on the walls. Then around a turn comes a wild whoop, and a young horse bursts into view, galloping up the bouldery creek bed past us. After him comes an Indian boy swinging a rope, and they vanish with a rush and a clatter up a slope that we have just picked our way down at a careful walk. In ten minutes the new Indian and Hardy come up behind us leading the colt, which has a foot-long cut across its chest as if from barbed wire, and which leaves bloody spots on the trail every time it puts its feet down.

Hardy is pleased at the neatness with which he roped the colt as it tried to burst past him. He breaks into a wild little humming chant, accented by grunts and "hah's," a jerky and exclamatory song like the chant of a Navajo squaw dance. As we ride he practices roping the hind feet of the horse ahead of him. After a while we are somewhat astonished to hear him singing with considerable feeling, "Oh, why did I give her that diamond?"

Now on a high rock we see a painted sign, "Supai." A handful of Indian kids whose horses are tied below sit on the top of the rock and wave and yell. We shift our sore haunches in the saddle and wonder how fourteen miles can be so long. At every turn the tight, enclosed canyon stirs with a breath of freshness, and we look ahead hopefully, but each time the walls close in around a new turn. A canyon comes in from the left, and a little brackish water with it, and there are cottonwoods of a cool and tender green, and willows head-high to a man on a stunted horse. There is a smell, too, sharp and tantalizing, like witch hazel, that comes with the cooler air as we make a right-hand turn between vertical walls.

Then suddenly, swift and quiet and almost stealthy, running a strange milky blue over pebbles like gray jade, Havasu Creek comes out of nowhere across the trail, a stream thirty feet wide and knee-deep. After more than four hours in the baking canyon, it is the most beautiful water we have ever seen; even without the drouthy preparation it would be beautiful. The horses, which have traveled twenty-eight miles today over the worst kind of going, wade into the stream and stand blowing and drinking, pushing the swift water with their noses. The roped colt tries to break away, and for a mo-

ment there is a marvelous picture at the ford, the white-toothed laughter of the Indian boys, the horses plunging, the sun coming like a spotlight across the rim and through the trees to light the momentary action in the gray stream between the banks of damp red earth.

That wonderful creek, colored with lime, the pebbles of its bed and even the weeds at its margins coated with gray travertine, is our introduction to Supai. After five minutes we come out above the village and look down upon the green oasis sunk among its cliffs. There are little houses scattered along a mile or so of bottom land, and at the lower end a schoolhouse under big cottonwoods. Men are irrigating fields of corn and squash as we pass, and fig trees are dark and rich at the trailside. At the edge of the village a bunch of men are gambling under a bower of cottonwood branches, and two kids, fooling away the afternoon, gallop their horses in a race down the trail ahead of us.

Both of us have from the beginning had the feeling that we shall probably be disappointed in Havasupai when we reach it. We have been deceived by the superlatives of travelers before, and we have seen how photographs can be made to lie. But this is sure enough the Shangri-la everyone has said it is, this is the valley of Kubla Khan, here is Alph the sacred river, and here are the gardens bright with sinuous rills where blossoms many an incense-bearing tree.

When we mount stiffly again and ride on after registering with Mrs. Guthrie, the wife of the Indian subagent, we pass little cabins of stone and logs, orchards of fig and cherry and peach, hurrying little runnels of bright water, a swinging panorama of red-chocolate walls with the tan rimrock sharp and high beyond them. Havasu Canyon is flat-floored, and descends by a series of terraces. We camp below the first of these, within fifty feet of where Havasu Creek pours over a fifty-foot ledge into a pool fringed with cress and ferns.

The terrace above our camp site is full of what I take at first to be the twisted roots of dead fig trees, but what turn out to be rootlike lime deposits left by the stream, which used to fall over the ledge here. Probably they were originally grasses and water plants on which the mineral deposit formed a sheath; now they writhe through the terrace, fantastically interwound, some of them six inches in diameter. In the center of each is a round hole, as if a worm had lived there. In these holes and in the rooty crevices is lizard heaven. Geckos and long-tailed Uta lizards flash and dart underfoot by hundreds, as harmless as butterflies.

The same kinds of deposits are being formed

under the pouring water of the falls; the whole cliff drips with them. And all down the creek the water has formed semicircular terraces like those at Mammoth Hot Springs in Yellowstone. Each terrace forms a natural weir, and behind each weir the water backs up deep and blue, making clear swimming pools eight to ten feet deep and many yards across. No creek was ever so perfectly formed for the pleasure of tourists. We swim twice before we even eat.

When we crawl into our sleeping bags at dusk, the bats and swallows fill the air above us, flying higher than I have ever seen bats and swallows fly before. It is a moment before I realize that they are flying at the level of the inner canyon walls, catching insects at what seems from the valley floor to be sub-stratospheric heights. For a while we wonder how bats fly so efficiently and dart and shift so sharply without any adequate rudder, but that speculation dwindles off into sleep. Above us the sky is clouded, and in the night, when my face is peppered by a spatter of rain, I awake to see the moon blurry above the rim. For a moment I think a real storm is coming on, until I realize that the noise I hear is Havasu Creek pouring over Navajo Falls and rushing on down through its curving terraces. It is for some reason a wonderful thought that here in paradise the water even after dark is blue.

3

BELOW our camp a quarter of a mile, past a field half overgrown with apparently wild squash vines and the dark green datura, the Western Jimson weed, with its great white trumpet-flowers, Havasu Creek takes a second fall. Apart from its name, Bridal Veil, it is more than satisfactory, for it spreads wide along the ledge and falls in four or five streamers down a hundred-foot cliff clothed in exotic hanging plants and curtains of travertine. The cliff is green and gray and orange, the pool below pure cobalt, and below the pool the creek gathers itself in terraces bordered with green cress.

A little below the fall a teetery suspension footbridge hangs over a deep green pool, dammed by a terrace so smooth that the water pours over it in a shining sheet like milky blue glass. And down another half mile, after a succession of pools each of which leaves us more incredulous, the stream leaps in an arching curve over Mooney Falls, the highest of the three. At its foot are the same tall cottonwoods with dusty red bark, the same emerald basin, the same terraced pools flowing away, and below the pools is another suspension footbridge on which we

sit to eat lunch and converse with a friendly tree toad.

It is a long way to the mouth of the canyon, where Havasu Creek falls into the Colorado in the lower end of Grand Canyon. We stop at the abandoned lead and copper mine below Mooney Falls, where we ponder the strength of the compulsion that would drive men to bring heavy machinery piecemeal down into this pocket on the backs of horses, set it up under incredible difficulties, construct an elaborate water system and a cluster of houses and sheds, bore into the solid cliffs for ore, and then tote the ore back out miles to some road where trucks could get it. The very thought gives us packhorse feet, and we make our way back to camp, yielding to temptation at every pool on the creek until we have a feeling that our skins are beginning to harden with a thin sheath of lime. After a day, we are beginning to realize how truly paradisiac the home of the Havasupai is.

There are in the West canyons as colorful and as beautiful as Havasu, with walls as steep and as high, with floors as verdantly fertile. There are canyons more spectacularly narrow and more spectacularly carved. But I know of none, except possibly Oak Creek Canyon south of Flagstaff, which has such bewitching water. In this country the mere presence of water, even water impregnated with red mud, is much. But water in such lavish shining clear streams, water so extravagantly colorful, water which forms such terraces and pools, water which all along its course nourishes plants that give off that mysterious wonderful smell like witch hazel, water which obliges by forming three falls, each more beautiful than the last, is more than one has a right to expect.

4

YET even Shangri-la has its imperfections, the snake lives even in Eden. As we are working back from the canyon walls, where we have been inspecting a small cliff dwelling, we hear the barking of dogs. Below us is a field surrounded by fruit trees, and in the middle of the field, staked out in a line, we find four miserable starving mongrels. Each is tied by a length of chain to a post; at the top of each post is a bundle of branches loosely tied on to give a little shade. Around the neck of each dog is a collar of baling wire wrapped with rags, and near each a canful of muddied water is sunk in the sand. Yelps and whines grow frantic as we cross the field, and out of the bushes at the far end comes a staggering skeleton with a drooping tail. In the brush from which she emerged we find four squirming puppies.

The job of these dogs is obviously to serve as scarecrows, and they are obviously completely expendable. Clearly they have not been fed for days, and none of them can live beyond a day or two more.

The usual Indian callousness toward animals is not unknown to us, and we are willing in theory to accept that cultural difference without blaming the Indians. Perhaps this Indian thought it a good idea to get rid of some of his excess dogs, and at the same time protect his fruit. But our passing through the field has stirred the miserable animals into hopefulness. The tottering skeleton of a mother dog, dragging her dry teats, tries to follow us to camp; the others howl and whine and bark until we feel like running.

Our own food is meager, since we underestimated our appetites when we packed the grub bag, and there is nothing to be bought in the canyon. All we have left to serve us for our last two meals is a can of grapefruit juice, two oranges, a can of lamb stew, four slices of bacon, six slices of bread, and a handful of chocolate bars. The oranges and the grapefruit juice will be of no use to the dogs. Chocolate might make their starving stomachs sicker. The bread and bacon and lamb stew are slim pickings for ourselves.

After a half hour of trying not to hear the howling, I go back and clean out all the water cans, refilling them from the irrigation ditch. None of the dogs is interested in the nice clean water. They are all howling louder than ever when Mary and I start a fire and heat the lamb stew, butter half the bread, lay out the oranges and the chocolate bars for dessert. They howl so loud we can't eat; the stew is gravel in our mouths. We end by spreading two slices of bread with all our remaining butter and taking those and half the stew over to the field. What we bring is a pitiful mouthful apiece, gone so quickly that we wince. Hope has leaped so high in the starving mongrels now that Mary gets three chocolate bars and distributes them. Aware that we are absurd, that our humanitarianism is stupid and perhaps immoral, granting that the dogs have to starve to death day after tomorrow anyway, we carefully divide the meal according to size of dog, and give the skeleton mother a double dose of chocolate.

Then we go home and swim and crawl into our bags, but the dismal howling goes on after dark. It has dwindled off to an occasional sick whimpering by the time we get to sleep, and we have wondered seriously if we should not rather have knocked all nine dogs on the head and paid their owner a suitable fee for the loss of his scarecrows. James

Russell Lowell to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a wretched thing either to give or to share when you haven't enough to do any good.

To heighten our disenchantment, we are both bitten during the night by the bloodsucking beetles known locally as Hualpai Tigers, which leave an oozing inflammation about twenty times as irritating as a flea or chigger bite. Next time we come down here we will come with a supply of roach powder.

Not an absolutely idyllic paradise, despite its seclusion and peace and its shining blue water. We see other things when we mount Hardy's horses the next morning and start on our way out. Looking with less eager and more critical eyes, we see girls and women and old men lying on couches in the sun outside the little stone and log cabins. Tuberculosis. We notice among the Supai what Dickens noticed among all Americans a hundred years ago — the habit of spitting all the time and everywhere, even into the creek — and we are glad we dipped our drinking water from a spring. We learn from Mrs. Guthrie that the tribe is less numerous than it used to be, and that it barely holds its own now at about two hundred. A year ago a dysentery epidemic carried off more than half the young children in the village, and measles has been deadly among them.

We learn too that some of the young men, especially those few who served in the armed forces, are restless in the static life of the canyon, and want to get out. We see signs of change in the tractor that the Guthries have had packed in, a piece at a time, and which the Indians can rent for a small fee. We hear speculation about the possibilities of an automobile road into Havasu, and of a guest lodge to be owned by the Indians and run by them and for them, with Indian Service assistance. We hear of the need of increasing the income of the tribe, and of the benefit that increased tourist travel might bring. Out at the fence we hear Hardy Jones, sitting and swinging his big spurs far under the belly of his little mare, singing "Oh, why did I give her that diamond?" which he has laboriously and inaccurately transcribed from the radio onto a piece of cardboard.

The problem of what is best for Havasu — the place and the people — is curiously complex and difficult. If one looks at it purely from the standpoint of conserving natural scenery, the conclusion is inevitable that an automobile road and a guest lodge would spoil a spot that is almost unbelievably beautiful, clutter it with too many people, bring the regulation and regimentation that are necessary when crowds come to any scenic area. Fifty people at one time in Havasu would be all the canyon could

stand. The present two hundred visitors a year leave no real mark, but five times that many would. If the conservation of the canyon's charm is the principal end — and this is the view of the National Park Service, which does have a voice in the matter since the Havasu reservation lies within the Grand Canyon National Park — the canyon should be left primitive, a packhorse paradise.

5

WHAT of the people, the two hundred Havasupai? Those who work with them and see the need for medical care and education and guidance know how difficult it is to bring the tribe even these minimal things under present conditions. Communication is by packhorse and telephone; the mail comes in twice a week, and supplies the same way, on the backs of horses. Though there is a school, Mrs. Guthrie is teaching everyone in it, both primary and advanced pupils, because it is impossible to get another teacher. It is equally impossible to find and keep a doctor and a nurse; when the dysentery swept the canyon there was little anyone could do but bury the dead; when the Guthries' own son fell ill last winter he had to be taken out to a doctor by horse litter.

Though at the bare subsistence level the canyon can be nearly self-sufficient, there are considerable and growing needs induced by contact with civilization. There are clothes — because the Havasupai no longer wear the garments of beautifully dressed white deerskin that they used to wear. They wear boots and levis and shirts and Stetson hats. They like sugar, candy, coffee, radios, dozens of things that take cash; and cash they can now obtain only from two sources: sale of horses or cattle to the outside, or charges at ten dollars a head for packing in tourists. The Guthries are inclined to feel that if the flow of tourists could be increased, and if accommodations could be created for them, the standard of living and health and education of the whole tiny tribe could be raised considerably.

There is no doubt about the truth of that opinion. The canyon could be made a commercial "good thing" with a little promotion, and if the enterprise were carefully watched, the Indians could get the whole benefit. But there is something to be said against this proposal, too. We are morally troubled as we talk about it, for how sure can we be that the loose and indefinable thing called "well-being" will necessarily be promoted by greater prosperity, better education, even better health, when these things may bring with them the dilution or destruc-

tion of the safe traditional cultural pattern? Is it better to be well fed, well housed, well educated, and spiritually (which is to say culturally) lost; or is it better to be secure in a pattern of life where decisions and actions are guided by many generations of tradition?

There is a kind of threat that one feels in this paradise. The little tribe with its static life may be at the edge of stagnation, of fatalistic apathy, as some villages of the Hopi are reported to be; it barely holds its own, the dynamics of its life reduced to the simple repetition of a simple routine, its needs few and its speculations uncomplicated. It is easy for that kind of equilibrium to be broken, for that kind of society to be utterly confounded and destroyed by contact with the civilization of white America. It takes intelligence, and patience, and great strength of character, and a long period of time, for any people safely to cross a cultural boundary as these Indians must. Perhaps doubling or trebling the number of tourists in Havasu Canyon each year would not materially increase the danger to the Havasupai. But build a road in, let the gates down on the curious and careless thousands, and the whole tribe would be swept away as the last big flood washed away the orchards of peach trees, introduced by John Doyle Lee when he was hiding from the Federal officers after the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

Yesterday I wanted to take a snapshot of an old Supai packer with bushy hair and prickly thin whiskers. His asking price was a dollar and a half. We finally settled for a half dollar, but even at that price that packer was getting dangerously close to the commercialized status of the Indians who with Sioux feathers in their Mojave or Paiute or Yuman hair wander around in populous tourist spots being picturesque for a fee. There is something to be said for the policy that urges keeping the barrier canyons around this tribe unbridged, for according to the ethnologist Leslie Spier, the Havasupai retain their

native culture in purer form than any other American Indians. Other Indians, losing their hold on their native culture, have ceased to exist.

I doubt if there is a clear-cut answer to the problems the Havasupai face. Inevitably there will be more and more intrusion on their isolation, and inevitably they must proceed through the phase of falling between two cultures, of being neither Indian nor white American. If they are lucky, they can make that transition slowly enough so that eventually they can patch up a new order of cultural acceptances taking good things from both the warring cultures of their inheritance. I should say they might learn something from the white man about how to treat animals; they would do ill to lose their own native gentleness in dealing with children. They can borrow the white man's medicine and keep their own simple unspeculative friendliness with the earth. If they are lucky they can do this. If they are not lucky, their paradise might in fifty or a hundred years be like the retreat of old Yosemite, beaten dusty by the feet of tourists, and no trace of the Havasupai except squash vines gone wild in the red earth by a spring, or an occasional goat-wild horse on the talus slopes.

I should not like to be God in this paradise, and make the decisions that will decide its future. But I can hope, looking at Hardy Jones lolling in the saddle, singing, "Oh, why did I give her that diamond?" that on the difficult cultural trail he is traveling no one will crowd him too hard. The trail between his simple civilization and the inconceivably complex world beyond the rims is difficult even for those who can go at their own pace. Hardy has gone part way without apparent demoralization; he listens to his radio and will go to Flagstaff and perhaps win a roping prize. But the smoke-colored colt lying with his neck broken below Topacoba Hilltop is warning of what can happen to the too young and the too inexperienced on that path.



Secrecy

There is a present danger that American research may be stifled. In technical skill and inventiveness the United States has been pre-eminent; but for basic research in fundamental science Americans have leaned heavily on the work of German, Italian, Scandinavian, English, and other foreign scientists. Atom-splitting was discovered in Berlin; penicillin came from England; quantum mechanics owes its existence to the work of an Irish mathematician. Is our policy of atomic secrecy shutting our scientists off from the rest of the scientific world and from one another?

FREEDOM OF SCIENCE IN AMERICA

by JAMES R. NEWMAN and BYRON S. MILLER

THERE is little real understanding, among the American public, of the true nature of scientific work and scientific progress. There is small conception of the organic nature of science, its complex interrelations and unpredictable cross-fertilizations; little idea of the toil, devotion, patience, and coöperation required of scientists, of the enormous numbers of unrecorded failures that precede almost every success.

There is no appreciation of the fact that the great epoch-making developments in science have more often than not been achieved by the use of equipment no more intricate and expensive than pencil and paper, and that when first made these discoveries had no apparent practical value. There is no realization that science is an essential human activity, depending on communal effort and support, and that it is as much shaped by social and economic circumstances as it, in turn, is a force for social and economic change. And there is a remarkable poverty of literature that deals critically and analytically with the organization of scientific research — its strengths and weaknesses, the interests that control it, the purpose it serves, the problems that beset it, the accomplishments of which it might ultimately be capable.

The popular attitude toward science in the United States is a mixture compounded of superstition, awe, and vulgar delight in the gadgets it is assumed to proliferate. In this general mentality a quaint folklore has flourished: science wears a white coat and is dedicated to the service of humanity; it has

enriched and lengthened life; it has a motive power of its own that is perpetual — once started, it will go on forever without halt.

This idea is closely related to the conception that scientific genius is solitary and requires no nurture. In the public mind are images of the Wright brothers at work in their bicycle shop contriving the first flying machine, and of Edison plumbing the mysteries of electricity with a few magnets and some pieces of wire. The ability of the images to exist comfortably side by side with the reality of the gigantic research laboratories of such firms as Westinghouse, General Electric, and Du Pont would be incredible were it not for the fact that the public imagination has so convincingly and so often demonstrated its flexibility in the past.

The folklore of science in the United States is, in fact, part and parcel of the general folklore of capitalism. The “little businessman” has his counterpart in the “little inventor.” All this, of course, is to say that science in our society has been a part altogether consistent with the whole.

Government in research

Before the war, the total expenditure on scientific research from all sources in the United States was between 300 million and 400 million dollars per year, of which about one sixth was provided by the government and one sixth by universities and research foundations. By supplying two thirds of the total funds expended, private industry was able to dominate the field, determining the emphasis and direction of research.

The participation of the Federal government in scientific research had gradually increased over many years until by 1938 it accounted for approximately one sixth of the total sum spent in financing such activity. It sponsored, or itself conducted, research in a number of fields — agriculture, the

This article is drawn from *The Control of Atomic Energy*, to be published this autumn by Whittlesey House. Both of the authors are lawyers. JAMES R. NEWMAN, a visiting lecturer at the Yale Law School, was Counsel for the Senate Committee on Atomic Energy. BYRON S. MILLER has returned to his practice of law in Chicago after having served a tour of duty in Washington as Assistant General Counsel for the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion.

physical sciences, public health, and meteorology being among the most important. By 1939 there were no fewer than forty scientific agencies established within the Federal government.

The war, of course, profoundly altered the nature, dimensions, and structure of scientific research in the United States. From 1938 to 1944, Federal research expenditures increased more than tenfold, from 68 million to 706 million dollars per year, while expenditures on private research diminished from nearly 400 million to less than 150 million dollars. The results of this investment of Federal funds for research were impressively recorded in battles fought over the entire world.

Apart from the war and post-war period, the participation of the Federal government has been limited; and at no time has the government formulated an over-all policy designed to further scientific research in the public interest. Describing the role of the Federal government in research, Dr. Vannevar Bush writes in his 1945 report to the President, *Science, the Endless Frontier*: "Much of the scientific research done by government agencies is intermediate in character between the two types of work commonly referred to as basic and applied research. Almost all government scientific work has ultimately practical objectives. But in many fields of broad national concern, it commonly involves long-term investigations of a fundamental nature. Generally speaking, the scientific agencies of government are not so concerned with the immediate practical objectives as are the laboratories of industry, nor, on the other hand, are they as free to explore any natural phenomena without regard to possible economic applications as are the educational and private research institutions. . . . We have no national policy for science. . . . We are entering a period when science needs and deserves increased support from the public funds."

Congress was so impressed with the results of its wartime investment in research that it considered measures which would correct these deficiencies and guarantee to the nation that its scientific skills would continue to be effectively utilized both in providing for the common defense and in promoting the general welfare. President Truman, in his message of September 6, 1945, strongly urged upon Congress the enactment of legislation that would permit the utilization of the resources of the Federal government in furthering scientific research.

Distortion of emphasis

Of the amounts expended by industry for research, only an infinitesimal fraction has been

spent on anything other than projects that were expected to show a prompt and satisfactory profit for the firm conducting them. This emphasis on quick private profits as a precondition to scientific research has resulted in inadequate attention to basic research, and in concentration on applications of less value to the public.

These deficiencies are no doubt due in part to our inherent pragmatism, coupled with a degree of shortsightedness that is unable to perceive the ultimate practical value of work that may be long in fruition. As a people, we insist on prompt results, and the theoretical and speculative have always seemed antipathetic to our character. These are probably the underlying and determining factors, but sufficient cause can be found in the methods of financing scientific research. As befits a characteristic element in our society, scientific research must hold forth the prospect of quick cash dividends on the investment — in which event it is financed by industry — or it must exist on alms alone.

To be sure, some of our largest corporations have come to recognize the seminal nature of discoveries growing out of basic research and to make provision for such activity, but the amount of financial support that basic research receives from this source is decidedly limited. Though a particular discovery in basic research may result ultimately in the creation of millions of dollars of wealth, it is difficult to restrict potential profits to a particular firm, and from the point of view of possible economic returns, such projects must be regarded as excessively long-term and highly speculative.

The distortion of emphasis has had one further unfortunate effect. No branch of science is a separate, independent entity, and neglect on the part of any one branch retards the development of all science. Repeatedly, an advance in one scientific discipline has affected another branch apparently wholly unrelated. As science grows increasingly complex its structure comes to resemble a gigantic telephone exchange: behind the orderly array of switchboards and panels is an intricate network of circuits and intertwining strands of communicating wire, each strand distinct and separate in function, yet related to all the others. One of the principal means of advancing science is finding the strands that link physics and chemistry, chemistry and biology, biology and the social sciences, the social sciences and psychology.

Federal research has not supplied a well-balanced emphasis. The enormous wartime expansion of Federally financed research was, of course, for military purposes. In the five fiscal years of the defense war period, nearly two billion dollars was

spent on government research. This included three quarters of a billion by the War Department, and roughly one third of a billion each by the Navy and the Office of Scientific Research and Development. In the fiscal year 1947 the sum spent for research and development by the government reached the fabulous figure of \$1,613,000,000, of which the War and Navy Departments controlled approximately 85 per cent.

In contrast to the lavish expenditure for defense, consider the sums available for research in medicine — also a matter of fundamental concern to the nation. Our fatal casualties during the war were about 300,000. Our research investment on military weapons amounted to approximately \$600 for each life lost. Every year, deaths from heart disease amount to about 500,000 — a number substantially in excess of our war fatalities. Yet the annual research budget for heart diseases has been at the rate of 17 cents per death. Kidney diseases killed more than 100,000 people in 1940; research expenditures in this field amounted to about 38 cents per death. By these inadequate standards, the \$2.15 per death devoted to cancer research annually seems generous in the extreme.

Research expenditures on agriculture have been lavish when compared with the budget of medical research, and yet, judged by the wealth such research has contributed to the community, the amount involved is negligible. With the sum spent in one year on advertising the infinitesimal differences that distinguish certain brands of cigarettes from certain other essentially similar brands, agricultural research would undoubtedly add tens of millions of dollars to the national wealth. The 16-billion-dollar military budget for the single fiscal year 1947 greatly exceeds the expenditure on *all research in all fields* since the founding of the United States.

In the main, it is clear that research, whether basic or applied, has suffered wherever it has not promised immediate financial returns to private enterprise or direct military returns to the Federal government. As a consequence, all science has suffered.

Weakness in basic research

Almost all basic research before the war was conducted by universities and research foundations. But the amount spent by such institutions on research activities amounted to only about one sixth of the total funds spent. Nevertheless, for practical purposes these institutions may be regarded as the sole American source of discoveries in basic research upon which we relied very heavily. Research of

this nature was done in Germany with the support of the German government.

The comparative poverty of basic research in the United States is made painfully clear by testimony of distinguished scientists before the Senate Subcommittee on War Mobilization. The following trenchant observations are taken from the testimony of Dr. Harlow Shapley: "It should be somewhat humiliating to us to realize that the revolutionary sulfa drugs had their beginning in German research laboratories; that atom-splitting was discovered in Berlin; that the basic pioneer work that has led to radio and radar and the enormous American electronic industries was that of a German professor. Penicillin came from England; DDT from Germany and Switzerland. . . . Hereafter we must rely on ourselves for basic research."

Dr. Harold C. Urey in his testimony gave statistics showing the number of Nobel Prize winners in the United States and in Europe. Since the inception of the award, 37 prizes in chemistry have gone to Europeans, of whom 15 were Germans, and 6 have gone to Americans. In physics 39 prizes have been given, of which 12 went to Germans and 8 to Americans. In medicine and physiology 37 prizes have been given, of which 9 went to Germans and 6 to Americans. Dr. Urey observed: "The relatively small number of Nobel Prizes awarded to United States citizens indicates the weakness of this country in pure science and also, by contrast, its great strength in industrial development. We have improved our scientific position during the past 25 years but through all our history we have drawn on Europe for fundamental science. Our technical and industrial developments are the offspring of this important fundamental science. . . . The great advance in technology comes only as a result of work in pure science in which the primary objective is an understanding of the fundamental laws of natural phenomena. At no time from the discovery of radioactivity in 1896 until about 1938, could anyone have asked specifically for the development of atomic energy into atomic bombs or power plants. Through all these years it was only the desire of scientists to understand natural phenomena which finally brought us to the stage where such development could go forward. . . . If I were speaking in Europe, I would advise a committee such as this to put first emphasis on industrial application. . . . I wish to advise that [our] first emphasis be given to fundamental science."

Our underpaid research workers

For all the esteem in which science — at least in its practical applications — is held in the United

States, its pursuit is an economically precarious undertaking. This statement may appear to be exaggerated. Is not science the leading discipline of many universities, and do these institutions not possess great laboratories? Are there not research foundations that spend millions on research each year? Is not industrial expenditure on research in the United States higher than anywhere else in the world and steadily rising? Isn't the Federal government spending hundreds of millions of dollars this year on research and development?

These questions must all be answered in the affirmative. Unfortunately, however, this series of affirmations does not add up to the general proposition that our scientific research is adequately and wisely financed in all its aspects.

Scientists in academic institutions are poorly paid and research workers as a class are miserably compensated. The difficulties in the path of the young scientist in this country who wishes to follow a course of independent research are numerous and acute. He must wangle a university appointment or a research grant, neither of which achievements is necessarily intimately related to his scientific accomplishments. The number of aspiring scientists is large compared with the number of academic appointments and research grants. The consequence is that after a year or two of effort many young scientists gladly exchange their prospects for achievement in the realm of pure science for the security offered by a post in industry.

The war occasioned a serious interruption in scientific training both in educational institutions and in basic research laboratories. Young scientists and scientific students were drained off into the armed forces or into applied research for industry or the government as a part of the war effort. The gap in the ranks of scientists resulting from the war recruitment policies of the government will not be closed for years to come.

Large research expenditures by the Federal government, in the absence of a coördinated program, have accentuated the shortage by depleting scientific faculties in the universities. The existence of this problem has been recognized by the President in Executive Order 9791, which directs that a study be made of the government's research program in relation to available scientific personnel and the training of new scientists. Until a balanced program is established, however, it is clear that scientific education will be seriously handicapped, since never before has so much money been available for direct research, never before has there been so feverish a competition for skilled personnel — a competition in which universities must inevitably

come off second best so long as they are forced to apply the niggardly salary scales that are standard in American educational practice.

Planning and freedom

The establishment of a satisfactory system of financing will fall far short of its objective unless it is part of a comprehensive policy for placing science in the most effective position in our social, economic, and political system. Research, in other words, needs more than sound financing. Scientific activities must be planned and coördinated to assure their continuing vigorous contribution to human welfare. But while science is popular, a government policy that entails "organization," "planning," and "coördination," especially when it touches on private activities, is not. In the minds of many these concepts are linked with various odious political philosophies judged to be altogether inconsistent with the American way of life. "Planning," they hold, violates the "freedom" of science.

There is no occasion here to do more than refer to the curious distortion that the concept of freedom has undergone in the United States. The utter illogic of identifying freedom with a complete absence of political controls over economy has been sufficiently commented upon during the past decade, as has the curious fact that the most vocal opponents of efforts of the state to bring some degree of order and social justice into the operation of the economic system were the individuals most actively engaged in reducing larger and larger areas of the economy to organization and control through the device of the corporation and the holding company.

It is perhaps not so generally realized that an almost identical situation exists in the field of science. Here the fraud has been more decently concealed, both because the aura of sanctity and mystery that surrounds science has been more difficult to penetrate and because there has been little to stimulate the prying of the irreverent. In the concept of freedom of science, we see the joining of the profit motive with an almost religious veneration for truth — an abstraction that in this field it is assumed can be served only by the efforts of the individual scientist, unregimented, unregulated, uncoördinated, and, presumably, unsubsidized. In this connection we refer to the image already described in our discussion of the folklore of science — the free scientist serving truth, equipped with a vision and the paraphernalia of a bicycle shop.

There are those, of course, among the inveterate opponents of planning, the proponents of "freedom of science," who would flatly deny that scientific research can be planned at all, or would at least in-

sist that science is most effective when left to follow its own bent with each scientist avidly pursuing truth as he sees it. The fact of the matter is that this principle is hardly applicable to scientific research — at any rate, to research in the twentieth century. Left to the forces of the market place, the research that gets done is for the most part that which promises prompt and satisfactory financial return, and in the operation of this selective process, truth, in the sense of new insights into natural phenomena and processes, is frequently lost altogether. Unsupported, science can summon only a fraction of its full vigor; unorganized, science as a whole remains radically disorganized: in either event, it exerts no more than a fraction of its power in the service of man.

The truth is that not only *can* research be planned, but, as a matter of fact, it always *is* planned. The individual worker plans his program: if his work is part of a larger project, it is obviously fitted into the main scheme; if many projects can be coördinated so as to achieve a joint attack on a common problem, great results can be achieved, as we have seen in the case of the atomic bomb.

The really free scientist — in the sense of the individual who frames his own research program with no other consideration than the service of knowledge and carries out this program without hindrance or diversion — does not exist except occasionally as an isolated phenomenon. Scientists as a class do not live on unearned income; they are dependent on what they can make. This being the case, they must work for universities, foundations, or industry. If they work for universities, they will enjoy a relatively wide choice of activities; but this latitude is being progressively narrowed by the practice of universities in undertaking research projects for industry or for the armed services, which commit the services of their staffs.

Those scientists unaffected by this practice will, in any event, live not far from penury and will feel a certain pressure to pursue activities that show quick results in publication, for of such stuff are promotions made. If they apply for a foundation grant, their chance of success will depend, in the first place, on whether their project falls within the general plan of the foundation directors, and their recognition of this fact will in some degree narrow their freedom of choice. The usual grant is for short duration, and during a considerable portion of its closing months the thoughts of the beneficiary will of necessity be occupied with the problem of securing a further means of livelihood. The portals of industry, always wide open to scientists of ability, offer a permanent escape from the nagging problems

of economic insecurity and also put a permanent end to the academic question of whether the scientist is really free. This metaphysical problem need never trouble him again; he knows positively that he is paid to order his activities, which in turn are based on a frank assessment of profits, in accord with the plans of the directors.

Subjected to this analysis, the reality of scientific freedom in the United States emerges as something less than a perfect sphere floating in space. It is seen to be relative and conditional and certainly not without plan — the plan of the individual scientist to do a particular piece of research to get a better job; of the university to fulfill a contract and perhaps win an endowment; of the corporation to produce a gadget and make a profit.

The chain of development

The promise of science is boundless. But unlike the promises of the merchant, scientific promises are not payable at a given place or on a stated date; and certainly the promises of science are not payable on demand. Research done in the United States may come to fruit in Denmark. A problem in hydrodynamics solved by an obscure worker in India may result in the invention of a better jet plane in Switzerland. It is both relevant and illuminating to recall the case of atomic energy. The work of Fermi in Italy, of Hahn and Strassmann in Germany, of Rutherford and Chadwick in England, of Becquerel and Curie Joliot in France, of Bohr in Denmark, of Einstein in Switzerland — the work of all these scientists done over a period of half a century and in six European countries — went into the atomic bomb constructed in the United States by an international group of scientists and American engineers. The leading post-war development in atom-smashing devices is the synchrotron, invented simultaneously and independently by Veksler in Russia and McMillan in California.

It happens now and then that research of fundamental significance is completed within a few months, and sometimes practical applications of a new discovery can be perfected within a few years (the winning of atomic energy is a spectacular case in point). But scientific research that shows ultimate results of far-reaching significance often requires extended periods for fruition. One of the most important tools of modern science and an almost indispensable one to nuclear physics is quantum mechanics, which owes its existence to the great work of the Irish mathematician, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, more than a century ago. This is a tenuous and highly fortuitous chain of development and one that no industrial enterprise would

undertake to finance. And yet it is not unrepresentative of the manner in which science has achieved some of its greatest triumphs.

If our scientists are to work at maximum effectiveness, they must have full and rapid access to the results of research conducted in this country and abroad. Some of the most notable achievements of science have sprung from sudden, surprising, and unpredictable cross-fertilizations. An idea conceived in France is expanded into a theory in Switzerland, corrected and elaborated by a scientific apparatus designed in England, and brought to practical fulfillment in the United States. This hypothetical sequence is entirely representative of normal developments in the realm of scientific research, and part of the delay in the fruition of scientific discoveries is the period of time required to complete the largely fortuitous series of couplings in the full circuit. The number of scientific papers, digests, reports, and publications increases every year. The last edition of the *World List of Scientific Periodicals* recorded over 33,000 different titles. Even a scientist working in a highly specialized field faces a gargantuan task in keeping up with the current literature. Yet, if he should fail to keep himself thoroughly informed, he may overlook a fragment of information on which the value of his own work entirely depends.

Communication between scientists cannot be maintained adequately by published papers alone. "Almost every visit of a scientist from one laboratory to his colleagues in another results in the introduction of a new piece of information or point of view that no amount of reading had managed to effect," writes Bernal. "Partly, of course, this is due to the existing plethora and confusion of publication. But even if this were removed, there would remain techniques which are impossible to transmit without visual demonstration, and ideas too intangible to be put into writing yet capable of communication by personal contact."

Generally speaking, we should encourage the visits of scientists within our own country from one laboratory to another. We should suggest, and make possible, meetings, seminars, conventions, demonstrations, and similar activities that will bring scientists having mutual interests together. Support of these activities, it is hardly necessary to point out, must not be confined to leading scientists, but should be particularly encouraged for the younger men to enable them to enrich their experi-

ence. The greatest danger by far in the matter of exchanges between scientists lies in a policy of unreasonable and unreasoned secrecy, a policy that may end by defeating the very purpose it was expected to serve—the maintenance of American leadership in the field of atomic energy.

A National Science Foundation?

During the frenetic closing of the first Republican Congress in sixteen years, there was finally passed the Smith bill establishing a National Science Foundation for the support of research in the physical sciences and in medicine. The Foundation would have furnished grants to universities and private laboratories from funds appropriated by Congress.

President Truman, who has repeatedly urged the establishment of such a Foundation, regretfully vetoed the measure on the grounds that it represented "a marked departure from sound principles for the administration of public affairs" and that it "threatened to impede rather than promote the Government's efforts to encourage scientific research."

Administratively the Foundation, with its twenty-four directors (who, in turn, appoint an executive director), is so unwieldy, and lies so far beyond the reach of government control, as to be almost a monstrosity among Federal agencies. Moreover, the Smith bill offers no reforms for the patent practices of the Federal government, severely censured in a massive report recently issued by the Attorney General.

In light of the problems facing American scientists, the creation of a National Science Foundation would be only a gesture in the right direction. No doubt the total sum of money available for research would thereby be increased; but the question of how much money should be spent for research is much less to the point than the questions:—

How is research money to be spent?

How are we to achieve a balanced and planned program for scientific investigations while keeping science free?

What must be done to ensure adequate support for the scientists and laboratories most in need?

We must continue to press for the adoption of a rational and enlightened policy for scientific research, a policy under which science in the service of man can meet the promise only dimly fulfilled in the marvels of technology.

THE STRIPERS ARE IN

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

1

MY FATHER claimed that he fished for striped bass in the Weweantic River off Buzzards Bay for twenty-five years before he caught one. This story I am sure lost nothing by repetition; and there are no details as to how often he fished the Weweantic. However, it is true that several years before he died in 1912, we began to catch a few nice bass in the river. Great fisherman that my father was, no catch gave him greater pleasure than a Weweantic striper.

I began to haunt the Nauset Marsh on Cape Cod in 1912. In 1924 my brother Edward arrived at the Farm House from Boston with a lemonwood rod and a reel equipped with a clutch and a free-running spool. His thought was that striped bass were coming back, and we should have some fun with them, as they did on the Jersey beaches.

In September, 1924, we began seriously to fish the beach. On the first trip with the new outfit, Edward started two fish, both of which got off; but he saw them flash silver through the curl of a wave. Then he hooked one. I braved the surf with a homemade gaff, a gadget we soon found to be unnecessary, and hauled in a huge barn-door skate. We tried again, and this time Edward landed a fine 8-pound bass. We all cheered, the first of our well-known "bass yells" which can be heard as far as Provincetown, when at last the fish was beached. We did not realize, at the time, that this fish marked the recrudescence of a sport which today brings many thousands of people to Cape Cod shores.

About two weeks later we struck it rich. There was a moderately heavy surf; the tide was ebbing through the inlet and the channel made close by the south point and out to the southeast. The

incoming surf and outgoing ebb made an eddy at the peak of the beach, a spot that later came to be known as the "Aquarium." On this occasion, taking turn and turn about with our one rod, we caught eight bass weighing, in the aggregate, 55 pounds. Incidentally, in all the following years, we never surpassed this record. Nor did we ever surpass the bass-eating record: 55 pounds of bass in one week!

The ever changing beach is never the same two days running, and in a week's time can easily present an entirely different fishing proposition. We found, however, a general pattern. Starting at the Aquarium and going south, one came to a high bar that made well out to the southeast, with the inlet channel running just to the north. At the height of tide, with a moderate surf, fish could be caught right on top of this bar. To the south of it there was usually a wide, deep eddy, and fish often lay at the north end, just where the ebb swept over the bar. This came to be known as "Fish Hog Eddy" or "Fish Hog Point." Still farther south, there would be another shoal; and here, not infrequently, many rocks would appear. Some years, there were so many rocks that fishing with our rig became impossible; other years, almost all the rocks would be buried in the sand. Farther along came the houses and the main public swimming beach at East Orleans.

For bait we used small whole eels, and the first requisite was to catch one. We spent many hours trying to spear them with eel and frog spears, but eventually we found that clam-baited minnow traps, set in one of the West Shore creeks, would usually produce eels of the required size. The next problem was to string them. A single hook, with three or four links of jack chain attached, could be threaded through the eel, so that the top link of chain lay just below the eel's nose. A close tie was made over the nose, and a homemade conical sinker, with a hole through the center, passed over

An inveterate Cape Coddier and a doctor trained in close observation, WYMAN RICHARDSON and his father before him have fished for striped bass since the beginning of this century. This is the first of a series of articles on the moods of Cape Cod which Dr. Richardson will contribute to the *Atlantic*.

the line, to lie at the tie. If the tie was strongly made, the eel would be prevented from slipping down over the chain and hook. For it's an old adage that "a whirling eel gathers no bass." This was a dirty job; but after a little practice we became quite proficient.

(An incidental note: If bluefish are around, they will bite off the tail and not get hooked, unless one puts the hook within two or three inches of the tail tip.)

With the whole eel rig we could, in a fair breeze, cast out almost 75 yards. I never could manage an onshore (easterly) wind if it had any heft. Even the jig fishermen always seemed to have much trouble with an easterly. The expert can determine exactly the proper weight of jig for his rod, and may then use it constantly. We, too, would get the feel of an optimum weight, and would try to fit our sinkers to the size of our eels.

It is human nature to think that the best things are where you are not. The trout fisherman is always wishing he were on the other bank; and the surf-caster thinks he must cast far offshore. It is true that he thus may cover more water, but only exceptionally does it help him; for bass, if inclined to feed, are very likely to come right up on the shelf. On the whole, we did better than most of our competitors, almost all of whom used some form of metal bait.

There was one nice-looking young man whom we frequently encountered on the beach. He had a beautiful overhand cast, and it was a delight to see his jig sail off into space, almost out of sight. We called him "the blond slugger." He used to catch a lot of bass and may well have taken more fish off that beach than anyone else. However, we attributed his success rather more to his observance of Rule 1 and its corollary, Rule 2, than to his casting ability. (Rule 1: Be there when the fish are biting. Rule 2: He catches the most fish who does the most fishing.)

Some years ago, my children were attending the Unitarian Church in Chestnut Hill. They came home in breathless excitement. The minister was the blond slugger! The Reverend Mr. Gessner has a deserved reputation as a bass fisherman.

2

By and large, we found the early ebb the most fruitful time to fish; and we probably caught most fish when the tide began to ebb strongly through the inlet, some two hours after it had turned on the beach. Bass are night feeders. If you wish to catch

bass by daylight, you must fish when high water comes at morning and evening. I do not remember any of us taking a bass off the beach in the morning after full sunrise. The possible exception might occur during the late fall run.

Without a light, one necessarily must quit around "splash dark"; that is to say, when one can no longer see the bait hit the water. This is, however, the most likely time to land a fish. We started by carrying ordinary flashlights to help in freeing the inevitable backlash on our reels, and ended by using a headlight with belt-attached battery. With the latter, one can fish the darkest night; if a fish is hooked, the light is directed to rod tip and the course of his run determined. When the fish is brought near the shelf, he can be spotted in the light and lifted home on an appropriate wave.

Backlashes are inevitable, though by paying close attention to the vagaries of the breeze, they can largely be avoided. I have fished for four hours without a backlash; but this is a record to be spoken of in a hushed voice. Ordinarily, when fatigue begins, backlashes become frequent. Usually they can be freed; but I had one which I stubbornly spent a week in undoing. Of course, I could have dismantled the reel and easily undone the thing; but having quit fishing, I was interested to see if it could be undone without removing the spool. A safety pin, always attached to one's shirt, or elsewhere, is indispensable for undoing backlashes. I used to feel diffident about my prominently displayed safety pin, thinking that the connoisseur would say to himself, "Well, here's a dub"; nevertheless, I clung to it, for, after all, the proof of the fishing is in the eating of bass for dinner.

As the years went by, we did more and more night fishing, although landing a bass by daylight is far more satisfying and exciting than to do so at night. On an ordinary cloudless night, without a moon, one can see a good deal, once one's eyes have become accommodated; but it should be remembered that frequent match flaring, or flashlighting, will greatly disturb such accommodation, and that it may take fifteen minutes to restore it. It is exciting to come to the rising, wade cautiously, bare-legged, into the wash, carefully wet one's line by ever lengthening casts, until a full cast can be made without a thumb burn. One can get the feel of the sea as it heaves back and forth; and one can see one's bait against the sky, to determine whether or not it is fouled. But one cannot very well tell about the runs and the eddies. Consequently, we frequently made a daylight survey of the area, and decided where and when to fish various places.

It is exciting to hook a fish at night. Quickly, two thumbs put pressure on the spool — not too much, for we believe in letting a fish run. But soon it becomes apparent that we do not know the direction of the run. One hand gropes for the battery switch, the other holds the rod and thumbs at the same time. The headlight goes on, the line is seen to be dragging to the south. Patiently we wait, exert more thumb pressure, and finally the fish stops. For a brief moment nothing happens, and then suddenly the line goes limp. Lost? Then reel, reel for dear life; the fish is making a dead run inshore. If we are fortunate, and helped by the drag of the line, we catch up to him before he shakes off. Then with taut line we carefully move to the southward until we are about opposite the fish. He is still strong, and makes short runs offshore.

Our headlight now is turned toward the curling wave, and soon we see the umbrella-like dorsal fin and the green back with silvery reflections as the fish turns and twists. But keep the pressure on, allow no slack! Work down toward the breaking wave, still with a taut line. Suddenly, a weakening of the strain tells us that the next wave will bring him in. It's a big wave. Back, back quickly, line taut, back up to the rising. Gradually the wave recedes, and there is our bass, 12 pounds of him, lying on the sand. Grab him with one thumb in his mouth, firmly holding the lower jaw. If you slip a finger under the gill covert, you will get a painful spine cut in so doing. Anyway, get him up out of reach of the sea; and never, never wash him until he is in the kitchen sink.

I do not advise fishing on a black night, a really black night. The blackest of all are nights of thick fog. You leave the car, after a precarious six-mile drive, on the bluff and stumble down the quarter-mile sandy path to the beach, feeling your way gingerly, with bare feet noting sharp-pointed beach grass at the path edges. The roar of the surf grows louder, and suddenly you find yourself dropping off the shelf into the wash. This must be Fish Hog Eddy, you think. You keep well back, not being able to judge the thrust of the next wave, and reluctantly work to the north. You can see nothing, nothing at all except a vague whiteness near your feet. And incessantly the surf surges and retreats, now loudly roaring, now lispings; banging with gunshot suddenness one minute, the next filling the air with rushing sound. Finally, you stand at the peak of the bar, at high water. It looks all right, but then the first of three big waves breaks around your knees; the second, in spite of your backing up, wets your shorts; and the third thumps your belly. It's no good here, you say, and

you work back to the south. Now the sea begins to talk. "Burr!" it says. And then, "Whitch!" And later, "Friends, ALL OUT, backlash, tea party, rumble, bumble, lapse, wish, JUMP! STUMP! Broil steaks; boil and broil; LOOK OUT!"

About this time, your casting becomes erratic and your head is half the time turned over your shoulder. Suddenly the surf calls your name sharply: "WYMAN!" Quickly you reel in, stumble back over the path, and feel your way home through the fog to the Farm House. Here, after drying off in front of a small fire, you wonder at your own lack of courage. But just the same, leave the beach alone on a really dark night, whether it be fog or rain.

On the other hand, you can fish the beach on a full moon with almost the same satisfaction as in daylight. With a bright full moon, you can see your bait hit the water, and if fortunate enough to hook a fish, you can often play him without using your light.

I remember most vividly one clear night at full moon. We arrived at sunset, with the tide at two hours' flood. We made headquarters on a small beach-grass rise opposite Fish Hog Eddy, where we deposited our basket containing extra clothing, extra reels and equipment, and a snack to eat. It was a beautiful evening, with an orange moon rising out of a sea turbulent in spite of a fresh southwest breeze, and with the great beach stretching north and south to infinity. Well to the north, Nauset Light blinked somewhat ineffectually into the moon's brightness. We fished here and there without excitement, rested a bit in front of a beach fire, and ate a bit.

At high water, about eleven o'clock, I worked south to the bar above Fish Hog Eddy. I had previously noted a run inside this bar and figured the heavy surf rolling over it would run off to the north. I had made only two or three casts when, just as my eel came over the bar into the run, a heavy fish grabbed it. He ran straight offshore. After he had taken off about 100 yards of line I began to worry and put the pressure on. He stopped and then came back, straight in. It seemed like hours of frantic reeling before I caught up with him at the shelf; and my feeling of relief that he was still hooked was almost shattering. He made several more runs, but I made it difficult for him. He hung off the curl of the breakers for a long while, but at last the strain was too much for him and he came up docilely on the wash of a wave. He looked magnificent as he lay on the beach, and I felt sorry for him. I lugged him to headquarters, however, and came back to try again.

On my first cast, I hooked another that felt and acted exactly the same. He ran out 100 yards or more of line; I stopped him. And then I began to wonder what we'd do with 50-odd pounds of fish in the fishbox. At this point, like his predecessor, he ran straight inshore. I never caught up with him. He must have dropped the hook at the shelf, for I did not feel any drag until then, when I ruefully reeled in a bedraggled eel and resolved never again to worry about the fishbox.

My fish weighed 24 pounds, my biggest. When I cleaned him, I found twelve spike mackerel in his stomach, which must have increased his weight by at least one pound. Except for my brother Harry's 28½-pounder, this is the biggest fish we have caught. Some day, we hope to hook into a monster, say 75 pounds or more, remembering that one of 108 pounds was caught on a hand line off this beach many years ago. But such fancies remain for the future.

3

MY most satisfying experience occurred late one September afternoon. My daughter and I arrived at the beach with the tide at a little less than half-flood. Already the sun at our backs was so low that the dune shadows reached the wet sand. As we reconnoitered from the rising, there was no sign of fish. I noted a large rock, prominent for the first time in several years, less than a full cast offshore, its peak showing through the crest of a moderate surf. The current sweeping to the north was making an observable eddy north of the rock.

"If I were a bass," I said to Shar, "I should lie in the eddy behind that rock."

The next question was how to get my eel through the eddy without fouling the rock. Fortunately I made a good cast well beyond and directly over the rock; then, without touching clutch or click, I clamped a thumb on the reel spool, and ran down the beach as fast as I could. I had taken perhaps fifteen steps when I was fetched up short by the solid pull of my line. Then zing! out it went. I managed to set the click and felt better; but it was some time before I stopped this fish's run. I kept trying to work him to the north out of the rocks, and eventually was lucky enough to land him. He turned out to be a fine 14-pounder, a fighter beyond his weight.

Our best year was in 1932. We did not have to fish at night, and caught most of our fish in the late afternoon, at sunset, or at dawn. During this season, we even took bass over a very shoal bar in the white wash of outer breaking surf, at near low

water. I remember introducing a friend one day to the fascination and annoyances of surf-casting. He tried a cast; had an immediate backlash which pulled his eel back into the wash at his feet. He had just freed his reel when his line started out at express rate; and shortly after, he landed a 12-pound bass.

During our few weeks at the Farm House in 1932, we caught twenty-eight bass, weighing in the aggregate 292 pounds. These fish were caught on whole eels or, in some cases, on eelskins. (The skin of an eel, necessarily turned inside out by the process of skinning, is bright blue. When strung over a hook *and chain*, much as in stringing a whole eel, it makes a killing bait both for bass and bluefish, so tough that it takes even several bluefish to cut it up sufficiently to require restringing.) We got the feeling in 1932 that catching bass off the beach was easy once you developed the know-how. We spent many of the following years getting over this feeling.

One September evening in 1936, my wife and I were sitting on the Farm House platform. The sun had disappeared, leaving lovely soft sunset colors behind it. To the east a huge orange moon, squashed at top and bottom and bulging on the flanks, had just cleared the dunes. There was a light westerly air. Suddenly I smelled that strong, cucumber-like smell of feeding fish. Quickly, we walked the 100 yards to a spot that overlooked the Salt Pond. We saw what looked like large fish smashing the quiet water.

The next afternoon, having tied some white feathers to a snelled trout hook, I began casting with my 4-ounce fly rod. Before long, a fish roared out and started off with my line. Unfortunately it was old rotten line and it soon parted. The next morning I was out at dark, and after waiting in the boathouse for a thunderstorm to pass by, again began fly-casting, this time with about 40 yards of nine-thread Cuttyhunk salt-water line. It made casting quite difficult, but I was sure it would hold. There was a light northeast breeze, and occasional light rain. I would start at the windward shore and let the boat drift off. I soon had a rise, and was fast to a fighting fish. My excitement was intense as I finally brought him close to the net, for I still did not know what kind of fish he was. Great was my delight when he turned out to be a nice bass, about 2½ pounds. After this, I hooked a fish on almost every drift, and came home with four, weighing from 1½ to 3½ pounds. It was the most magnificent fishing I had ever had.

Our outfit has improved. I have a reel that carries about 20 yards of waxed line and 100 yards

of fine silk backing. The casting line has to be washed in fresh water immediately after being used in salt water, else it will rot almost overnight. We fish mostly with bucktail streamers with a large hook. For the most part, we troll, always out of a canoe. One could fish for bass much as one does for Atlantic salmon, if one had a couple of guides to hold the canoe over the riffles, while one cast ahead of the boat. We cover so much more water by trolling, and find so much else of interest by stirring around, that we rarely stop to fly-cast.

My wife has developed a technique to prevent reel overruns. She allows the reel handle to thump lightly in the palm of her hand. And under conditions where direct thumbing is impossible, absolute control is possible this way.

We find fish on shallow sand riffles, and runs over bars. One gets practiced in seeing fish under water; smelling them; noting their presence by the action of terns or the way herring gulls are sitting around. In the canoe, we run up close to many fish. One will see, on a calm day, a tiny ripple presumably caused by a minnow. We come to within six feet of it when, with a roar, ten or twelve bass boil away. The minnow was the second dorsal spine of a bass, just showing above the surface of the water. Such bass never bite; hence the adage, "A boiling bass never bites." Sometimes the fish will not show at all, but will unexpectedly strike. At other times, a feeding school will appear, and if we reach them in time, a strike is certain. A feeding bass makes a sucking sound which, in the distance, has the quality of a pistol shot. Not infrequently, a school of bass will harry bait without actually feeding. On such occasions, they will often roll almost clear of the water or flip their tails 'way out. We call this "golloping" — "A golloping bass never bites" — and very disappointing it is.

Quiet is essential. Even rowing makes too much noise; and outboard motors will effectively stop all feeding. I have seen this on several occasions. Twice I have seen the whole area between the Beach Channel and Broad Creek alive with feeding bass. Each time, when a passing outboard came by, every fish stopped feeding. On one occasion, the fish started feeding again after an interval of twenty minutes; on the other, they quit for the day.

Some bass can be taken from outboards when the fish are in deep water, but I am convinced motor-boats ruin shallow-water fishing.

Bass are an unpredictable fish. Just as you think you have their ways figured out, they will do something entirely different. Of one thing I am fairly certain: bass get sick of feeding on the same kind of bait. I have seen them suddenly stop feeding on pogies (menhaden), for instance, even though the marsh was full of them. At such times, they start feeding on shrimps, crabs, and worms; and then they are very hard to catch on any lure designed to resemble bait. It seems that, like the human infant if left to its own devices, bass feel an instinctive urge for some previously missing food element, and suddenly change their habits. Even the shape and taste of bass may change considerably in the course of a few weeks.

Most of our bass are females. Since I have been sexing them, all over 10 pounds, and over 90 per cent of the smaller fish, have been females. I do not know where the males keep themselves; but I suspect they remain in warmer waters. I have never seen a gravid bass, but they are said to spawn in May or June, when I have done little fishing. Certainly, we have never seen bass fry in this latitude; so that, if bass do spawn in these waters, it is unlikely that the eggs hatch.

Being a strictly coastal fish, bass are easily netted out. It seems to me the greatest good to the greatest number requires strict control of netting. This must be on a Federal basis; or at least netting must be controlled in those waters where bass breed, especially in the Chesapeake Bay area, if we here are to have a plentiful supply.

I have written at some length of my friend "Roccus Lineatus" because I consider him the king of all fishes. Judging from the number of people who pursue him, many others must agree with this opinion. However, when any of the Farm House crew are approaching the boathouse at the mouth of the Salt Pond Creek, in the dark of night, with no fish in the stern of the canoe to drag it down a little, they can be heard muttering. Could one be close enough, he might make out some mumbled, oft-repeated words: "Those Consecrated Dunderheads!"

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

by RAYMOND SWING

1

PROBABLY the two most fateful words used in the life of the present generation were "unconditional surrender." They influenced the conduct and shaped the outcome of World War II. Hardly a person is living on whom the words have not impinged in some measure. Yet for all their importance it is a little-known fact that they were first proclaimed as Allied policy without premeditation and consultation. They were thrown out at a press conference by President Roosevelt at Casablanca on January 24, 1943. That was at the close of the British-American meeting in North Africa. Mr. Roosevelt had not been authorized to lay down peace terms on behalf of the Allies. The subject of ultimate peace was not discussed at Casablanca. No message had passed between Washington and London defining the final conditions on which ultimate surrender would be accepted. Moreover, President Roosevelt went into the press conference in which he "ad-libbed" the historic phrase at a time when the defeat of the Axis was not in sight and promise of it was a stirring but unsubstantiated act of faith.

Mr. Roosevelt was later to explain privately how he came to use the words. He had taken part in staff conferences planning the future of the war. The victory in North Africa opened inspiring possibilities for action. The landing in France, which had been delayed because of the North African operation, was reinstated as the chief Allied purpose. It could be abetted by attacks from the south of Europe. At Casablanca it had been decided to go on to Sicily, and the hope dawned that Italy might be knocked out of the war. Light was breaking after a long and exhausting darkness.

Author and foreign correspondent, RAYMOND SWING rose to be one of our leading radio commentators during the years of crisis. He now writes and speaks from the vantage point of Washington. In 1946, his broadcasts advocating firm and enlightened control of atomic energy attracted national attention.

These plans fired President Roosevelt's imagination, and he later said that as he sat before the correspondents, giving his impression of the talks, he wished to convey to them the dramatic sense of growing power which he himself felt. What flashed into his mind was the message of General Grant to General Buckner, commander of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862. The Confederate general, hard pressed with his 14,000 men, and overestimating Grant's strength, had asked his terms for capitulation. The reply sent by General Grant is celebrated: "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." The second sentence meant as much to the President as the first. As he saw the situation, the Allies were proposing to move upon all the works of the great Axis Fortress, first in Italy, then in France, with the possibility at last of assaults through the Balkans. And with these potentialities glowing in the President's mind, the natural corollary to them, "unconditional surrender," seemed to him part of the theme.

When General Grant used the words there was in them a high note of daring. He intentionally sounded more overwhelming than in fact he was. So did President Roosevelt that day in Casablanca. His own spirit had been uplifted after the long season of defeat and humiliation of the Allies. He delighted in throwing to the men in the Axis Fortress the same challenge which had broken the resistance in Fort Donelson.

As President Roosevelt himself revealed, the phrase was not previously cleared with Prime Minister Churchill or the Combined Chiefs of Staff. When the time came for the scheduled press conference, the consultation between the political heads, usual in such circumstances, had not been held. The awkward talks with General Giraud and General de Gaulle over French leadership in North Africa had taken longer than had been

anticipated. So when the hour arrived for the press conference it was quickly agreed that President Roosevelt should conduct it. What he was to say was left to his judgment and, as history was to learn, to his impulse. The words "unconditional surrender" rolled out without any enlightening reference to the whole message of General Grant; hence no stress could be put on the explanatory phrase: "I propose to move immediately upon your works." In the words as used, the Allies were committed to fight the war to complete victory, without compromise.

Thus what had been an epitome of some strategic planning became world policy. It was a policy that was to cause misgivings in Allied countries as the end of the war came into view. Many were to ask if adherence to the two words was not to prove extravagant in Allied lives, since it would be demonstrated that the words were stiffening enemy morale rather than breaking it. General Eisenhower, responsible for victory in the West, was worried over that word "unconditional." German propaganda was exploiting it effectively. In the Pacific the skilled conductors of psychological warfare beamed to Japan most explicit assurances that unconditional surrender could be conditional and indeed could include a guarantee of the continuation of the dynasty. Until the war ended, such anxieties were unavoidable.

2

As President Roosevelt used the words he felt that they would raise Allied morale, which needed a stimulant. The Germans at the time recorded the propaganda value of the phrase. It did not strike them as a challenge to themselves, or something to make them doubt their victory. What they saw was that the Allies needed a shot in the arm, that they had received it, and that it had almost immediate effect. But President Roosevelt also felt that he was making ultimate policy.

As victory neared, the Allied world did accept the idea that it must be complete. It was understood that the forces and institutions which had produced the war could not be uprooted by compromise. Those who recognized World War II as the resumption of World War I were prepared to pay the additional price it would cost to make victory total. And though the Allied leaders did not think the policy through, or carefully weigh all its implications, they accepted it.

But these same Allied leaders finally were driven to question the wisdom of the policy. General

Eisenhower was to challenge it almost at once. Captain Harry C. Butcher, his naval aide, wrote in his diary on August 12, 1943: "What had appeared to be a quick collapse of Italy had disappeared into uncertainty, with the definite knowledge that the Italians are solidifying their opposition to us and are really fighting. Around headquarters, we are inclined to attribute this to the hard-boiled attitude of the Prime Minister and the President, who publicly insisted on 'unconditional surrender' as soon as Mussolini was out. No surrender was ever made without some conditions." On April 14, the following year, General Eisenhower discussed the meaning of unconditional surrender with Edward R. Stettinius, and Captain Butcher wrote: "There is a feeling that at Casablanca the President and the Prime Minister, more likely the former, seized on Grant's famous terms without realizing the full implications to the enemy. Goebbels has made great capital with it to strengthen the morale of the German people and army. Our psychological experts believe we would be wiser if we created a mood of acceptance of surrender in the German army which would make possible a collapse of resistance similar to that which took place in Tunisia."

For a time President Roosevelt was averse to changing the terms, though General Eisenhower strongly urged that the President permit him to make a declaration after the Normandy landing to the German commander, "reciting in soldierly language the principal points of the surrender terms." The Joint Chiefs of Staff instructed the Navy Department's Special Warfare Branch to make a study of the unconditional surrender policy. Captain Ellis M. Zacharias, in his *Secret Missions*, recounts that the study showed the policy to have been a brilliant success as a morale builder in 1943, but that it had worked against Allied interests later on. By then the origin of the phrase appears to have been forgotten, for the Navy researchers went into the terms General Grant had offered to General Lee at Appomattox. "In the Civil War," wrote Captain Zacharias, "General Grant was given power to accept the Confederacy's surrender 'unconditionally'—which meant that General Grant did not have to obtain the approval of President Lincoln or his cabinet for his acceptance. Other Northern generals were given similar powers conditionally, which meant that they had to obtain the approval of President Lincoln and General Grant to making surrender arrangements. Thus it was evident that 'unconditional surrender' was an administrative term referring to the manner in which surrender could be accepted

and not the manner in which it was to be demanded or offered."

This tortured interpretation of "unconditional surrender" expressed Captain Zacharias's zeal to be able to offer certain conditions to the Japanese in his broadcasts to Japan which were to have much to do in bringing about Japanese capitulation. The ardent captain wished to assure the Japanese that they could keep the Emperor, and indeed he obtained authority to do so. For, as he says, President Roosevelt at the time of his death favored a revision of the phrase, and President Truman subsequently agreed to it.

Allen W. Dulles, stationed in Switzerland for the OSS during the war, and in close touch with resistance groups inside Germany, was to find that the "unconditional surrender" terms prevented more than one coup for the overthrow of Hitler. German generals apparently were on the verge of treason throughout the war, and any glimmer of compromise from the West might have assured the success of their conspiracies.

3

It is impossible at this time to set up a balance sheet for the celebrated phrase. It gained much; it cost much. But even if the war in the West could have ended earlier and at lower cost by a compromise with German generals, that would have meant the survival of the German military, in spirit if not in actual power. And it is impossible to gauge what that might have meant to the world in years to come. In 1918 the German Army was beaten but saved its prestige, and a repetition of that survival might have meant another upsurge of German power and a third world war.

It is well to stress one gain from the policy. No voice has been or can be lifted by Germans or Japanese to the effect that they were cheated into surrender by promises that have not been kept. In neither country will a demagogue like Hitler be able to stir up the fury of the people by repeating the charge that they were the victims of betrayal. Hitler built up the legend that Wilson's Fourteen Points had been the basis of the German surrender, and that the Allies had not kept their bargain. How much this legend was worth to him is, of course, only a surmise. It might have been the difference between success and failure, for it meant a great deal. He did not create the legend. It was there from the earliest days after Matthias Erzberger signed the Treaty of Versailles. The belief was shared by the mass of the German people.

At the time, little attention was paid in this country to the legend and its evil potentiality. It could have been disproved to the satisfaction of the most confirmed German patriot, had the United States taken the trouble to present its case. But the German people, having read of Wilson's predilection for peace without victory, witnessed the destruction after the war of a German military power that did not appear to have been defeated in the field. What they were not convincingly told was that the Allies amended the Fourteen Points before they were accepted by the Germans. Nor did they understand that the Germans assented to the destruction of their military power knowing that they were militarily beaten without suffering the final defeat in the field, and knowing that to prolong the fight would cost only a needless sacrifice of countless lives.

The chief mistake of the Allies in agreeing to the Armistice of 1918 has usually been cited as the failure to march on Berlin and there to dictate the peace. But it also was a tragic mistake to permit the Germans to believe that they were offered a peace without victory or one based on the Fourteen Points. For this fertilized the ground from which a harvest of madness and revenge was to be gathered. It helped create a Hitler. It gave even moderate Germans an excuse for concealing the evasion of disarmament. It was the ethical justification for the intrigues of a man like Stresemann to reconstruct German power while pretending to incorporate Germany into a peaceful world. No doubt Marshal Foch was amply right in demanding the march to Berlin. But even without it a thoroughgoing disproof of the legend of betrayal might have done much to spare the world a disaster.

This passage of history will not be repeated. However reckless the first spontaneous announcement of "unconditional surrender" may have been, it will not permit another Hitler to sow again the lie about a peace of betrayal. When the Germans laid down their arms in 1945 it was an ineradicable confession of defeat. They expected hard terms and they never can pretend otherwise. The Japanese leaders are under no illusion that they were not overwhelmingly beaten. And while after the Second World War the Allies so far have wasted the peace like a prodigal running through a fortune, that has been their own folly, not the mistake of permitting righteous wrath to revive the enemy so that he is preparing to strike back. This is a consequence of President Roosevelt's strange invention of a world doctrine, and one that will bless the world for many years.

AUTUMN AS A LANGUAGE

by LEONARD BACON

HAVE you learned Autumn yet? For I have not.
It is a harder language than Spring or Summer,
Richer in connotations, with more color,
More resonance, and more finality
In its more positive phrasing. I am resolved
At length to master it. One main difficulty
Is that it makes you forget language you knew
Before your thought grows up to the novel idiom,
If that, indeed, ever takes place at all.
Which raises the question: Did you know the others
As thoroughly as you thought? Probably not.
At any rate, communication's broken.
It's like being deaf. You half catch what is said,
Grasp but a tithe, and know you've lost the knack
Of Summer language you won't speak again.
And as for Spring's — passion and sympathy,
Interpretation's origins, do not
Suffice in this case. For you need shades of meaning
Unknown to the autumnal verb or noun.
But it is a great language. Superb conclusions,
Complex but lucid, reign in the syllables
Of Autumn, articulate, intense, severe.
They have their music, a less obvious melody
Than makes some dreamy sadness meritorious.
For Autumn is the language which declares
With greatest force that what must be endured
Cannot be mitigated or ignored.
Self-pity's not the tune, and sentiment
Sounds empty when translated into sharp
And yet sonorous wholly explicit terms,
Whose definitions have excluded doubt.
As I said, it's a difficult language. I intend
To master it — I must. It asks some valiance.
After it there's a tongue that's seldom learned
In its completeness.

IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

English author and critic, SIR OSBERT SITWELL is now writing one of the most entertaining autobiographies of our time. In *Left Hand, Right Hand!* he told of his family heritage, and in lovely detail of Renishaw Hall in Derbyshire, which has been the family seat since the seventeenth century. In *The Scarlet Tree* he wrote of his parents and of the painfully inadequate Victorian education to which he and his sister Edith were subjected. Osbert graduated from Eton, and then his father, despite the boy's protests, began to plan for his military career. "Knocking about with a sword," his father assured him, "provides excellent exercise: and proves splendid training for afterlife." After attending a crammer's school and serving briefly in the Hussars, Osbert received his commission as Ensign in the Grenadier Guards.

This is the second of four installments to be drawn from his forthcoming volume, *Great Morning!* which will be published next month under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

I

AT the end of November, 1912, I joined the Grenadier Guards and, a week later, was posted to the battalion stationed at the Tower of London. Towards this purpose, I had been obliged, directly I reached London, to present myself for an interview at the Regimental Orderly Room. From the distance of thirty-five years later, I can comprehend, what I did not altogether realize at the time, the extreme accomplishment of the group of persons forming this entity, and that the head of it was more expert than anyone I have ever met in wrapping himself round with an air of quasi-benevolent authority, and by this means obtaining an absolute and unquestioned obedience. And, since there have been modifications — for example, the chief would now be a young man, freshly versed in war, instead of being over sixty — let me give some account of this organization, as it was; though it survives and can still be studied to this day.

The effective head, "the Lieutenant Colonel," as he was known, of each of the four regiments of the Brigade as then constituted — Grenadiers, Coldstream, Scots Guards, Irish Guards — possessed as his headquarters or appropriate shrine a kind of small Greek temple in stucco, with fluted pillars and capitals of the Doric order, placed, as if for the sake of inviolability, behind the stout, spear-like iron railings of Birdcage Walk. Besides being so important a military mandarin, the Lieutenant Colonel was, as well, an institution comparable to that of an Elder in the monasteries of the Russian Orthodox Church, healing, and bestowing advice

or reprimands. In other respects, he more nearly, perhaps, resembled an idol.

Summoned hither, to the temple of the particular cult to whose worship he had been dedicated, the neophyte, not yet fledged, or newly joined Ensign, would find himself first involved in a flurry of stamping sentries and saluting orderlies. Then, ushered almost at once into the august presence, he would be obliged to salute, in his turn and as smartly as he could, the idol seated at a desk, behind the cloud of incense composed of his own cigarette smoke. Directly the Ensign beheld the old image, who would be puffing at a substantial, but delicately aromatic Turkish or Egyptian cigarette, he would realize that here, before him, was the improbable realization of an ideal; an ideal cherished by a considerable number of contemporaries, including most officers, and all the best tailors and haberdashers, hosiers, shoemakers, and barbers in London, indeed in England. Though too restrained to suggest dandyism, everything about him was immaculate, of the finest quality and cut: cloth, linen, and the man encased in them. Every pore of the skin, every hair of his gray mustache and eyebrows, was unemphatically — for emphasis would smack of ostentation — in its right place, and showed in miniature the same kind of order and beautiful military precision that the regimental parades exhibited on the grand scale. His manners, too, imbued though they were by their quality of rather impersonal affability — and though it was quite evident, as well, that the idol realized that affability

was not his whole practice and that at times it was his duty to instill awe — were memorable in their perfection.

At a single glance it might be deemed possible by the inexperienced, such was the apparent sincerity and straightforwardness of his self-presentation, to know all about him, even to write a testimonial: *strong sense of duty, hard-playing (golf, cricket, polo), generous, brave, fine shot, adequate rider, man of the world, C. of E.* These same attributes, too, seemed to belong to the objects on his desk, the photographs, in simple silver frames or leather — the best photographs of the best people, in the best frames — the silver cigarette lighter, made in the shape of a grenade, the silver pen tray and rack, the pens and pencils, the regimental trophies and presentations, even the blotting paper which lay spread out under his hand without a stain. (How did he ever contrive to dry the ink on a letter, one asked oneself.) But where it would be easy for the young officer to go astray in the estimate he was making would be if he were to dismiss the fine and benevolent old gentleman in front of him as at all remote, or out of touch with the true business of his regiment: for, as if the position he held bestowed upon him special powers of divination, he could, at one pounce, show himself singularly, surprisingly, frighteningly well-informed.

The realization of an ideal always, no doubt, carries with it its weak points, but of one thing you could rest assured: the idol before you would never treat any man, especially one younger than himself, with unfairness; nor, you could be equally certain, would his predecessor have done it in the past, or his successor do it in the future. For the type was fast. When the time came for this elderly man to retire, another, almost identical in appearance, would reign with the same elegant ease in his stead, behind the same cloud of cigarette smoke, at the same table, covered, it might seem, with the same photographs, the same objects. Very seldom did these skillful old gentlemen, so well versed in the behavior of the young male of their sort, make a mistake. They knew their job.

2

THE newly joined Ensign was instructed, not only in the general and accepted code, but, if he were not already aware of it, was advised on what constituted for him the right kind of shoes, collars, shirts, and suits to wear, being given pieces of precise information; such as, for example, that when leave was granted to him, he should never spend a day of it in

London, and that he must, when not in uniform — which he only wore, of course, on duty — always, if the King was in London, wear a morning suit and top hat.

The Adjutant would attend the first fittings of each young officer, surveying with a practiced eye the whole effect, and scrutinizing minutely the cut of the tunic of scarlet Melton cloth, the smoothness of shoulders and waist. Above all, there must be no wrinkling. And this uniform constituted, withal, an important question, both for the young man and for his parents, since it cost several hundreds of pounds. The review belt alone, made of scarlet and gold, cost thirty-six pounds, I remember, and I had occasion to wear it only once. Then there was the bearskin, as well, to be fitted and tried on, and the perfection of this proved to be of so esoteric a kind that no one new to the matter would be able to tell a good from a bad, and, myself, I never contrived to master the principles that governed the choice. The bearskin had, of course — for it must measure nearly two feet high — to be sufficiently well balanced and well fitting to enable the Ensign to carry it on his head, and the Color in front of him, in a gale, without mishap, and this, even with the best constructed bearskin, was not easy: because the forecourt of Buckingham Palace gives ample space for the east wind, which the front faces, to play, while the weight of the Color, although the butt of it is supported most of the time in a pipe-clayed belt, is considerable, and the left arm, to balance, and also for the sake of smart appearance, must swing free. In addition, however, to these necessary qualities, I may place it on record for those in the future of an inquiring disposition, that the good bearskin should possess an interior curl and a special gloss, at once perceptible to the expert.

The fitting of headgear and uniform and belts constituted something of an ordeal. Not only did it without exception occupy a full hour — and by nature I have always been too impatient either to deserve or to obtain perfectly fitting clothes — but, while the young officer, prodded from time to time with questing fingers, as if he were a prize bull at a show, stood in the center of a small closet, full of mirrors set at different angles so as to reflect him in his half-finished scarlet tunic, and every detail of his dress, with a kind of dull but yet varied repetition that recalled delirium, during all these minutes, a highly technical conversation was taking place between the Adjutant and the tailor. After they had debated some particularly enthralling point, the tailor would call in the cutter and ask for his view on it: but the cutter, partially blind from his work, would pretend to be deaf also. This, I think, he did

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as some personal form of subservience combined with defiance, that he had worked out for himself — but at any rate, every question would have to be put at least three times before he would answer. “The best cutter in London, now that the ladies have taken all the others,” the tailor would say of him, adding, “But he’s a very difficult man to deal with, must be given his head.”

Occasionally, the tailor himself would dart at my shoulder or waist, and rip the seam open, so that the gray padding stood exposed beneath the vermilion stuff. It was true that one felt oneself to be the most important person there — as the prize bull must feel himself; the very center of the debate. Yet, too, one felt at the same time curiously left out of things: for neither Adjutant, tailor, nor cutter seemed to see the man who wore the uniform, only the uniform itself. The tunic glowed, emberlike, in the misty and pocked mirrors, and the cutter peered through spectacles that magnified his eyes to the size of a god’s: he jabbed and snipped, but never spoke.

A touch of Ouida, a breath of the Boer War — even though these two influences were in contradiction — both seemed to linger still about the life I was entering.

3

THROUGHOUT the months that ensued between December, 1912, and the outbreak of the war, my background varied constantly: the Tower, Aldershot, several months of leave, Pirbright, Purfleet, and Wellington Barracks. There was the inner regimental world, the brother officers I must learn to know and understand, and the officers, beyond that, of the whole Brigade of Guards, who formed the mass out of whom to choose one’s friends: with whom one must associate, expecting to meet them every day at restaurants and theaters, at dinners and dances in private houses; and, outside, the second, the fashionable world, of whom, apart from relatives, I knew singularly few members.

I must mention, for he belonged to this first world, one young officer in the Irish Guards, a friend and exact contemporary of mine. This was “Alex”: the future Field Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis, the greatest soldier Britain has produced since Wellington, who came, too, of a precisely similar family and origin. In the days of which I write, he was a charming and elegant young man, with then, as now, a seriousness underlying his gayety of disposition, and a quick and easy smile. Since he was also stationed at Wellington Barracks while I was there, I saw a good deal of him, and I recollect that he and a great friend and

brother officer of his, Eric Greer, who was killed in the 1914 conflict, were unlike others of my friends in their enthusiastic study of military history, to which they devoted themselves for hours; though quietly, and without giving their views on it to the rest of us.

I am not enough of a military Philistine to fail to recognize a great soldier when I see one; though, when Alex and I met, as we did frequently, we discussed people, and the things pertaining to them, more often than strategy or modern literature; because, to mention a subject of any consequence in the environment in which we found ourselves would not have been well looked upon. Enjoyment was the aim of life, and gayety and high spirits the links that bound us. I remember many long walks back to Wellington Barracks late at night in his company, from some dance or supper party, down the graceful yellow sickle of the Nash Regent Street, and down Lower Regent Street to the Mall, across the Iron Bridge that spans St. James’s Lake, and so home to Wellington Barracks.

Sometimes the conversation would take a more thoughtful turn, ill suited to our attire; for we were dressed — with the dandyism of a time when in England cleanliness was really believed to be next to godliness, instead of being regarded, as now it is, as an unjustifiable and antisocial extravagance — in silk hats and evening clothes, wearing broad-braided black trousers, white waistcoats, starched shirts and white ties, white kid gloves, with a white carnation or gardenia in the buttonhole of our coats, and carried gold- or tortoise-shell-topped Malacca canes.

If we talked rather seldom of grave affairs, and never of professional, it must be granted, notwithstanding, that somehow or other I succeeded in divining Alex’s capacity.

I went to Wellington Barracks at the end of Army Maneuvers, on which I had proceeded with the 1st Battalion from Aldershot. Each day, we marched some twenty to thirty miles, and by dark I was usually too exhausted to know or care where I might be. My incapacity as a soldier must, indeed, have been conspicuous; if sent out, as sometimes one was, with a map, to find the way for the battalion, expeditions inevitably had to be sent out before long, in their turn, to find me.

In these maneuvers, though, some friends of mine distinguished themselves as much as I disgraced myself: but it all came to the same thing; for in those days to spring a surprise on the Staff by doing too well was equivalent to doing badly. Thus I well remember the consternation caused when, the

Intelligence Officer falling ill, my friend Geoffrey Moss temporarily took over his work, and since he possesses an acute and untrammelled mind, nearly put an end to maneuvers by capturing two motor-cars full of "enemy" generals. They had hurriedly to be released, for they had envisaged no such move on the part of a junior officer, and their faces flamed red as the tabs they wore, with anger.

4

As far as I know, though it has been for so long one of the spectacles most familiar to inhabitants of London, and most loved by visitors, little has been written about the Changing of the Guard: to the crowd, the performers in the ceremony cease to exist when they have marched away; and so I propose to give an account of the very individual life led by the officers on this duty, who, after the manner of monks, albeit for twenty-four hours only, are immured in the seclusion of a brick building from which, though situated in the very center of the capital, you can scarcely hear the passing of traffic.

First, the new Guard marches to the ceremony, just as later the old Guard returns to barracks, to the military music of the drums and fifes of the battalion from which it is drawn. If the King is in London, the ceremony takes place, as all Londoners know, about ten minutes to eleven in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace, or, in the monarch's absence from London, in the Color Court at St. James's: but, as a spectacle, Buckingham Palace is to be preferred as a background, because of the greater space it affords. The drill exhibited has many of the merits of a work of art, such as only the most accomplished forms of dancing or skating display.

But of all the difficult tasks, the Ensign — the youngest officer present — has the most awkward allotted to him: marching just behind the Captain and Lieutenant of the King's Guard, and in front of the detachment of men composing it, the whole body progressing in slow time — an exercise which itself requires the greatest skill — at right angles to the Palace, he must lower the Color in salute to the Color of the King's Guard relieving or being relieved, and hold it stretched out in that position for some twenty paces. Many weeks of practice on the barrack square are required before perfection is attained — if ever it is — in this stately ceremonial crawl to the solemn and inspiring strains of the March from Handel's *Scipio*, which the Grenadiers have adopted as their own, in the same way that the Coldstream use the March from *Figaro*.

After this part of the performance has been concluded, and the new Guard has taken over, and while the sentries are being posted, and the detachments placed in position, the officers of the King's Guard, mounting and dismounting, walk up and down together in twos, according to the military rank they hold, while whichever regimental band may be playing gives selections from its repertory. Each of the four, naturally, had its own specialties, and in those days the band of the Grenadiers used often, rather unexpectedly, but always to my delight, to break into contemporary Spanish marches and selections from current zarzuelas: for Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the Queen of Spain's brother, who was in the Grenadiers at the time and possessed that love of music which, since the days of George I, so many members of the Royal Family have shown, used to bring back the scores with him from his visits to Andalusia and Madrid.

Sometimes the band grew ambitious, and I remember Williams, for many years Bandmaster of the Grenadiers, telling me of how he had made an arrangement for his men of part of the score of *Elektra* by Richard Strauss, and of what happened when first he played it. It had taken them many months to learn, and they had just given it in public for the first time during this long interval in the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, and had experienced a due sense of elation at their own audacity and at the success that had crowned it, when — a rare event — a scarlet-coated page came out from the Palace with a personal message for Williams from King George V. The note was brief and ran: "His Majesty does not know what the band has just played, but it is *never* to be played again."

For some twenty minutes or half an hour, then, the band would lift the spirits of the watching crowd, ox-eyed at the railings, and by the end of that time, every sentry would be in his place, and the rest of the oncoming Guard be free to march away to its quarters in St. James's Palace, and the old Guard to return home.

The oncoming Guard was on duty until relieved twenty-four hours later. During this space of time, the officers had to remain in the part of St. James's Palace allotted to them — an inner section, built of stout, dark brick, more nearly recalling, save that there were no trees, part of some college or close than the center of a palace: this haven they were not allowed to leave, except for tours of duty and inspection, when they visited the sentries at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, and except for a few minutes in the afternoon when they were permitted, if they wished, to walk across

to the Guards' Club or the Marlborough Club, then both situated within a stone's throw, in Pall Mall. (All officers serving in the Brigade joined automatically the Guards' Club, though not the Marlborough.)

As the Ensign had to go out on a tour of inspection at 2 A.M., it made a long day for him, and life in the Guardroom with its view of lead flats and dingy crenelations, though it possessed an air and seemed the very core of St. James's, became a little monotonous and might, indeed, have grown insupportably to resemble a prison, had it not been for the munificence of King George IV, who had directed that, after his death, an annual sum should be paid to the officers on guard. It was not enough to defray the whole of the expense, but it certainly enabled them to entertain their friends at dinner in a handsome manner, and in consequence the long room, in the evening, with its table arranged with silver trophies, and its food, celebrated for its excellence as no doubt that gourmet, King George IV, would have wished, became a place where many distinguished — and undistinguished — people could pass a most pleasant evening. The quality of the company depended chiefly on the Captain of the King's Guard and his range of friends: certainly I passed many delightful hours in congenial company there; and among my own friends who dined with me in later years, when from time to time I was Captain, were Sir Edmund Gosse, Sickert, and Robert Ross.

The Guard at the Bank of England, on the other hand, provided a very different existence. The Ensign was the only officer on duty, and he had to start from Wellington or Chelsea Barracks, without drums or fifes to support the faltering rhythm of his footsteps and those of his small detachment of men, on a long march through the hard, endless streets of the city, about five or six o'clock in the evening, and to remain at the Bank till nine-thirty or ten the next morning. The Brigade of Guards had first been called in the year 1780, at the time of the Gordon Riots, to protect the original building — before Sir John Soane's edifice was in being — when the Government had thought it to be in danger from the drunken mob. And though cries of "No Popery!" no longer rent the air of Threadneedle Street, day by day the Guard was still posted there. For, just as tricks of speech lingered, relating to past times, so did many obsolete customs survive.

And in this connection I must record that a year or two subsequently, when the shortage of manpower first evinced itself after the great slaughter of 1914 and '15, and forced the authorities to examine the placing of sentries, with a view to abolish-

ing all those not strictly necessary, I was told how it was discovered that two Guardsmen were always on duty at a certain spot in Whitehall where the reason for their presence was not immediately obvious. On inquiries being made, and the records inspected, it became plain that when Sir Robert Walpole had been Prime Minister, he had formed a habit of walking from Downing Street, near-by, and of sitting on a garden bench there for a while to rest and take the air, and that, because his life had been threatened, sentries had eventually been posted on each side, at the suggestion of Queen Caroline, to ensure his safety. Walpole had resigned in 1742, the bench had crumbled to dust over a century ago, but the duties of the men, and their successors, had continued.

5

DUTY in the Tower provided a brief winter's walk, a brisk turn of a special kind, against a background familiar to me, because my sister and I, when we were children, had visited it, and I had never forgotten its wintry vastness, solemnity, and gloom. At times the place seemed a toy fort that had become real, and swollen stonily to enormous proportions, its walls and castellations assuming ample material substance, just as the toy soldiers in their scarlet tunics had acquired life; at others, it appeared to be a terrace leveled among stone mountains or, again, a piazza in a small hill town, high up, but under a smoky sky. It was ten minutes to eight in the morning — and when I say eight, I mean eight, and not, as in these lying times, six or seven; a fact which, owing to the relative degrees of light, makes a difference to my scene: it was ten minutes to eight, and, swinging our arms smartly, six of us had to walk up and down in twos, at a pace full of winter's zest.

The stone mountains which framed this stage gave evidence in their texture, a few of them, of extreme antiquity, but most, on the other hand, displayed a Victorian primness and hard precision, seeming to be the realization in stone of a drill sergeant's dream. Everything was spick-and-span, and even the roughest, oldest of these mountains, even the most uncouth in bulk, even Julius Caesar's Tower itself, had been trimmed and clipped, as it were to make a fitting background for parades. One or two old trees alone, though they too had been pruned and pared, made for this place some obstinate claim to kinship with nature and the world outside. And occasionally, a very large old raven would croak loudly and walk across the frosty

ground in front of us, lifting its claws high, as if the stone burned them. I should have liked to stop and watch this bird, because it had an air of immense age, of being, indeed, although it carried its years so well, as old as anything in this setting — a living representative of the collection of beasts and birds which, in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, had drawn hither, to the side of the now destroyed Lion Tower, all visitors to London.

The raven still stalked slowly and at its will, flapping and croaking, but we had to walk rapidly up and down in a straight line, our swords knocking a little and clanking as we moved. We would glance from time to time at the ranks of men, clad in long gray coats, and now standing at ease. They were drawn up facing the White Tower, and we paced up and down between this massive building and the men. Inside that tower, among much else to be seen, was King Henry VIII's steel suit — feared yet, the custodian once told me, by tourists; these peering crowds of little men still scrupled to touch it, in case some morbid influence from the tomb should communicate to them the maladies of the dead giant.

It was a very clear morning, with a berry-bright frostiness which matched the rooster's music of the bugles, sounding their calls, and the stones crackled as we walked over them. But, at this season and this hour, more often fog enclosed us and the whole of the vast area of city stretching round us, beyond these towers and bounding walls — for this, the Tower of London, was the very citadel of the fog. Here night could reign for forty-eight hours at a stretch. Then the naked electric-light globes which, as part of the traditional, pipe-clayed bareness of barrack rooms, swung in the draft from open windows of a winter's evening, burned all day, yet seemed to have no more power than a match would have, if it were lighted in this elephantine and engulfing darkness. For these hours, the barrack rooms themselves became mysterious.

There are — or were — so many different varieties of fog, and all of them lived here, and crept out when occasion offered. There was the night darkness, or prevalence of a perpetual dusk, black but clear, in which figures could still be seen moving, and ordinary life could still be carried on; there was the transparent yellow fog, the most boding of all, which turned the world sullen and filled it with a gloomy, suppressed excitement, seeming to make the clatter of the men's rifles on the ground more pronounced, and the raven's croakings more frequent and more cracked; there were the thick yellow fogs, made of yellow wool, and the white, made of white wool, when every activity came to a standstill,

and everyone choked, and eyes and ears ached, and nothing could be seen; and a great number of less deleterious fogs in chalk-gray and dove-gray and amber.

6

AT ANY moment of day or night, though, and even when swathed in layers of fog, the Tower of London remained a place of mystery, beautiful and, at the same time, because of its stoniness and crenelation, ugly. The neatness that recent centuries had striven to impose upon these shapes that appeared to have been hacked out of primeval chaos, the accretions, only served to make it more tremendous. After the manner of Maiden Castle or Stonehenge, its origins stretched so far back that no glimpse of them could be obtained.

The Tower remains the place beyond all others, except Windsor, where the local color of every age in English history lingers, and has still a meaning. Outside these walls, the Beefeaters, perhaps, may look obsolete, an anachronism, but here, within, they are plainly the warders of the Tower of London, faithful to Tudor masters. At eleven each night the Ceremony of the Keys, when their royal ownership is challenged and declared, brings back the memory of many monarchs, and relates especially to the epoch when the Pretenders threatened the English throne; just as the Crown Jewels, near-by, in their tower, epitomize our history. In the fires of ruby, sapphire, and emerald, you can perceive, as though portrayed by the monks illuminating their missals with the pure tones and pigments of Norman and Gothic times, the early marriages of our kings with members of the royal houses of France and Spain. Dead princesses, whose effigies lie in the Abbey beside those of their husbands — princesses with the slender necks, oval faces, and long-fingered hands of the Gothic Age, with its delicate features, and narrow eyes filled with wonder, as though they opened and shut them upon a world full of inspired marvels and transcendent beauty — brought with them as their dowry these splendid jewels. In certain gems, again, is yet reflected the Renaissance magnificence of the Tudor princes, while the Koh-i-noor focuses in the brilliant strangeness of its light the romance of the English conquest of India, in the same way that the more material fires of the Cullinan diamond symbolize and recall the war in South Africa. These stone cliffs which surround them are nearly a millennium old; but how much more ancient was the original fortification, the palisade on this sacred mount; what Saxon kings, what Roman warriors, what British princes and chieftains of the Neolithic

Age may have lived here, are buried here, or on Tower Hill, the exhalation from their bones adding their impalpable contribution to the general atmosphere of the Tower!

When we returned to the Tower after an evening's pleasure, its majesty cooled youthful blood. False and obvious as sounded by daylight the story that at night you could sometimes see in an open space the shadow, thrown by the moon, of the Axe, it was impossible on a moonlit night not to look for it, as you passed under vast arches, along the dark green alleys carved by the icy light among these stony ways. All round, the stout and buttressed walls showed their crenelated circuit. And the half hour's drive in a taxicab through a deserted City, that led up to arrival at the Tower, aided the impression; the drive through length upon illumined length of emptiness, where only from time to time a cat howled, and never a human being stirred, past towers and spires and monuments, past Wren churches that are now a memory (though it may be we still breathe their dust), through streets and past buildings the names of which men will never allow to die, so that they will rise again, as did the great monuments of Rome, with each succeeding age — and of these names the most famous is the Tower of London.

When we reached it, if the time was past two o'clock in the morning, before we could enter under the portcullis to find ourselves in this castle of the Dark Ages — a place now deserted as the streets through which we had just driven — we had to make an effort to recollect the password, which was changed every night, and though usually typical of the military mind in the simplicity of choice it displayed, yet the later the hour, the greater the effort necessary to recollect something that, hours before, had seemed so easy to memorize. I was just twenty years of age, this was January, 1913, and London was in carnival throughout the following nineteen months, except for the brief festivals of the banks and churches; then theaters, ballrooms, and restaurants shut and all those who could leave London fled from it with an eagerness and speed they never showed some thirty years later, when it was bombed day and night. Sometimes, therefore, after late hours, one was tired of a morning; and for that reason, of the kinds of fog already catalogued, I preferred the thick yellow when, temporarily, all parades had to be canceled, and one could rest.

Today, however, was clear, with the clearness that dwells on hilltops and the tops of the highest towers — and this was fortunate, for we must show no fatigue. That was not permitted us. So, wearing

long, dark-blue coats, with a cascade of tabs flowing down the front, under our gray greatcoats, in blue trousers with a broad red stripe, and dark-blue hats peaked with gold thread, we walked sharply up and down, waiting for the clock to strike, and for the Adjutant to come on parade. At the last stroke of eight, he would appear, accompanied by the Battalion Sergeant Major. In his impressive stride, in the bold, severe, critical, yet tolerant, and even amused, ferocity of his glance, he appeared to sum up a tradition, to be the very embodiment of the Brigade of Guards. Meanwhile, we waited for him, and to be told to fall in, at the head of the men. I rather dreaded, however, the lesson to come, for the Adjutant used to complain loudly of my personal version of the ritual voice that regimental tradition obliges the young officer to adopt for words of command — conventional sounds that none but initiates can interpret — declaring that he could not distinguish it from the croaking of the Tower ravens.

Looking back, I suppose that the friends I made then — nearly all of them, alas, destined to be killed before two years had passed — were not those, necessarily, who would have chosen me or whom I should have chosen, had the range been unlimited. Our interests were different — theirs, sporting; mine, mainly esthetic — but this did not in the least mar our friendship. Their great qualities, their character and generosity of mind, completely won me over, and banished the fact from my consciousness, so that I am able to hope that, similarly, my affection for them prevented them from guessing that I was not the sort of friend, either, whom they would have selected.

Alas (left hand, right hand!), I *should* have resembled them — but I did not; or my way in general would have been simpler. At least we shared one thing in common — the highest and most fantastic spirits. They possessed shrewd powers of judgment, just as did the ranks under them. The guardsmen could arrive at a fair estimate of an officer's character very quickly. And, though I must confess to being by nature a minority partisan, I must own also that if my companions on occasion took a violent dislike to a brother officer, it was usually justified: though not always the manner of showing it. In addition, they were supremely courageous — some of them, in a sense, fierce as young animals — and sure of themselves with the superb assurance that belonged to those who were young at this time, and came of their class and country. These young men were splendid, and died in their full splendor, which never knew modification.

(To be continued)

LOVE SONG TO EOHIPPUS

by PETER VIERECK

Dictionary definition: "EOHIPPIUS, Greek for dawn-horse, small graceful prehistoric ancestor of modern equine family; size of rabbit; had four toes, no hoofs."

1

*Dance, dance in this museum case,
Ballet-star of our mammal race,
You first wild avatar of grace.*

2

Sweet Eohippus, "dawn-horse" in
That golden Attic tongue which now
Like you and Helen is extinct,
Like Cheshire cat of fading grin,
Like Carthage and like Villon's snow,
With death and beauty gently linked.

3

Yet all are deathless in their fashion:
You live in science, they in song,
You in museums, she in Homer.
She cannot help but live while passion
Still lives; your dancing lives as long
As grace; "extinct" is a misnomer.

4

Because sly Darwin liked the Fit
And Mendel, good gray monk, sowed peas,
Dame Evolution said benignly,
"My child, get bigger," and you did;
"Look here, those silly toes must cease!"
And you grew hoofs and frisked divinely.

5

When you were dodging dinosaurs
So recklessly, they were gigantic,
But look how Nature turns the tables:
Now they, who scared you with their roars,
Have changed to lizards, wee and frantic,
And you're immense and live in stables.

6

*Ballet-star of our mammal race,
Last lingering of earth's first grace,
Dance on in this museum case.*

More Food

"Men with hoes have been supplanted by a man with a hose," says ROBERT PRICE RUSSELL, who is President of the Standard Oil Development Company. Under his leadership this large research organization developed new chemical processes which were indispensable in the war. Now, with the return to peace, his staff has devised hormone sprays with which the farmer can increase his yield and can control weeds, blight, and insect pests. These sprays increase yields of rice and coffee and ensure our peach and apple crops by keeping the fruit from dropping prematurely from the trees. By such technical aids as these, Americans can bring new fertility to the starved and wasted earth.

AMERICAN TECHNOLOGY FOR STARVED LANDS

by ROBERT PRICE RUSSELL

1

SINCE the end of the war, the United States has contributed or committed itself to contribute more than 20 billion dollars in loans and grants to foreign countries.

But the export of goods and lending of money alone are only emergency stopgaps. They cannot restore economies that were first undermined by antiquated methods and then wrecked by war or exhaustion. To aid the world — and indirectly ourselves — to move forward to an improved standard of health and well-being, we must export the combination of goods and technology. In the long run, I believe, American technology can do more to raise world standards than all the food supplies and dollar credits we can ever make available. The value of technology is that it enables people to help themselves. With it we export self-esteem and self-reliance — just as necessary as food if men the world over are again to hold their heads high and walk proudly among their fellows.

The exporting of technology is by no means new to American private enterprise. United States oil companies, for example, have discovered oil fields, drilled wells, established pipeline and tanker routes, and constructed refining centers in many foreign countries. Not only have our technicians trained local nationals in mechanical skills, but we have helped them to devise ingenious methods for adapting our technological achievements to widely varying situations. The experience of American industry proves conclusively the richness of the dividends that result from technological investments abroad.

One field in which United States research and development organizations can render important service is agriculture and food production. Most of the world is perilously short of food; in many countries the national diet is below the minimum

level required to maintain the energy of the people; in most countries surpluses for export are far below normal. The reasons are not difficult to ascertain. Populations are growing, especially in the industrial areas. More and more people are attracted away from rural communities, and in many areas the land is wearing out. Yet, if everyone is to have enough to eat, the soil must be made to yield as much or more food but with less and less labor for planting, cultivating, and harvesting. This is a situation that demands immediate attention, for starvation will not accommodate itself to the delays of hit-or-miss development.

The food crops of the world fall into the principal categories of grain, meat, vegetables, and fruit. Laboratories and experimental farms throughout the United States are now testing tens of thousands of new techniques and preparations which could be applied promptly to increase substantially the world food supply in each of these categories. Consider weed control, the bane of the food grower's existence, whether he is cultivating many acres or only a vegetable garden. In food production, weed control is of vital importance since weeds, if uncontrolled, can even destroy the food productivity of the soil. In many Latin American countries the best land cannot be used for agriculture because, in those areas where the soil is most fertile, weed growth is so extremely rapid that organized agriculture becomes impossible. Throughout this enormous territory millions of people rely on drought-afflicted areas where in the dry months it is possible to burn off jungle growth and prepare the land for growing scanty food crops when the rains come.

In the agricultural program of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), a substantial proportion of our efforts for the past several years has been devoted

to the development of compounds for the control of weeds and fungus growth. One product that has enormous possibilities for rapidly raising agricultural productivity is a synthetic plant hormone derived from by-products of catalytic cracking, a refinery process which first came into major use for making aviation gasoline during the war. Today this synthetic hormone preparation can be made cheaply in large quantities, and it has proved very effective for the selective control of broad-leaf weeds. Like the widely known "2, 4 D," it works on the principle of stimulation. It is absorbed through the leaves and literally stimulates the plant to death. Dandelion, plantain, poison ivy, and other broad-leaf weeds in the lawn or grain field absorb more of the hormone spray than the thin-bladed grasses or cereals. Consequently, the weeds are killed while the grasses or cereals are merely stimulated in growth.

Tests with synthetic hormones have indicated that the possible applications of agents of this type, which alter the life process, are almost unlimited. For example, it is possible to stimulate root growth by using the proper strength of hormone solution, thus making possible new economies and greater certainty of propagation for those crops that are planted by root cuttings. It has been found that the percentage of cacao cuttings that live and grow can be increased from less than 50 per cent under ordinary planting conditions to more than 70 per cent through the application of a hormone solution.

The hormone may also be used for shortening the blossoming period of the coffee bush and thereby reducing the harvesting period. Tests carried out by one imaginative United States researcher have revealed the possibility of shortening the coffee harvesting period by as much as 50 per cent. The labor saving effected can be appreciated when it is realized that over the present-day three-month ripening period, twelve pickings are required. If, by using the hormone solution, the blossoming period can be halved, the number of pickings can be reduced to six. It has been found that this same synthetic hormone can be used as a spray to prevent fruit, such as apples, peaches, and plums, from dropping prematurely from the tree. In this way, a smaller number of hand pickings is required and the labor thus released is available for other essential food-growing tasks. The yield of salable fruit is markedly increased.

2

WE ARE certainly only on the threshold of our investigation of hormone agents in agriculture, but if

major benefits are to result in a number of countries, these researches must be carried out by skilled technologists under actual conditions of growth.

During recent years several research organizations have devised remarkable new techniques for utilizing special petroleum hydrocarbon fractions in weed control — among the most effective being sprays of petroleum distillates of the type used in dry cleaning and as paint thinners.

Certain crops — carrots, parsnips, onions, and celery, for example — are impervious to distillates which kill surrounding weeds. For other deeply planted crops such as corn, beans, and potatoes, which would be harmed by direct spraying, a pre-emergence spraying technique has been devised which is already giving amazing results. After the vegetable seeds have been planted but before they sprout, weed seeds, which generally lie close to the surface, are destroyed by spraying a heavy aromatic distillate on the ground. In this way, weed-free soil can be maintained without cultivation through an entire season.

This technique was unknown four years ago; yet in 1946 it was successfully employed in the weeding of more than 95 per cent of the carrots grown for market in New York State. Additional acreages of parsnips, onions, and celery were raised in the same way. The men with the hoes had successfully been supplanted by a man with a hose. This is not only a striking technological development, but its rapid, widespread use illustrates the speed with which important agricultural developments can be utilized if proper technological help is made available.

Recently I was privileged to see, under Central and Latin American conditions, what was probably the first major field trial of some of the new synthetic weed killers when they were applied to a major Latin American crop — rice. I saw a large rice field under study by the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Costa Rica. The entire field had been as carefully hand-weeded as possible under existing conditions of local labor availability, but one end of the field had received a single application of a new chemical weed-killing agent. The difference was spectacular. The specially treated end of the field was green and luxuriant, while the rest of the field was weed-choked and had the brown, scraggy appearance of most of the other rice fields in that area. The additional number of sound rice grains per stem in the treated section would impress even the most casual observer.

What can actually be accomplished in rice culture by the application of modern technology is demonstrated yearly in California, where one farmer pro-

duces as much rice as one thousand farmers in Japan. Rice is harvested by a one-man harvester which accomplishes as much as a thousand men reaping by hand. If the world production of rice, one of the most vital of all food crops, could be quickly and greatly increased without the need for added manpower, and perhaps even with the release of some existing manpower for application to other essential agricultural pursuits, starvation in the world could be reduced decisively.

A new emulsible spray recently developed by the Humble Oil and Refining Company in Texas has given unusual results for fly and tick control on livestock. In devising peacetime applications for the vast quantities of toluene, which during the war were produced as the basic ingredient for TNT, the company developed a preparation combining toluene with DDT for insect control. It was found that a mixture of six gallons of the product in one thousand gallons of water produced a spray or dip which kept livestock protected against flies and ticks for three weeks and resulted in a substantial gain of weight. Furthermore, the effects of this dip are cumulative, each successive dip giving better protection. In tests conducted by the National Livestock Loss Prevention Board and the United States Department of Agriculture, cattle treated with DDT emulsible spray during the fly season gained 40 to 80 pounds over untreated animals — an average gain of 50 pounds per animal. For the expenditure of 12 cents on this spray, an additional 50 pounds of beef was added to the weight of each head of cattle. This product represents an important advance in fly and tick control because it can be manufactured cheaply in bulk, and can be made readily available throughout vast areas.

3

WE COULD help decisively to improve food conditions throughout the world by making products such as I have described available to our neighbors, and more important, by sending them the trained technical people needed to work out proper applications under varying local ground conditions. A quick and substantial increase in the world food supply would produce a major economic change in a few years.

Making our newest scientific preparations available to other nations, and providing trained technologists to develop local applications and train nationals in their use, by no means exhaust the technological service that United States research and development groups can render. Few nations

have reached a stage comparable with ours in the scientific development and propagation of new and better strains of basic food crops. In many countries people are content to grow the identical crops planted and harvested by their forefathers. They would of course prefer improved high-yield plants to the scrubby native types, but attempts to use seed imported from abroad have usually resulted in failure because of local climatic and soil conditions, and the knowledge and skills needed for developing improved native strains are simply not available.

We could perform a service of immense importance by assisting our southern neighbors in the simple task of improving their potato crops. During the last twenty years, the New York State acreage devoted to potato cultivation has been cut in half, yet the total tonnage raised has been doubled — quadrupling the total potato yield per acre. The reason lies principally in the development of blight-resistant seed potatoes. There is no doubt that trained agricultural technologists could create blight-resistant strains of potatoes for Latin American and other countries in a very short space of time. The potatoes available in the Latin American public markets could soon be as sound and as cheap as those we buy in our own markets — far different from the scrawny, scabby, but high-priced potatoes available today in inadequate quantities in the average Latin American market. By exporting trained technologists from our experimental stations to develop strains suited to local conditions, we could increase the yields enormously and thereby put more food into the stomachs of our neighbors.

Another food crop which in my opinion could benefit greatly from the attention of technical groups is chocolate. A world shortage of chocolate and cocoa exists and experts predict that this shortage will continue for a considerable period. The reason lies to a great extent in the techniques still generally employed. They could best be termed relics of ancient folk culture. Between the time the cacao pod is whacked off the tree with a machete and the time the finished bean is ready for shipment, a third of the crop is often lost. Furthermore, the type of equipment customarily used for cleaning and drying is of the most primitive kind.

I was glad to learn that the problem of cacao harvesting, cleaning, and drying has recently received the attention of a small group of fertile-minded, enterprising United States development engineers. Within a few months they succeeded, in a large-scale pilot plant, in greatly shortening the time between the harvesting of the cacao pod and shipment of the finished bean. I was told that the technique developed resulted in a major reduction

of crop losses and in improved product quality. Not only is modern equipment needed to put this technique into general operation, but trained personnel must be provided to educate Latin American nationals in using the new processes. Similar applications of sound engineering principles would undoubtedly result in corresponding improvements in the finishing and processing of other important food crops.

4

WE CAN provide a further important service by assisting the farmers in nations friendly to us to get the most out of their equipment, particularly the mechanical equipment we are providing as an important part of our relief activities. A recent study of the life of farm equipment in the United States revealed the shocking fact that even American farmers do not know how to take proper care of the mechanized equipment they use on their farms. It was found that the average farm machine is used only eleven days out of each year, and the service life of the average farm machine is a little more than two months. In fact, rarely does a farm machine see a service life of more than three months. One can only speculate on the extremely short life and unrealized productive capacity of expensive equipment sent to countries where the agrarian population has still to master the technique of using the wheelbarrow. By establishing centers to train cadres of local mechanics, who in turn would teach the farmers to maintain vital mechanical equipment, we could quickly increase the productive capacity of a number of countries.

Making laborsaving and crop-improving products widely available, applying new developments quickly, and exporting imaginative, well-trained technologists to assist in local applications of new advancements are major contributions we could make to other countries with resulting benefit to millions, including the citizens of the United States, whose prosperity cannot be divorced from general world conditions. The cost, I feel sure, would be but a fraction of the cost of direct relief.

Criticism has been voiced, in limited circles, of United States plans for improving the economy of other countries, on the basis that we are thereby eliminating markets and actually fostering competition. This view is not only selfish but very short-sighted. The level of consumption in most of the countries that require our help is now extremely low, and local needs would absorb any increases in food production for years to come. Instead of de-

creasing United States exports, the assisting of other countries to higher standards of living would actually make them better customers for the manufactured products which are our principal exports.

I realize that sending technologists abroad will not be easy, for our own need of technical specialists has never been so pressing as it is right now. Every industrial research and development organization in the United States is operating with far fewer technically trained men than it needs, and it will be several years before our colleges and universities can fill our requirements. But I think that, with other parts of the world depending on technically trained men if they are to live, we must find a way to share our technological manpower.

Americans want to live in a peaceful world, but in a world as hungry and poverty-stricken as ours today, peace is an uncertain and elusive commodity. I believe most Americans are convinced that material plenty and political democracy are important means to the achievement of peace. But we have no desire to force our ideal of democracy upon other peoples. The very nature of the democratic philosophy makes that impossible.

We can, however, help other peoples to help themselves, to utilize their resources to the fullest, to save their soil, to combat disease and poverty, and to raise their standard of living and of human dignity. We can demonstrate the validity of our democratic ideal by showing its product. Nothing will do more to strengthen faith in democracy than proofs of its efficacy in terms of the technology it has fostered, the standard of living it has developed, and the good life it has made possible.

Recent observations in Europe and Latin America have convinced me of two things: many people in countries friendly to us are eager for a way of living they cannot now provide through their own skills, and if they do not receive assistance from us, many of them will turn to inferior substitutes with probable accompanying political developments unfavorable to our country.

If we are to have a peaceful world, we must have a friendly world. But charity is a soil ill suited for the growth of friendship, and men have long known that "loan oft loses both itself and friend." The needs of the world and the safety of America require a full measure of help from us. Our help must make it possible for the ravaged and impoverished countries to satisfy, by their own efforts, the justified desires of their peoples. By exporting their skills our research, development, and engineering organizations can render enduring service to the cause of peace.

Supersound

At the M.I.T. Commencement, General George C. Kenney warned his listeners that sound would be used as a weapon in future warfare. Scientists bent on more peaceful research tell us that sound waves, some of them beyond our hearing, will kill bacteria, homogenize milk, speed chemical reactions, detect flaws in metals, mix paint, precipitate dust particles from smoke, and increase the yield from plant seeds. And at Columbia University ultrasonic waves have penetrated the skulls of animals to perform a knifeless surgery. Shall sound kill or cure?

STRANGE NEW USES OF SOUND

by HARLAND MANCHESTER

1

IN a Chicago laboratory a test tube full of water containing a squirming goldfish was placed for half a minute in a device which produces silent sound waves, pitched far beyond the topmost notes of a violin or piccolo. Restored to his tank, the fish rolled over on his back, stone-dead. The ultrasonic waves, vibrating at the rate of 450,000 times a second, had shattered his blood corpuscles and generally churned up his insides. A research man in Hartford, Connecticut, put some mercury in a tube and added water. Mercury and water don't readily mix. When bombarded for a few seconds by inaudible sound, they merged in a uniform gray solution. In Russia and in Connecticut, plant seeds stimulated with silent sound have produced sensational yields. And at Columbia University, focused ultrasonic waves have penetrated the skulls of animals to perform experimental knifeless surgery.

Scientists have known for decades that sound waves are far more than a useful vehicle for information and entertainment. All sounds are caused by mechanical vibrations. Few people can hear sounds which vibrate faster than 16,000 times a second, which is about the upper limit of a symphony orchestra, but generators now in use turn out inaudible ultrasound with a vibration rate as high as 12,000,000 a second. Only about 1/750 of this vast keyboard can be detected by the human ear. In this curious region of silent sound strange and wonderful things are happening.

In corporation and university laboratories throughout the world, research men are doing all manner of uncanny tricks with sounds both heard and unheard. Sound has become a tool with great potentialities in science, industry, and medicine. The new tool has already been put to work in a number of practical jobs, and half a dozen firms are rapidly adapting it to an amazing variety of uses.

Sound waves of various types will burn your finger, kill bacteria, destroy tissue, homogenize milk, speed chemical reactions, age whiskey, locate submarines, detect flaws in metals, mix paint, precipitate dust particles from smoke, paralyze rabbits, and make you feel as though a mule had kicked you in the belly. These sound vibrations do not create their effects by sheer power; like a dog who shakes a massive bridge by the rhythmic impact of his trot, they get results by repeated small pushes, their timing matched with the special "pushability" of the thing they act upon.

Sound waves travel faster and farther in water than in air. This fact enabled Allied destroyers to locate hundreds of U-boats during the war—a major factor in winning the Battle of the Atlantic. Although the Germans and the Japanese used a similar technique, Admiral Dönitz has stated that his U-boats were "beaten by United States superiority in the field of sound."

Sonar waves broadcast from a vibrating metal diaphragm attached to the ship's hull bounced against submarines miles away, and a receiver picked up the echo. The echo was converted into an electric impulse, which flashed a light on a dial to show how far away the submarine was. Some of these sound detectors could not only give the enemy craft's location, but show whether it was moving, standing still, submerging, or rising to the surface. If the sound is beamed downward, the depth of the water can be measured by timing the echoes from the sea bottom; so sonar is now being used to chart the beds of channels, harbors, and rivers. This is useful both for navigation and for finding spots where fish are likely to abound.

Schools of fish also reflect characteristic echoes, and shrimps go them one better, snapping their

claws to broadcast ultrasonic vibrations in the sonar range. During the war this noise was often a nuisance but sometimes was useful as camouflage against Japanese sound detection devices. Now the Submarine Signal Company of Boston has utilized this wartime experience to perfect fish-locating sound equipment, which has been thoroughly tested in boats off the Maine coast. This may supplement or supplant the traditional lookout man aloft, whose watch for surface signs of fish is sometimes complicated by thick weather or dazzling sunlight.

Loud sounds can be transmitted thousands of miles through the ocean, it has been shown by Dr. Maurice Ewing of Columbia University and the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. When Dr. Ewing exploded a 4-pound TNT bomb at a 4000-foot depth, the sound impulses were picked up 3100 miles away. Since islands and shoals cast "shadows" in the sound beam, he suggested that the method be used for charting unknown waters. By exploding two or more charges at widely separated points, surveyors could determine the exact position of the protuberances by triangulation. If a distressed ship drops a bomb overboard, she can be located within a mile by shore sound-receiving stations.

Silent sound has been used or proposed for many other jobs of detection and communication. Work has been done on a light, portable sound-echo device which would enable the blind to detect obstacles in their path. This is similar to the built-in ultrasonic system which bats use for night navigation. The belief that they find their way about by broadcasting inaudible sound waves and timing the echo has been experimentally confirmed by Dr. Galambos and Dr. Griffin of Harvard.

An "autosonic" garage door opener is manufactured by a Kansas City firm. Press a button on the dash, and a whistle attached to the windshield-wiper hose emits a silent blast. A small microphone on the garage picks up the vibration and starts a motor which opens the door and turns on the light. A captured German document describes a new microphone which disregards sounds from its carrier plane but detects noise coming from another plane. Engineers state that it would be easy to transmit voice or music by silent sound, modulating carrier sound waves as radio waves are modulated. The late Professor Reginald Fessenden actually carried on underwater conversations by sound waves in Boston Harbor. However trivial some of these tasks may appear in themselves, the important thing is that sound has been harnessed to perform them. Other possibilities are being ex-

plored, and ultrasonics may find a valuable role in tomorrow's communication and detection systems.

2

MEANWHILE, sound is doing practical, money-saving jobs. In many factories, waves vibrating millions of times a second are "looking" through huge metal castings up to ten feet thick and instantly spotting hidden cracks and flaws which cannot be detected otherwise. Damascus swordmakers once tested their blades by tapping them and listening to the "ping," and Dr. Floyd Firestone of the University of Michigan found that flawless castings bombarded with silent sound gave off a characteristic echo which could be picked up and amplified. A sour note shows the presence of an imperfection. The exact position of the flaw or crack, or any general imperfection of an alloy, is pictured at once on a screen. X-ray machines have been used by industry to examine metal parts, but they take hours, while ultrasonic waves do it in a second. The new detectors, manufactured by Sperry Products, Inc., the General Electric Company, and other firms, are now widely used in checking marine propeller shafts, locomotive axles, and other big parts, and can be mounted on assembly lines to sample-test metal, plastic, and ceramic products.

Similar sound-making devices are being adopted by various industries to work changes in solid, liquid, and gaseous materials. The vibrating steel diaphragm which beams sound waves through the sea has been converted by the Submarine Signal Company into a simple device which homogenizes milk and kills most of the bacteria in it. A dozen or more dairies are using this method. An electromagnet of the type which rings a doorbell attracts and repels the diaphragm, creating sound vibrations equivalent to F above Middle C. As the milk flows over the diaphragm at the rate of 250 gallons an hour, the fat globules are broken into smaller sizes, which remain in suspension instead of rising later to the top of the bottle. The result is a milk which forms into smaller curds in the stomach, and has been recommended by medical authorities as superior for babies. Sound has also been used for the even and permanent mixing of mayonnaise, peanut butter, face cream, ginger ale ingredients, paint, chemicals, and eggs. Sometime we may have a kitchen mixer which will turn out a smoother waffle batter in the key of F.

Ultrasonic laundering of clothes has been suggested by Sir Edward Appleton, secretary of Great Britain's Department of Scientific and Industrial

Research. High-frequency vibrations would shake dirt from fabrics and help to emulsify it in the suds, he says. Thinking along the same lines, a Chicago inventor has applied for a patent on a sonic vacuum cleaner which would force rug fibers into sympathetic vibration, loosening dirt particles.

Sterilization of foods is one of the great goals of the pioneering young group of sound engineers. In laboratory tests, sound waves have reduced the bacteria count of milk to 8 per cubic centimeter, while a count of 30,000 indicates a high standard of purity for pasteurized milk. An Arden, New York, dairyman reports that when his sound-treated milk was first tested by health authorities, they were suspicious because of the unprecedented low bacteria count and came around to see how he did it. This 99.9 per cent result does not satisfy research men, who point out that by definition, sterilization must be complete or it doesn't exist. The few remaining bacteria can multiply swiftly, and it's hard to tell just which bacteria have survived. Yet their almost complete destruction will make milk last several days longer.

Should complete sterilization of foods by sound waves become commercially practical, a revolution in food distribution would be in order. Containers of milk could be shipped anywhere and kept for months on the pantry shelf, and fruits and vegetables could be canned or packaged fresh without heat.

There are a number of ways of generating these working sound waves. The most common laboratory method is to pass high-frequency alternating current through a quartz crystal, making the crystal expand and contract hundreds of thousands of times a second, thus creating the ultrasonic vibrations. They can also be produced by running a coil of wire from an alternating-current generator around a metal bar. As the current changes direction, the bar rapidly becomes longer and shorter by perhaps one-millionth of its length. You cannot see the bar move, but if you touch it, it will "burn" you, and the pointed tip of such a bar will drill a hole through glass or wood. Such devices, made by the Submarine Signal Company, Crystal Research Laboratories, Inc., of Hartford, Connecticut, and Televiso Products, Inc., of Chicago, will kill bacteria and will kill or paralyze small animals placed in contact with them. They are also useful for treating small quantities of drugs, chemicals, and many other products, but their vibrations are not strong enough to get results when beamed through the air.

A new and more powerful type of sound-maker has been built by the Ultrasonic Corporation of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Its vibrations are felt

hundreds of feet from its giant throat. It is a kind of combination siren and meat-chopper: compressed air goes through a pipe and is sliced by whirling turbine blades to create sound vibrations running all the way from the audible range to 200,000 a second. Stand in its range and you feel no air movement, but you may be overcome by a "sense of impending doom," and you may feel acutely ill. The acoustic power which it throws into the air is equivalent to 30 h.p. Caperton Horsley, a former X-ray manufacturer, invented it, and the young Cambridge firm is rapidly applying it to industrial uses.

In a big Texas plant where carbon black (lamp-black) is made, one of these sound-makers is installed in a flue. The sound vibrations create collisions between carbon particles. They roll up like snowballs and fall, instead of being carried out and wasted. The machine is also being installed in chemical plants to keep fumes from poisoning the countryside. It is being tested to hasten the drying of powdered milk, soap, and drugs. The liquid is now sprayed through the top of a tower and dehydrated by hot air as it falls. Sound agitates the falling particles and secures quicker evaporation. This is one of many projects on which this firm is working in coöperation with a dozen manufacturers. Last winter the firm secured a few pints of new, raw bourbon and gave it the silent sound treatment for a few minutes. It tasted like fine, old whiskey, and chemical tests showed that it had been given the equivalent of four years' normal aging. Aging in liquor is caused by collisions between certain types of molecule, and the agitation caused by ultrasonic waves greatly increases the rate of collision.

The Ultrasonic Corporation is working with the Navy on a project to clear fog above airports by turning it into rain by means of sound waves. Tests have been made with air-raid sirens, but their noise is highly objectionable. In the firm's Cambridge laboratory the writer saw artificial fog in a glass tank cleared in one second by high-frequency sound. With a similar device mounted on a truck with a big reflector to beam the waves upward, tests were made recently at Arcata, California. The rain-making machine showed promise, but a stiff wind blew in fog faster than the machine could handle it. A still larger sound-maker, designed to deliver an acoustic punch equivalent to 250 h.p., is now being built, and further tests are under way. If fog can be cleared at will several hundred feet above any airport, radar and other aids can take care of the rest of the job, and aviation will achieve the great goal of safe, all-weather landings.

Bombarding a smoke-filled tube with supersound is another laboratory trick. The tiny suspended particles instantly form into flakes and fall to the bottom of the tube. At its Salt Lake laboratories, the Bureau of Mines has been testing this method with a view to using it in abating the city smoke nuisance, and has been waiting for the arrival of larger and more powerful ultrasonic generators. The new Cambridge sound-chopper may be the answer.

3

ANOTHER fascinating use of ultrasonic waves grew out of the Crystal Research Laboratories, Inc., at Hartford, the war-baby industry of S. I. Ward. Before Pearl Harbor, Mr. Ward and his wife ran a home decorating shop, advertising heavily on the radio. Wishing to convert to war work, Mr. Ward heard from his radio friends that the armed forces were short of quartz crystals needed to keep radio transmitters on the beam. So he imported crude quartz from Brazil, turned his loft into a factory, and was soon producing the accurately ground radio crystals at the rate of thousands a month. Peace came and he wondered what to do with his crystal factory. He heard that crystals were used in supersound generators, and that hundreds of laboratories wanted the new equipment. So he found himself launched in the silent sound business.

Then Mr. Ward met a man in Washington who told him that some Russian scientists had treated plant seeds with ultrasonic waves and had reported sensational increases in yield. This research team, O. Istomina and E. Ostrovskij, tell in their papers how they treated potato and pea seeds from two to five minutes with sound vibrating 400,000 times a second. The potatoes flowered a week or so earlier than "control" plants, and they obtained an increase in yield of 40 to 50 per cent. Peas sprouted earlier, produced twice as many pods, and in some cases tripled their crop yield.

Mr. Ward showed these reports to Dr. Raymond H. Wallace, an enterprising botanist at the University of Connecticut, and supplied equipment for further experimentation. For two years Dr. Wallace has been planting sound-treated seeds of various plants and recording their yield. A cautious scientist, Dr. Wallace will say only that he has repeated the work of the Russians and has obtained favorable results. He is continuing the work and expects to make a formal report this fall. The possible effects of this development upon the world's food production are obvious.

No one knows why ultrasound waves should

increase plant yield, but Dr. Wallace and other research men have pointed out that apparently, like some drugs, they can either stimulate or destroy, depending on dosage, power, wave length, and the method of treatment.

Medical researchers are doing pioneer work in the use of supersound. In Germany, Pohlman, Richter, and Parow treated fourteen severe cases of sciatica and plexus neuralgia by beaming ultrasonic waves into the affected parts. All but two were benefited, and a number of apparent cures were reported where all other methods of treatment had failed.

The use of ultrasonic waves to perform knifeless surgery has been explored by Dr. John G. Lynn and Dr. Tracy J. Putnam at the Department of Neurology, Columbia University, and a similar project is under way at the Institute of Living at Hartford, Connecticut. Dr. Lynn and Dr. Putnam performed brain operations of various sorts, without opening the skull, on thirty-seven cats, dogs, and monkeys. Waves far up in the ultrasonic scale, with a vibration rate of 800,000 per second, were reflected by a curved crystal, which focused them to a sharp point, as a burning glass bunches the rays of the sun. By this method, the scientists found that they could stimulate temporarily, or destroy, a selected bit of brain tissue. Waves focused briefly on a dog's motor area caused him to kick, and treatment of a cat's visual area made him extremely sensitive to light hours later. So many expensive crystals were broken in this work that Dr. Lynn is continuing the project with a different type of apparatus, which focuses a single shock wave on the part of the brain he wishes to treat.

This work is still in its early experimental stage, but it suggests interesting possibilities of knifeless surgery on the human brain. Prefrontal lobotomy, a drastic operation in which the frontal lobes are cut off from the rest of the brain, has been used as a last resort to relieve some 2000 incurable mental patients in the United States. With further refinement of the new technique, such an operation might eventually be performed in a few seconds by sound or shock waves. Dr. Lynn also suggests the possibility of treating delusions and hallucinations by discovering and depressing the brain areas where they originate. Already much is known about the geography of our central brain switchboard. In the course of brain operations performed under local anesthesia, surgeons have been able, by touching certain areas, to produce in conscious patients illusions of loud noises, flashes of light, or formed apparitions. Perhaps sometime in the future, ogres of the mind will be exorcised by silent sound.

Other scientists have been attempting to use

sound as a weapon capable of killing or disabling men. Colonel Leslie E. Simon of the Aberdeen Proving Grounds found such a weapon in a small experiment station near Lofer, Germany, where sonic guns of various types had been built during the war by Dr. Richard Wallauschek. In the latest and best design, sound in the audible range was generated by the rhythmic explosion of gas in a siren-like metal tube, and the waves were focused on the target by a big, parabolic reflector. The operator wore a soundproof helmet. No battle tests had been conducted, but it was estimated that at 60 meters the bunched waves would kill a man in 30 to 40 seconds, and that at 300 meters the effect would be very painful and would probably disable a man for some time. Vision would be affected, and points of light would look like lines. Colonel Simon sees no great future in this gun as a military weapon, but believes that the idea is worth further investigation. Meanwhile, Daniel von Jeneff, president of Televiso Products, Inc., of Chicago, has been testing an ultrasonic pistol in which a blast of compressed gas goes through a whistle opening and silent sound waves are beamed through the barrel at the target. The inventor reports that he has killed and disabled small animals.

One of the great goals of post-war military aviation is the production of airplanes which will travel

faster than the speed of sound. Designers are confident that such planes can be built, but no one knows what effect the ultrasonic vibrations will have on the pilot. It is reported in England that high-frequency vibrations from turbo-jet motors have made factory workers dizzy and weak. Sonic generators now in use at the Aero Medical Center at Wright Field may supply the answer. Tests are being made on animals and people to determine their physical and mental reactions to supersonic waves of various frequencies. Then newly designed planes will be tested to show whether they broadcast the same sound waves. By this method the Army may discover what a pilot is up against at speeds of 600 m.p.h. or better.

Many other experiments are under way. The young science of ultrasonics is now in that exciting stage when its exponents are bursting with ideas and are eagerly exploring every new possibility. In widely separated laboratories, detached groups and individuals are testing its potentialities. The literature of the subject is meager and dated, and there is little exchange of current information. As a result many ambitious experimenters are hampered. They have far to go, for they have only penetrated the frontier of the new domain. The unknown land beyond them is an alluring challenge to the scientists and technologists of tomorrow.



A NIGHT WIND

by MARGARET MCGOVERN

O WIND of Death,
I hear you in the night,
Coming from far to blow my name away.
How long must I endure the thing you say,
O wind of Death, hearing you in the night?

The mad cold stars do not help me to pray,
Knowing afar that they can give no light;
Yet must I stare and listen through the night
And trust that God will have a word to say.

What fear and bitter anguish is thy breath
But, ah, what music sounds, O wind of Death!



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

THE GENTLE, PERFECT KNIGHT

by EDWIN O'CONNOR

IT was the invariable custom of Iris Munro's friends to speak of her among themselves, and occasionally among others, as "poor" Iris. This was to indicate, not that she was without charm or possessions, but that, at the age of twenty-seven, she was as yet unmarried. This disturbed her friends for a complexity of reasons, not the least of which was the suspicion that in her maidenhood Iris was somehow perfectly happy. The itch to do something about this had been ungovernable, so they had devised an endless series of dinner parties, rather in the spirit of a perpetual novena, hoping that at one of them Iris would meet The Man.

Iris always went to these parties. She was, of course, fully aware of their purpose, but she was a considerate girl, and she did not wish to appear ungrateful to her friends. Also, each time she went, in some deep corner of her mind there stirred the small, barely acknowledged thought that tonight she might fall in love. For her friends, in supposing Iris to be perfectly happy, were quite wrong. She was a fairly intelligent young woman, pretty in a quiet, unradiant way, and she was affectionate and often rather lonely. She had not known many men; she had been carefully, almost preciously reared by a widowed mother, whose mistrust of the pitfalls of life had not been diminished by the fact that she had married one of them. The few men who had filtered through the guarding periphery of Iris's youth had been pale, awkward, and incapable; in later years, those whom she met had acquired a

jarring self-assurance and a frightening aggressiveness. She realized now, half humorously, half sadly, that she probably was in search of some gentle, perfect knight, and although she knew that there was small chance of discovering him in the dining rooms of her friends, nevertheless it was to them she went; and whenever she went, there quickened anew the unobtrusive hope.

It was on a Thursday morning that Camilla Chase telephoned, to remind her of the dinner the following Monday. "It's going to be cosy," she promised, her voice ringing like a good ship's bell. "Just you, myself and Douglas, and Avery Winton. I'm dying to have you meet him."

Iris murmured, politely and negligibly.

"He's not like the last one, darling!" said Camilla.

Iris remembered the evening at the Chases' during which she had been paired with "the last one." He had been an Arthur DiMaggio, a glossy, pneumatic little man with preposterously lustrous eyes. "No relation at *all* to the athletes, my dear!" Arthur DiMaggio had informed her, with a saucy toss of his head. It had not been a pleasant evening.

"Avery is my cousin, you know," continued Camilla. "He's an explorer, dear. In the Arctic. You'll be wild about him." She paused, reflecting perhaps on the unhappy episode of Arthur DiMaggio, and then added: "Avery's *all man*!"

"That's nice," said Iris. "Thank you again, Camilla. I'll be there at seven."

In the next four days, Iris thought often of Camilla's explorer cousin. She wondered if he resembled Camilla; in all charity to her friend, she

A Bostonian who has written successfully for the radio, Edwin O'CONNOR makes his first bid in the field of fiction with this irrepressible story of a dinner party.

rather hoped he did not. Explorer — Who could tell? It was a vocation suited to either romantic or misanthrope; and recalling Camilla's previous efforts in her behalf, Iris inclined toward the misanthrope. Avery Winton would be a bleak rock: wind-chipped, frosty, and silent as the polar night. She was almost convinced of this as she stood at the Chases' door on Monday evening, and yet, as always, there lurked the faint and curtained hope. It was a hope nurtured, in this instance, by the remembrance of the nobility of feature of Richard Evelyn Byrd.

Camilla opened the door. "Darling, he's here!" she hissed dramatically, her large eyes bulging and alive. She gave Iris a moist and rubbery kiss.

"He's in the library," she said, "talking with Douglas, poor soul!" It was Camilla's belief, widely expressed, that her husband was an odd sort of man for anyone to be alone with. "He just won't talk, you know," she had often complained. "He just sits there like a hick, smiling at nothing. Sometimes he whistles to himself. Honestly, I've thought of having the man committed." Iris, for her part, liked Douglas Chase: he was a strange, prematurely wispy man, with a wry appreciation of his own position.

"Come along," urged Camilla. "I've got to rescue Avery before he goes mad. There's something about being alone with Douglas that makes everything seem so *meaningless*." She rushed Iris along the hall and pushed open the library door. The two men, who, at least to Iris, seemed not to be finding each other uncongenial, arose, and Douglas vaguely raised his glass toward her and wiggled a greeting. Camilla, sliding into her dancing-school voice, pronounced the necessary introductions, and the explorer cousin and Iris smiled, spoke, and met.

2

In the interval preceding dinner, Iris decided that Avery Winton was an agreeable surprise. Her mental composite of the boreal explorer could not have been more inaccurate; Avery Winton, far from being gaunt and frozen, was a well-tailored man in his middle thirties, with rather dark, attractive features and a quick, pleasant smile. Beyond the few words of greeting, he said little; Iris thought this due both to a becoming reserve and to the real lack of opportunity. For tonight, as always, Camilla kept conversation shooting along her own carefully prepared, embarrassing channels. It was concerned with the virtues to be found in the active, outdoor man — "Well, take yourself, Avery dear!"

— as against the disappointments offered by a torpid, indoor type. She advanced no example of this latter class, although at one point Douglas coughed pleasantly. Once or twice, Avery smiled at Iris; it was a brief, mock-helpless smile, an invitation to join him in his grain of salt.

"I know what I want!" cried Camilla suddenly. "I want to hear Avery sing a song."

The request was an abrupt one, and Avery appeared startled. "No, no," he protested.

"Yes, yes!" Camilla insisted. "I'll tell you what, darling. Sing that wonderful one you learned in that Eskimo hut. The one about you and the violets."

"Not right now, Cam," said Avery. "Maybe after dinner."

"All right, then," said Camilla, assuming a monumental pout; and turning to Iris, "*You* ask him to sing, Iris dear. Tell him you'd love to hear that picturesque old thing about the violets."

Iris felt herself reddening; Camilla had a disastrous gift for badgering people into uncomfortable positions. She faced Avery Winton and stretched a smile. "I'd really like to hear you sing," she said. "That is, if you don't mind doing it."

Avery hesitated. "Well," he said, "I —"

Further urging came from an unexpected quarter. "Go ahead," said Douglas, hospitably. "Go ahead and sing."

"My God!" shouted Camilla, in a loud, mocking voice. "The music lover! Maybe you'd like to accompany him with that toothy whistle? Now you've simply *got* to sing, Avery."

"Well —" said Avery again, and gave in. He walked to the piano and, sitting, spoke apologetically to Iris. "I suppose this is an odd sort of song for a fellow like myself to sing," he said. "Actually, it's an old English love song. But I did learn it, as Cam says, up in the North country: this Englishman and I got caught by the winter and were isolated for quite a spell. He used to sing this all the time, and the words stuck with me. I hope you can stand it." Smiling again, self-effacingly, he turned to the keyboard and began his song. It was called "I'm Weaving Sweet Violets."

Iris, listening, thought that it was indeed an odd sort of song for him, and yet he did it very well. He had a warm, if unprofessional, baritone, and he sang the lovely lyric with much feeling. She was suddenly proud of him, for she realized that most men, accustomed to sturdier pursuits, would have dissolved in embarrassment if similarly called upon. Avery's voice faded huskily through the room, his fingers brushing the final declining chords.

"God!" breathed Camilla. "Every time I hear

that song, I feel as if the whole English countryside had hit me right in the face." She popped her eyes, to suggest the experience. "That was lovely, Avery!" she cried. "Simply lovely!"

"It was beautiful," said Iris. She said it sincerely: she had enjoyed the song thoroughly.

"Nice little number," said Douglas, peering confusedly about for his tobacco. "Nice little number."

Avery wore his honors with modesty. "Nothing like having a few friends in the audience," he said.

"I'm starved!" announced Camilla, upon whom good music, apparently, wrought multiple effects. "Come on, everybody, let's go in to dinner." She sprang from her chair, a healthy woman going to table. "Come on!" she said, waving the others to their feet.

"May I?" inquired Avery, gallantly offering his arm to Iris. Pleased out of proportion by the simple gesture, she walked into the dining room with him, Camilla preceding them, Douglas trailing cheerfully behind.

3

FROM experience, Iris knew that Camilla's table had its limitations. It aimed at nourishment, little else: there was a steady, boiled-potato touch to all the food. Soup, meat, and great hunks of pastry or pudding formed the unvarying three-course menu, prepared by a puckered little woman in the Chase kitchen. Tonight there was a heavy soup; not, thought Iris, unlike oatmeal. It was not until she had nearly finished hers that she noticed that Avery had taken none; strangely enough, this had drawn no comment from Camilla. Next came the meat, each plate high with a pair of tan croquettes drowned in a sauce of chalk. These were distributed reverently by the puckered woman, who, in a proud whisper, reminded Camilla that there were plenty more where those came from.

"Thank you, Agatha," said Camilla grandly. "I think that will be all for now." Double-checking, her eyes leaped up and down the table in sharp survey. "Oh dear!" she moaned suddenly. "Look at my poor Avery!"

Everyone looked at Avery. Iris, astonished, saw that on his plate, instead of the nesting croquettes, there was a small tin-foiled square resembling a brick of packaged Liederkrantz. The puckered woman sniffed in distaste and trotted haughtily from the room.

"Oh my God!" said Camilla, with a vast gesture of despair. "She's offended again. Avery darling, she just *won't* understand your stomach."

It was Avery's turn to redden. "It's not a question of understanding anyone's stomach, Cam," he said, a trifle stiffly. "This isn't a diet for freaks."

Camilla spun a huge piece of croquette about in the chalk sauce. "I know," she said, "but Agatha doesn't. I can't even begin to explain your ideas to her; she's not a very scientific person."

Avery shrugged; then, as if ashamed at having been nettled by so minor a cause, he smiled ruefully at Iris. "I guess this must seem strange at that," he said, pointing to the tin foil. "It's an old story to Cam and Doug, of course, but I have a difficult time convincing strangers that I'm perfectly serious. Can you guess what it is?"

Iris hesitated. For some reason that she could not explain, she hoped that Avery was not eating some kind of skin food. She took the plunge. "Yeast?" she hazarded.

Avery laughed. "No, no!" he said. "No, I should hope not! Actually, Miss Munro, I wouldn't have expected you to guess. No one ever does. You see," he explained, unwrapping the foil and revealing a compact brownish block, "this is the famous pemmican."

"Pemmican?" Searching hard, Iris was unable to place the famous pemmican; the word evoked echoes, imprecise and distant, of red men and early frontiers.

"Pemmican," he repeated. He pronounced the word with a strange respect: just so might a prospector have spoken of gold, or a whaler of ambergris.

"I know all about that," volunteered Camilla, chewing steadily. "They call it jerky."

"No," said Avery. "No, they don't, Cam. Jerky is a different food entirely. Jerky," he said, leaning instructively toward Iris, "is merely lean beef, dried in strips. You wouldn't like it, Miss Munro; it tastes a little like leather."

"I see," murmured Iris. Avery now seemed less withdrawn, more enthusiastic, than he had been in the library. It lent him a fuller personality, thought Iris, and for a moment she wished that the food, as a subject of table talk, interested her more.

"Pemmican," continued Avery, a friendly, didactic gleam in his eye, "is something else again. It's extremely palatable, something like roast beef. It's the finest concentrated food known to man. You see," he disclosed, lifting the brownish block from his plate, and twisting it in the light, like a goblet of fine wine, "it's a mixture of lean meat and fat!"

"I see," said Iris again. There was an expectant pause; unskilled in dietetic small talk, she groped for the pertinent question. "Then," she asked, "it's — just meat?"

"All meat!" he replied proudly. Iris was reminded of an odd parallel: Camilla, on the telephone, describing her cousin, in the same tone, as "All man!" All meat, all man, she thought.

Camilla spoke up. "Avery's a nut on meat," she said.

"That's one way of putting it, Cam," said Avery. Again, he seemed slightly annoyed by his cousin. He addressed himself to Iris. "The truth is, Miss Munro, that I prefer an all-meat diet. So do many people who have lived for any length of time in the North. The Eskimos, for example, — those who still live remote from the white man, — have never eaten anything but meat and fish."

"And that's all you eat?" asked Iris incredulously.

"That's all," he acknowledged. "And for the past few months, I've eaten nothing but pemmican. It really began as something of a test: I wanted to find out if pemmican alone was just an emergency food, or whether, here in the United States, it could really satisfy me, day after day. Well," he said, nodding his head in satisfaction, "it has. I haven't eaten any other meat for nearly three months."

It was truly a strange boast, Iris thought, and for the first time a faint, reluctant line of doubt flicked across her mind.

"And," he announced, saving the best till last, "I haven't eaten a green vegetable in more than two years."

"But what that man *has* eaten!" cried Camilla, shuddering in delighted horror. "My dear, he's lived for months off the nose of a moose!"

"Well, hardly one moose, Cam," chuckled Avery. "I'm afraid that would have to be quite a moose. You remember what Churchill once said about the British Empire, I think it was? He said: 'Some chicken. Some neck!' The same thing goes here: Some moose. Some nose!" He led the laughter and then continued. "It's quite true, though," he assured Iris. "Boiled moose nose is considered a delicacy by the Eskimos and the Arctic Indians. Actually," he added, his face wreathed in reminiscence, "it's quite tasty."

"Ugh!" screamed Camilla. "Imagine that, darling! And that's not the worst. *Seal* flippers!" she said juicily. "They eat them, too."

"For the oil content," explained Avery.

"Isn't that the most disgusting thing you've ever heard?" asked Camilla, with a delicious shiver.

Iris nodded, in dumb agreement. It was disgusting; perfectly, appallingly disgusting. The fault, she thought, was not with Avery Winton. At least, not for the most part. It was Camilla, relentlessly sucking out those dreadful details. She prayed, hard, that she would stop.

"And what else?" asked Camilla. "What are some of those other awful things?"

Avery smiled indulgently. "Caribou paunch salad, polar bear paws," he supplied. "And, of course, marrow." Earnestly, he turned his attention to Iris once more. "You take the long bones of the caribou and crack them," he said, with an appropriate gesture to indicate the cracking of bones, "and then you extract the marrow. It comes out in sticks, and you eat it raw, like a candy bar."

Iris closed her eyes. She heard Douglas surprisingly introduce a more normal note among the esoterica. "Sometimes," he said, "they just eat rabbits."

"Well!" said Camilla, smothering this intruder with contempt. "Will you listen to that!"

"As a matter of fact, Cam," said Avery, "Doug isn't far wrong. They do eat rabbits a great deal, although of course not exclusively, the way they do other meats."

"Why?" asked Douglas, almost belligerently. "What's wrong with rabbits?"

"They're too lean," said Avery. "There's no fat on a rabbit. Let me tell you, Doug, that a man who ate nothing but rabbit for so much as a week would be letting himself in for trouble."

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Camilla. "What for?"

"Why," said Avery, in evident surprise, "he'd get diarrhea!"

Iris gasped; the gasp was blanketed by Camilla's hooting giggle.

"Avery!" she cried. "Naughty man!"

The naughty man looked puzzled. "But getting back to pemmican," he said, eagerly. And get back he did, the profligate carnivore joyfully returning to his first affection. "You can't find anything like it for convenience, for cost, and for taste," he stated. "I *know*. And as for health — Well, you take scurvy —"

4

BUT Iris did not take scurvy. She had shut her ears to this man; disappointment had swept over her in a sudden flood. Dispiritedly poking at the cold, repellent food before her, she began to feel ill. It had happened too quickly, and with no preparation for the let-down. One moment, Avery Winton was a reserved attractive gentleman in a library (with a grimace, she remembered "I'm Weaving Sweet Violets"), the next a vulgar monomaniac.

"— and it lasts!" Avery chanted. "Actually, it's the most preservable food in the world. Why, this piece I have here" — and again the brownish

block was elevated, and waved in display — “this piece I know to be at least ten years old.” And, triumphantly, he popped a chunk into his mouth.

Dessert arrived. Avery took none: by this time it was quite clear that pemmican was his dessert, his meal, indeed his everything. “Three quarters of a pound a day,” he announced. “That’s all I need, and it keeps me in tiptop condition.”

The pale mound of pudding quivered in invitation; Iris could not look at it. Her first feeling of disappointment had been superseded by a strong revulsion for this animal-man, who ran around the world, chewing meat and gloating about it so unashamedly. She half expected him to rip off his shirt, like that Macfadden man, so that she might swoon before the awful majesty of his meat-fed biceps. Dazed, she peered across the table. There was an indistinctness to the room: her eyes seemed to focus with clarity only on a pair of lean, accomplished jaws grinding in greedy demolition.

“Caries?” said Avery suddenly. “Caries, Cam? In these teeth?” His head thrust forward in a proud gape; Iris shrank in terror before the vulpine flash. “Stick to all meat,” he advised generally, “and you won’t be bothered by decay.”

It was then that Iris pushed back her chair.

“Iris, darling!” exclaimed Camilla. “What’s the matter? You look ghastly.”

“I feel ghastly,” said Iris, rising. “I don’t really know how it happened. All of a sudden, I seem to have the most awful headache.” She moved, wanly, towards Camilla. “Don’t get up, dear,” she said. “I’ll be all right. It’s just a matter of getting away and resting. I hate spoiling your party, though.” She smiled, in brave apology.

“Don’t think about it, darling,” said Camilla, leaping to her feet. “You just come upstairs to my room and lie down awhile. Agatha will bring you some aspirin or something.”

“No, no,” said Iris, in some alarm. “I mean, thank you, Camilla, but I really think I’ll have to go home. I’ve had this before; it’s sure to be an all-night ache. I’d be miserable company for the rest of the evening.”

“Migraine,” said Avery, with knowing sympathy. “They’re bad. I know. I used to have them.” From the stress on the word “used,” Iris knew without asking that he had been cured; she knew, also, what had cured him. Even her departure was serving the useful purpose of illustration.

“Well, you know best, I suppose,” said Camilla, without enthusiasm. Her compassion was genuine, although hardly of the same intensity as her concern over her disrupted evening. “If you’re sure you must go,” she added, her voice trailing off.

“Quite sure. I’m terribly sorry.” For a quick moment, viewing her hostess, Iris felt the beginnings of guilt; she chased such feelings away in panic. It was true that there was no headache, but that she was ill, irrecoverably so, as long as she remained in the direct presence of Avery Winton, was a greater truth. She had to go, and go immediately.

There was a brief, sympathetic huddle around the table, and then all went into the hallway together. Douglas took Iris’s hand in farewell and looked at her wisely, wistfully. *He* knew, she thought, and the poor, dear man was envious. With outstretched hand, Avery Winton approached.

“It’s a shame this had to happen, just as we were all having such a good time,” he said. The hand that had cracked the long bones of the caribou now grabbed her hand firmly; perhaps appraisingly. “I wonder if I might see you home?” he asked.

“No!” said Iris. She almost shouted the word. “That is,” she added hastily, “I live just around the corner. Thank you, though; it’s been awfully nice meeting you.”

He nodded. “I’m going to be around for another couple of days,” he said. “Possibly we might see each other again?”

“That would be fine,” she said, backing gently away. One bridge at a time, she thought; one more door, and she would be out into the night. She reached the door, opened it.

“Good night!” she cried, almost hysterically, she thought. The men chorused a reply, the door closed after her, and she was on the brick step, Camilla by her side. She breathed deeply, fiercely of the fresh, clear, palpably vegetative night: there was not so much as a hint of blood or bones or good red meat in the wonderful air. She breathed again.

“That’ll clear away the cobwebs,” observed Camilla. “You look better already, dear.” Her voice switched key. “He *liked* you!” she throbbed.

“Ah?” said Iris, not quite comprehending, the night air still flowing through her brain.

“He liked you,” Camilla repeated. “And I could see that you liked him. *Damn* that headache!” she muttered viciously. “You could have had *such* a perfect evening.”

“Yes,” said Iris, stepping down on the grass. “Well, good —”

“But he’ll be here for a few more days,” Camilla added hopefully. “You heard him say so. Call me up first thing tomorrow, darling, will you? We’ll make arrangements!” she said archly.

“Yes, yes,” said Iris hurriedly, closing her mind to the dread possibility. “Of course. Good night, Camilla. And thanks. Thanks so much for everything.”

LOOK OUT FOR THE OSTRICHES

by JAN JUTA

I

THE South African sky was suffused with a half light, glowing green behind the sharp outline of the mountains which hid the slowly rising sun, as I set out alone to wander in search of the ostriches which were my particular interest. The prickly-pear hedge surrounding the enclosures in which the birds were kept was aglow with fat yellow and carmine flowers, and, though here and there the cactus had fallen, the odd, angular growth still created a wall too wide and dangerous for the birds to step across.

There stood the great birds. Tall and mysterious, their thin, long necks and small snake-like heads swaying some eight feet from the ground — all facing my way as I approached — made them resemble some sort of tree growth, stark against the lightening sky.

There is no descriptive word for a group of ostriches, no collective term to describe them as the old English words, some onomatopoeic, some vivid as the stroke of a brush, which were used to portray groups of birds or animals, such as a "siege of herons," a "bevy of quail," the wonderfully descriptive "wisp of snipe" or "gaggle of geese." Why not a "stand of ostrich" I thought, for they looked like an undulating growth reaching upwards.

I stood motionless until, accustomed to my presence, they moved about, curving their long necks to pick at anything they could see, with a sharp stab of their beaks — stones, snail shells, anything brittle or shining which fascinated their unblinking eyes.

I could immediately see why they had been called "camel birds" by the ancients — the long neck and disproportionate head, the curious feet consisting of two toes, though only the one with its

huge iron claw is noticeable and important. With this claw alone the bird defends itself, kicking out and down, tearing the flesh of its adversary with the tremendous strength gathered in the powerful legs which carry the ostrich speeding across the open country as fast as a galloping horse. I have since seen an ostrich rip open an attacking dog — almost in two — with one kick, and there are stories that even the stronger baboon has been torn to death by the claws of this great bird.

In Chapter 39 of the Book of Job we find a reference to the ostrich that is unflattering to the bird, giving it credit for its tremendous speed, but accusing it of a lack of wisdom and understanding, which would seem to be very unfair in the light of our knowledge of the ostrich and its habits: —

Gavest thou . . . wings and feathers unto the ostrich?

Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust,

And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them.

She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers: . . .

Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding.

What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider.

Job obviously had never studied the ostrich, even though it may have been common in the land of Uz.

Xenophon, in his writings, described ostriches as living in Assyria, though they have been found straying across the Syrian desert even as far as Damascus. He told how there was a seventh-century record of a "camel bird" being sent as a gift all the way from Turkestan to China, where it must have been received with mixed amazement and admiration.

I knew something of their habits, and had seen their large cream-colored eggs kept as souvenirs. These had been selected for their size from the dusty

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clutches of sometimes thirty or more eggs that these birds lay in the scratched hollows in the earth that serve as their nests. They are good parents too, the cock sharing the brooding period with the hen, and sitting in black majesty each night upon the eggs, out in the lonely, hidden scrub, until the chicks are hatched, to stand, looking like balls of thatch and wool, in stubborn independence.

I had also watched the farmers "pluck" the magnificent white feathers from the wings of the cock birds. In those days, the selected bird was lassoed, and his head quickly covered with a small cloth hood, which rendered him comparatively docile. He was then hustled into a wooden structure resembling parallel bars in a gymnasium, where, roped and held, his wings would be outstretched over the bars. The feathers were then cut about two inches from the quick of the wing flesh, the stumps of the quills being left to dry and wither, and finally plucked in time to prevent the new growing feathers from being damaged at the tips. The tails yield merely secondary plumes, for it is only on the cock ostrich's wings that the great white feathers grow to the length desired for commercial use and add their sharp accent of white to the shining black plumage of the bird.

2

ON THIS particular morning, I wandered along the borders of the paddock to where the hedge ended and was joined by a five-strand barbed-wire fence. Here was another field of coarse grass; and at the far corner I could see a barn where two or three men were filling a trough with water, and another opening the barn doors. Out stepped a large number of smaller birds, all in the gray plumage of youth. Suddenly, as if at a command, they started to rush across the paddock, darting this way and that, wings outstretched — some whirling round and round, circling in a frenzied dance which, as I later learned, sometimes left them broken and exhausted, with twisted necks and sprained legs.

This is essentially part of the ostrich nature, this desire to dance — the rush into the wide open space, whirling in an ecstasy of freedom regained, or the more measured steps of the mating dance. Both small and large birds of all kinds dance during the courting period and at mating time; even the farm-yard turkey does his superb "strut" as he puffs with passion in front of the apparently uninterested hen of his choice, but the ritualistic, measured, primeval dance of the mating ostrich must be seen to be believed.

I passed the chicken field and reached the more distant, larger camps in which the mating birds were kept — a carefully selected pair to each camp, surrounded by stout wire fences — and as I reached the boundary and saw two handsome birds in a little clearing in the scrub, I realized the courting was in progress.

The hen, gray, dusty, nondescript compared to the superb black and white beauty of her mate, was walking round and round him as he sat, majestic in the sand. She was shivering her drooping wings, emitting a sound like the faint clatter of small castanets. Suddenly the cock rose — wings outspread, the curling white plumes waving, and the great bunch of feathers which formed his tail erect. Slowly he pranced up to the hen. Then, face to face, wing tip to wing tip, they began the ritual dance, slowly circling — waltzing — their long necks curving and swaying rhythmically.

I watched with wide-eyed fascination as the huge-clawed, yet supple, feet of each bird, placed with precision, seemed to lift the great bodies as lightly as if they were nothing but feathers. Round and round they moved until the hen, breaking the rhythm, suddenly squatted on the ground, wings outstretched, her long neck extended, sweeping the ground, weaving from side to side over the dusty surface a pattern of motion further to fascinate her mate.

Here was the atavistic dance, rousing the sexual urge to the ultimate climax of fulfillment, which has been danced since time drew us up through the aeons of development from animal instinct to self-conscious, aphrodisiac-seeking man.

The immense creature, more beast than bird, covered with the shining black, fur-like mass of feathers, the now useless wings stretched to display the curling white array of plumes, passionately stomped his dance of love until, at a sudden secret signal, he stopped, and with all the lightness and grace which inspired him as a dancer cast aside in the heat of desire, ponderously mounted the squatting hen, to tread her into a passionate coupling amid a flurry of beating wings and whirling dust.

The gesture of sitting with the neck extended flat along the ground is not confined to the mating ritual, but is used by the birds when hatching their eggs, as a protective means of escaping detection; the nest is merely scratched a few inches into the dusty ground, and the great ovulate form of the bird is exposed above the low scrub and clumps of grass surrounding the nest clearing. Once the long periscope of the neck and head is lowered and stretched along the earth, the strange, humpbacked shape of the bird becomes merely a hummock, a

boulder, or an ant heap, breaking the flat surface of the karroo, where atmosphere and heat help to enhance the mirage, and hide the sitting ostrich completely.

It is this position, too, which has given rise to the simile in common parlance of the "ostrich with his head in the sand," though we use it incorrectly, not realizing that by this laying of the head on the sand, the ostrich does in fact disappear from view in its native habitat.

3

I REMEMBER an occasion, long ago, when my curiosity overcame my better judgment. I had been warned that during the mating season the cocks were extremely savage, and would attack anything they saw within the nesting area, but I, being ten years old and adventurous, was anxious to see the bird seated, spread over the huge clutch of ivory eggs, and prepared to disregard all warning. Climbing warily through the wire fence surrounding the paddock of a nesting pair, I set off to find the nest, keeping a sharp eye open for the approach of the defending guardian, for while the one bird sits, the other circles the nest to keep out all intruders.

From a safe distance, I had watched the making of this particular nest, and had chosen it because, unlike most of the others, it had been made near the fence, giving me only a short run to safety.

I had been told that if I was ever chased by an angry ostrich and didn't have time to escape, there were only two means of avoiding serious injury, if not actual death. One was to have a long forked stick at hand, to thrust at the base of the neck of the bird, thereby keeping him far enough away to avoid the murderous kicks; the other — a last resort — was to lie face downward with the head buried in the arms, for the ostrich does comparatively little harm unless the powerful leg can be raised to tear and rip at some vertical object.

"The worst that is likely to happen," said my informant, "is that he will sit on you and peck at you if you move at all — so at all costs 'play possum' and don't stir a muscle unless you want your eyes pecked out."

Even this appalling picture didn't frighten me sufficiently to arm myself with more than a short, quite useless stick, and I sallied forth, to creep towards the nest.

Some of the paddocks, fenced to house the breeding birds, are as much as a half-mile square, for the ostrich is used to wide open areas, over which for centuries it has wandered undisturbed, and still

resents contact with a world that has encroached upon and encompassed its freedom.

I was so intent upon my object that I missed the silent, swift approach of the guardian cock bird from the far angle of the paddock, and only a sudden angry "grunt" electrified me into action as I turned to see the bird running towards me, wings outstretched and beak suffused with scarlet fury. I fled in the direction whence I had come, even dropping my stick in my excitement, and though I had only run a little way — fast as only fright can carry one — I knew the bird was right behind me, and that I could not possibly outstrip his speedy stride and reach the safety of the fence. Terrified, I flung myself into the dust, burying my head in my arms, flattening myself instinctively to the hard earth, and praying that no cock ostrich would deign to hurt a harmless, if inquisitive, small boy.

Momentarily I expected to feel the whole weight of the great bird crash down upon me. The blood was pounding in my ears, and my mind was a confusion of terror, mingled with prayers to God to save me, and acute expectancy of something akin to torture or slow, suffocating death.

I felt a sharp stab at my ankle, where the metal tag of my bootlace must have caught the quick eye of the bird, and I tightened all my muscles to resist moving as I remembered the warning of "play possum, and don't move, whatever you do!" I have no idea how long I lay in a stupor of terror, but I became conscious of the fact that there was no weight upon me, and though I dared not move my head, and kept my eyes shut, I became aware of a crack of light that penetrated between my folded arms about my head.

As the minutes passed — like hours in my suspense — I raised one arm a little from the ground to see where the bird was, and why I was alive at all. Immediately I moved, I felt a sharp stab on the ground close to my side, which shivered my whole body, followed by another, and another; but otherwise there was no sound, no movement to betray the location of the ostrich, and I pictured myself dying, suffocating, too frightened to move, too weak to escape. I thanked God that at least the back of my neck was protected by my felt hat, and that my folded arms hid my face and hands from view. I prayed that my dusty coat and trousers would somewhat hide me against the brown earth, but a sudden stab at my coat sleeve made me wince with pain. The bright metal buttons of my blazer — exposed as my coat spread when I flung myself to the ground — had attracted the attention of the angry bird.

It seemed hours later that my aching muscles

obliged me to move my arm again. Little by little I raised it, and, opening one eye to peer beneath, I could see the feathery black curve of the bird's body on the ground, only a few inches from my elbow. My mind was immediately filled with pictures of the ostrich sitting silently by my side, watching for any movement or sign of life, to rise in its fury and either trample me to a broken mass, or peck me until, forced to move, I should be ripped by the tearing strength of those great claws.

I lay resigned, frightened into immobility, aching, yet not daring to move, for what seemed hours of time, when carefully looking under my arm again, I suddenly realized the body of the bird was no longer there. I raised my head imperceptibly, to find myself alone and unguarded, and gradually lifted my aching body enough to enable me to see above the

surrounding scrub. There was nothing in sight! I waited a while, gathering my nerve and my remaining strength to make the final dash for the safe barrier of the barbed wire.

Once safely beyond this, I calculated that I had lain the best part of the day there, and was later told that it was probably the changing of the sitting period which had saved me. The secret call back to the nest to relieve the hatching hen had drawn the cock from my side, and she, unaware of my presence, had not undertaken to guard my prostrate form.

I returned to the homestead to tell the tale of my miraculous escape, with my buttonless coat and wire-torn trousers to support my story, and that night offered up a carefully worded prayer to God who protects His children, for delivering me from an angry cock ostrich.



PITY US ALL

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

PITY now the slender traveler,
The hummingbird on trackless air,
Going south, an inch of Summer
Over the miles of earth blown bare.

Pity, too, the silken swallows
Threading high the thunderful gales
With nothing to guide them but quicksilver
Intelligence in wings and tails.

Pity the amber civilizations
In the benumbed and silent hive
With only the glassy pinions working
To keep the jeweled hearts alive.

Think with compassion on the furry
Where they dig their homesteads deep
And feed on the Summer of their bodies
Through the long Winter of their sleep.

Pity us all who shrink and perish
Thought by thought, red Fall by Fall,
Whose youth goes on the high autumnal
Journey and comes not back at all.

AMERICA DISCOVERS BOHEMIA

by HARRY LEVIN

I

NOTORIOUSLY vague are the boundaries of Bohemia. "Is it a state, not of soul, but of the purse?" asked one of its leading citizens, James Huneker. As a way of life it is evidently both; it involves both social and psychological consequences; it offers both the vicissitudes of a precarious career and the adventures of an enlivened sensibility. Its American prototype, in both respects, was Poe. But, though his work met affinities among the Pre-Raphaelites in England and even became the object of a cult among the Symbolists in France, he founded no esthetic school among his countrymen. His campaigns against didacticism and his experiments with technique were continued, not in organized movements, but by isolated figures.

Whitman may seem, when we view the fifties in retrospect, to have dominated the writers that foregathered at Pfaff's beer-cellar under Broadway; but the official record of those foregatherings is Bayard Taylor's *The Echo Club, and Other Literary Diversions*, a faint echo of mild diversions. A heartier atmosphere of literary conviviality was exhaled by San Francisco during the sixties, but within another decade its Bohemians had become lions: Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Joaquin Miller had drifted eastward. Oscar Wilde, carrying the gospel of Ruskin and Morris to the American lecture platform in 1882, merely created advance publicity for the Gilbert and Sullivan *Patience*. For William Dean Howells, under the spell of Cam-

bridge Brahminism, Bohemianism was "a sickly colony, transplanted from the mother asphalt of Paris, and never really striking root in the pavements of New York."

The *vie de Bohême* was deeply rooted in the interstices of European society, in the rift between artists and philistines, between a radical intelligentsia and a predominant bourgeoisie. In America, where expansion left further room for individualism, the tensions were less explicit and the protests more superficial. When artistic flowering required intensive cultivation, however, Americans still sought training and encouragement on the other side of the Atlantic. What the Latin Quarter was to Parisians, or Soho to Londoners, the whole of Europe was to them: a sea-coast of Bohemia. Some of them, like Whistler, were destined for fabulous exploits within that international domain.

Henry Harland, having tried unsuccessfully to catch the local color of Manhattan in his earlier stories, later emerged as editor of *The Yellow Book* and one of the arbiters of English estheticism. Francis Vielé-Griffin and Stuart Merrill were naturalized into the innermost circles of French poetry, and Merrill completed the cycle by translating a selection of Symbolist prose into his native language. But the contributions of the expatriates — unless, like Henry James, they were still preoccupied with American themes — belong to the foreign cultures they embraced. We are here concerned with repatriates, with the new ideas and attitudes they brought home from the Old World, with the enrichment — or, at any rate, the sophistication — they brought to the nineties, which transcended the range of more genteel criticism by looking beyond England to the Continent and beyond the art of literature to music and plastic arts.

Thomas Beer has suggested that mauve, which Whistler defined as "pink trying to be purple,"

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This is the third in the series of critical essays by Mr. Levin which began with his study of James Joyce in our issue of December, 1946. The second, published in January, was "Life Without Father."

The essay is part of the *Literary History of the United States*, soon to be published by Macmillan.

is the shade that characterizes this decade. It is an apt characterization of the popular blends that a domesticated Bohemianism produced. With the success of *Trilby*, the Franco-English Du Maurier reinforced that picturesque and sentimental conception of the artist's life which the German-French Murger had popularized a generation before. The quizzical hedonism of Omar Khayyám, bound in crushed leather, made its appearance on many a parlor table. The Boston Irishman, John Boyle O'Reilly, had tossed off a maudlin lyric, "In Bohemia," which was endlessly reprinted and parodied. Richard Hovey, after some translation from Mallarmé, collaborated with the Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, in the breezy series of *Songs from Vagabondia*.

A vagabond pose, congenially flouting the lesser conventions, was becoming respectable and even profitable. Elbert Hubbard, reversing the process of William Morris, converted art into industry; his personal literary organ, with conscious and unconscious irony, was called *The Philistine*. Up-and-coming cities now boasted of their Bohemian Clubs. The oldest, established at San Francisco in 1872, has outlasted the rest; its businessmen, to be sure, have long outnumbered its more professionally Bohemian members. Of all these symptoms, the most significant was the eruption of little magazines throughout the country. Many of these were hardly more than manifestoes, but a few survived long enough to introduce lively talents and open exciting horizons — notably the San Francisco *Lark*, the Chicago *Chap-Book*, and the cosmopolitan *Mlle New York*.

To distinguish a clear-cut direction or a guiding coterie behind these fads and trends would be to oversimplify. Yet they point to the growth of a class of self-educated intellectuals, whose characteristic form of expression might be described as esthetic journalism. As a cultural influence it differed from its European counterpart, by striving rather to educate than to shock the middle-class reader. As a means of education it was not addressed to a privileged few or concentrated upon the past, but eager to spread a wide awareness of contemporary developments in taste and thought. Despite this world of difference between the academic and the journalistic, the lines were occasionally crossed.

Charles Warren Stoddard, whose South Sea vagabondage terminated in religious conversion, assumed the first professorship of English at the Catholic University of America. Harry Thurston Peck, sometime professor of Latin at Columbia, subsequently edited *The Bookman* and cham-

pioned the moderns. Henry Adams, rejecting both a professorial and an editorial chair, could look down from the lonely eminence of his leisure; whereas the esthetic journalists, enunciating views which often paralleled his, had to write for a living. Though their American market — to judge from George Gissing's account — was not quite so discouraging as Grub Street, they inevitably wasted a good deal of talent in boiling the pot. Free-lances for better or worse, they accepted the conditions of their profession. Much of their writing was bound to prove ephemeral; some of it remains worthy of reconsideration.

2

THE militant independence of the free-lance is personified in Ambrose Bierce. Resisting all other affiliations and categories, his restlessness finds its appropriate haven in Bohemia, which — according to his definition — was the "taproom of a tavern on the road from Boeotia to Philistia." A youthful veteran of the Civil War, a belated Argonaut to the West Coast, he relived his affrays and disillusionments in the rough-and-tumble of the San Francisco press. Joining the western invasion of London during the seventies, he mingled with the cockney wits, published some grimly facetious books under the pseudonym of Dod Grile, and even broke a lance in defense of the exiled Empress Eugénie.

Failing to capture the British public that lionized Clemens and Harte, he retreated to California, where his later career linked the bygone frontier generation with younger writers like Jack London and George Sterling. His principal employer was the young William Randolph Hearst, who was wise enough to give Bierce free rein. His most effective journalistic coup was to prevent Collis P. Huntington from lobbying a railway refunding bill through Congress. Bierce's separation from his wife, and the tragic deaths of both their sons, embittered his private life. After the turn of the century he made his home — insofar as he had one — in Washington, which afforded increasing scope to his misanthropy. In 1913, at the age of seventy, after supervising the publication of his collected works and revisiting the battlefields of his youth, he disappeared across the Mexican border, leaving biography to trail off in legend.

No reader, thumbing through those twelve volumes of *Collected Works*, can avoid being struck by their monumental disproportion. As if in a

last effort to compensate for the good books he might have written, Bierce padded the set with outdated editorials and stale hoaxes and forgotten polemics, disregarding his habitual distinction between journalism and literature. Frequently the degree of animus seems disproportionate to the issue, and usually the style is disproportionately superior to the subject. *Black Beetles in Amber* aims at the kind of elegant preservation that Pope accorded his enemies in *The Dunciad*, but Bierce's fluent verse seldom rises very high above its occasion.

His prose, on the other hand, has a crisp precision which is almost unparalleled among his contemporaries; his puristic standards of usage, which he brought back from England, are set forth in his little handbook, *Write It Right*. America needed, but did not want, a Swift. It needed the sharp reservations of the satirist, armed like Bierce with the weapon of wit. It wanted only the blunt affirmations of the humorist. "Nearly all Americans are humorous; if any are born witty, heaven help them to emigrate!" exclaimed Bierce. Though many of his satirical sketches suggest that Gulliver might have discovered another Brobdingnag in California, one of his serious essays laments "The Passing of Satire." His points were too fine, his targets too ubiquitous. His phobias included millionaires, labor leaders, women, and dogs. His values were ultimately negative — the values of war.

Though *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter* is still readable, though it skillfully handles the ironic situation of Anatole France's *Thaïs*, it is merely Bierce's revision of G. A. Danziger's translation of a German romance by Richard Voss. And, though *The Devil's Dictionary* is still quotable, it is no more than an alphabetical compendium of Bierce's deadliest witticisms and most philosophical epigrams. His securest achievement is concentrated in two volumes of short stories. "Denied existence by the chief publishing houses of the country," he informs us, *In the Midst of Life* was published privately at San Francisco under the original title of *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*. The second collection, *Can Such Things Be?*, attained a New York publisher two years later, in 1893.

There is no padding here. Defining the novel as "a short story padded," Bierce preferred the abbreviated form for its totality of effect. His technique of directing suspense toward a dramatic crisis is modeled on Poe, but Bierce's horrors are more realistically motivated: thus premature burial, in "One of the Missing," becomes a war

casualty. Sometimes his settings encroach upon Bret Harte's territory, but Bierce's miners are far from sentimental, and even his "Baby Tramp" comes to a macabre end. Many of his denouements take place at graves. Editors, no doubt, were frightened away from these tales. Their violent obsession with sudden death cuts through the conventional twists of fiction to a mordant sense of reality. Dramas, flashbacks, hallucinations, as in "The Mocking Bird," provide irony but no escape.

Bierce's heroic theme, which Stephen Crane undertook a few years later, was not the Civil War in its strategic grandeur, but its impact upon the individual consciousness. Every story is a single episode of conflict: son against father; lover against rival; a house — one's own — destroyed; a spy — one's brother — shot. Underlying them all, evoked in vivid imagery, is the contrast formulated in "An Affair of Outposts" between the civilian's preconceptions of military glory and the soldier's experience of ugliness and brutality. In "Chickamauga," an excruciating study in point of view, a child's idyll turns into a battle and the child turns out to be a deaf-mute.

Further tales seek a moral equivalent for war in claim-jumping and psychic experiment, ghoulish practical jokes and pseudoscientific fantasies. Naturalism did not exclude the storyteller's concern with the supernatural, and Bierce's rationalism operates to lend credibility to his ghost stories. Peculiarly haunting is "The Death of Halpin Frayser," with its interpolation of Bierce's own recurrent dream, its Kafkaesque nightmare of the poet lost in the wood, its Freudian realization of "the dominance of the sexual element in all the relations of life." But his most nostalgic reminiscences are reserved for Chickamauga and Shiloh and Kenesaw Mountain. He himself is the lone survivor of "A Resumed Identity," a Rip Van Winkle of the Civil War to whom everything afterward is an anticlimax. Even when he describes the Sierras, in "The Night-Doings at Deadman's," it is with the eye of a former topographical officer in the Union Army: —

Snow pursued by the wind is not wholly unlike a retreating army. In the open field it ranges itself in ranks and battalions; where it can get a foothold it makes a stand; where it can take cover it does so. You may see whole platoons of snow cowering behind a bit of broken wall. The devious old road, hewn out of the mountain side, was full of it. Squadron upon squadron had struggled to escape by this line, when suddenly pursuit ceased. A more desolate and dreary spot than Deadman's Gulch in a winter midnight it is impossible to imagine.

3

LAFCADIO HEARN is not less completely the Bohemian for having remained a foreigner, a transient contributor to American literature. On his devious pilgrimage from the Old World toward the Orient, he spent more than twenty years in this country, and nearly all of his work encountered its audience here. Born in 1850 on an Ionian island, to a Greek mother and an Anglo-Irish father, he had been educated sporadically in Ireland, England, and France. Emigrating in 1869, he was appalled by the grinding mechanisms of New York; he sought out connections in Cincinnati, and there obtained his earliest newspaper assignments. He was estranged from his friends, however, when they opposed his marriage to a mulatto woman. By 1877 he was glad to move on to the Latinized environment of New Orleans, where his journalistic and literary activities exfoliated.

Always drawn toward the tropical and the primitive, he served for the better part of two years as correspondent in Martinique and the neighboring islands. Travel sketches in various periodicals and two or three miscellanies of exotic lore established his reputation, and he went to Japan in 1890 under the auspices of *Harper's Magazine*. When the customary misunderstandings arose, he was forced to seek other employment: he taught English in government schools, wrote editorials for the *Kobe Chronicle*, and lectured for a while in the Imperial University at Tokyo. Meanwhile he had fallen in love with the country, married a Japanese woman, and been adopted into her Samurai family.

The striking paradox of Hearn's career is that so deracinated a personality should ultimately sink its roots into so conventional a civilization. In one of his innumerable essays on "Ghosts" he refers to himself as "the civilized nomad whose wanderings are not prompted by hope of gain, not determined by pleasure, but simply compelled by certain necessities of his being, — the man whose inner secret nature is totally at variance with the stable conditions of a society to which he belongs only by accident." Was it his hyphenated origin, his diminutive stature, or his disfigured eye that compelled him toward the Tennysonian vision of a summer isle, a savage woman, and a dusky race?

Certainly, as his letters reveal, he was ill at ease among the so-called improvements of the Occident, and out of sympathy with "the Whitmanesque ideal of democracy." Murger's Bo-

hemianism counterpoised the ideal of art for art's sake, and Wilde's derided lecture tour — which Hearn defended in the *New Orleans Item* — was an "acute provocative to the consideration of estheticism in the United States." From first to last he professed himself a romanticist; his boyish solace from the commonplace realism of city life had been the public library; afterward, when he gathered together a small collection of his own, he boasted that every volume was quaint or curious. Valuable by-products of this wayward bookishness were his graceful translations from Gautier, Flaubert, and Anatole France. Loti's *Madame Chrysanthème* was his prospectus for Japan.

"Knowing that I have nothing resembling genius, and that any ordinary talent must be supplemented with some sort of curious study in order to place it above the mediocre line, I am striving to woo the Muse of the Odd, and hope to succeed in thus attracting some little attention," he had frankly resolved. Because he was never at home in America, he retained a traveler's perception of its strange corners and colorful survivals. As a reporter he specialized in the romance of reality: lurid murders and artist's models, madhouses and carnivals, voodoo rites and Creole cookery. His Louisiana friend, Père Rouquette, had lived among the Choctaws and written a *Nouvelle Atala*; the most charming memento of Hearn's sojourn in the West Indies was *Chita: A Memory of Last Island*, which also embodies localized memories of *Paul et Virginie*.

Local color, heightened by his imaginative strokes, blends into exoticism. The intense expressiveness of Hearn's own style is attributable to the quality he admired in Poe: "the color-power of words." American cities made him yearn for "a violet sky among green peaks and an eternally lilac and lukewarm sea." The Japanese tones of his later writings are more subdued. The suggestiveness of the word "ghostly" was for him an incantation; for him, as for many agnostics, fantasy replaced belief. Believing that ghosts represented ancestral experience, now banished by steam and electricity, he tried to recapture them in books like *Kwaidan*.

"The dominant impression made by his personality . . .," Huneker remarked of Hearn, "is itself impressionistic." A posthumous title, *Diary of an Impressionist*, subsumes his entire work, which — fragile and casual though it be — has extended since his death into an indefinite sequence of volumes. The books by which he is most likely to be remembered are the twelve that deal with his adopted country and span the last

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decade of his life, from *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* to *Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation*. Their naïve charm has tended to fade in the light of more recent years. Hearn was anything but a shrewd observer of mores and politics, and his ignorance of the language disqualified him from interpreting the literature. His most memorable episodes are descriptions of shrines, gardens, fans, insects, and bric-a-brac.

"A land where lotus is a common article of diet," where everything is marshaled in esthetic order, where egotistical individualism is conspicuous by its absence—as *Kokoro* reminds us—does not lack attractions. But Japan was already becoming aggressively and mechanically westernized; while Hearn, who continually warned his students against this unholy synthesis, was swept from his university post in a rising wave of hostility toward Westerners. Tired of lotus-eating, he might have gone back to America if ill health had not finally overtaken him in 1904. He never escaped from what he had never found: himself. "Ironically," as Katherine Anne Porter points out, "he became the interpreter between two civilizations equally alien to him."

4

SINCE Hearn had departed from the United States at the very outset of the nineties, he could only help from a distance to set the scene. And Bierce, though he heard "the note of desperation" sounded in the final decade of the century, had been shaped by a more rugged period. It was left for Edgar Saltus to play the sophisticate, to dramatize the cut-glass brilliance of the *fin de siècle*. Where the others were intellectually sequestered, he belonged to society in the exclusive sense of the term. Scion of a New York family, brother of a minor poet, he responded more fully to literary and philosophical studies in France and Germany than to the Columbia Law School.

His fellow student, Stuart Merrill, was enabled to function in an artistic milieu by remaining abroad; by returning home, where art was hardly more than an ornamental plaything, Saltus cast himself in the part of a dilettante and a dandy. His sobriquet, "the pocket Apollo," implies a varied endowment, and his legend is seasoned by three marriages and two divorces. His career on various newspapers was less sensational than his career in them. He traveled widely, gravitating in later years to southern California. Toward 1900,

under the pressure of hack-writing, his work begins to repeat itself; his earlier books best preserve the leisurely skepticism and nonchalant preciosity of his once fashionable manner. By the time of his death, in 1921, it was thoroughly outmoded.

When Saltus is recollected, he is sometimes regarded as an American disciple of Oscar Wilde, to whom he devoted a succinct memoir. Actually he parallels, rather than emulates, the English esthete, who was his junior by a year. With *Love and Lore* in 1890, a year before the preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, Saltus defended fiction against the prudishness of Anthony Comstock by recognizing only two kinds: "Stories which are well written and stories which are not." Two years before *Salomé* he had touched upon the same subject, which had been common property since Flaubert's *Hérodias*. Saltus, like Wilde, derived his critical outlook from France, as he duly acknowledged in one of his poems:—

I chat in paradox with Baudelaire,
And talk with Gautier of the obsolete.

His first book, an anecdotal monograph, shows that he was also on speaking terms with Balzac. From these and other French writers, including Mérimée and Barbey d'Aureville, he translated extensively. German metaphysics, in its realistic and pessimistic phase, was a further influence. *The Philosophy of Disenchantment*, a pocket exposition of the doctrines of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann, jauntily concluded that life was an affliction. *The Anatomy of Negation* followed logically as well as chronologically; it proceeded down the ages with the iconoclasts, pausing here and there to admire a shattered idol. Jesus, to cite the crucial instance, was "the most entrancing of nihilists but no innovator." Long afterward, re-enchanted by theosophy, Saltus strolled through the museum of the world's religions in *The Lords of the Ghostland*.

But philosophic doubt and religious denial were the starting point for epicurean pastimes. The next stage was history, and the ideal theme was Rome, not in its grandeur so much as its decadence. *Imperial Purple*, a scandalous chronicle of the Caesars, luxuriated in passages that matched its title. Saltus, considering it his most sumptuous triumph, subjected the Tsars to a similar treatment many years later in *The Imperial Orgy*. Among his potboilers loomed a three-volume survey of great lovers, and *Historia Amoris* gave full indulgence to his rather prurient sense of the past. Under the guise of historical documentation it was possible to discuss matters still too delicate for fictional handling, and Saltus was well versed in those authorities that booksellers classify as erotica and curiosa.

An unexpurgated library of such works, "everything, in fact, from Aristophanes to Zola," is catalogued in *Mr. Incoul's Misadventure*. This piquant novel, the first of sixteen, observes an amoral code whereby murder and adultery are far less heinous than cheating at cards. A typical intermingling of pornography and hagiography, which reads like a collaboration between Flaubert and General Lew Wallace, is *Mary Magdalen*. How it was received by Henry James, to whom it is dedicated, tempts speculation. Other novels, set against modern backgrounds, are spun out increasingly thin. Their mounting reliance on artifice and sensation, on perfumes and poisons, on bejewelled luxury and operatic vice, leads directly into the jurisdiction of the detective story.

A latter-day Bohemian, Carl Van Vechten, has credited Saltus with giving New York a mythology: ". . . harpies and vampires take tea at Sherry's, succubi and incubi are observed buying opal rings at Tiffany's." But these fantastic shapes could not linger in that worldly climate without partaking of its corruptions. Saltus's preoccupation with the imperial theme was an oblique commentary on the private scandals of contemporary empire-builders; he compared the Vanderbilts to Caligula, sketched Delmonico's as if it were situated on the Via Sacra, and underlined the analogy between Newport and Nero's Golden House. "The Gold Book" compiled by Bradstreet's, "The Gilded Gang" frequenting the society columns, the alliterative collusion of "Manners, Money, and Morals," were the stuff of his essays and tales. These, if taken seriously, illustrate Pater's refined epicureanism; otherwise, we can take them as a comic supplement to Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*.

5

IN contradistinction to those that cut dashing figures or enact poignant roles against the esthetic backdrop, James Gibbons Huneker is less of an actor than a spectator. Whether before a stage or a table, whether at a piano or a desk, we think of him as comfortably seated. Owing perhaps to the advantages of this position, he was able to work out the implications of Bohemianism, both as a critical approach and as an attitude toward life, more explicitly than any other American writer. It was more than the warmth of a disciple that led H. L. Mencken to designate him "the chief man in the movement of the nineties on this side of the ocean." More precisely, Huneker protracted this momentum into the twentieth century; for his first book,

Mezzotints in Modern Music, did not appear until 1899, his fortieth year.

But Huneker's long apprenticeship went back to the days when, as a Philadelphia schoolboy, he had escorted Whitman to concerts; when, as a musical student in Paris, Villiers de l'Isle Adam had bought him a drink; when, as a pupil of Joseffy, he had taught piano for ten years at the National Conservatory of Music in New York. His career as a critic, starting on the *Musical Courier* in 1887, continued through the *Sun*, the *Times*, the *World*, and other New York papers, interrupted only by occasional travels in Europe. Most of his twenty volumes were pasted together from magazine articles and newspaper reviews. He disliked being called a journalist, and styled himself with genial modesty "a newspaper man in a hell of a hurry writing journalesse."

His rambling autobiography, *Steeplejack*, introduces Huneker as jack of seven arts and master of none. Undoubtedly his interests ranged beyond his accomplishments, and he approached other fields with varying degrees of amateurishness; but he qualified as a professional musician, and his criticism stays closest to the object when confronting the keyboard of his instrument. His most substantial book, *Chopin: The Man and His Music*, for once subordinates biographical details to technical comments; while *Old Foggy: His Musical Opinions and Grotesques* playfully exposes romantic enthusiasms to classical prejudices. The Symbolist doctrine that conferred upon music the primacy of the arts was reinforced by Pater's dictum that all arts aspire to the condition of music. Thus encouraged to venture afield, Huneker recalls, he wrote of painting in terms of tone, of literature as form and color, and of life as a promenade of flavors.

"I muddled the Seven Arts in a grand old stew. I saw music, heard color, tasted architecture, smelt sculpture, and fugued perfumes." In this pleasant state of synesthesia, the concert-goer became a gallery-visitor, "working in the key of impressionism." His hurried critiques became, if not adventures of a soul among masterpieces, then *Promenades of an Impressionist*. Taste, to so practiced an epicure, was no mere figure of speech; gusto was his canon, and degustation his critical function. His impressions of cities, in *The New Cosmopolis*, were documented with menus. He would savor a painter, sip a composer, recommend an author, and announce, in *Variations*: "There is no disputing tastes — with the tasteless."

To his axiom that the critic was primarily a

human being, the corollary, expressed in *Uncorns*, was that "all human beings are critics." And, where the critical medium was a part of the daily news, timeliness was as important as human interest. Paul Elmer More, in asking where Huneker dug up "all those eccentrics and maniacs," indicated the cultural lag between journalistic and academic criticism. *Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists* and *Egoists: A Book of Supermen* were pioneering achievements which did much to direct the swirling currents of European modernism toward these shores. Huneker's pantheon was eclectic, if not eccentric; he exalted the individual above the type, the artist above the school; "Anarchs of Art" like Shaw and Nietzsche were the dominating personalities.

If it seems incongruous that these image-breakers should themselves receive hero-worship, the incongruity is explained by a Nietzschean phrase which Huneker borrowed for one of his books, *The Pathos of Distance*. Slyly he wondered whether the sordid circumstances of Gorki's *Night-Lodging* would be understood "in our happy, sun-smitten land, where poverty and vice abound not, where the tramp is only a creation of the comic journals." But Europe had also a greater abundance of genius than his musical studies had trained him to expect from his compatriots. Poe, his father's acquaintance, was among his rare American admirations; but Poe, he thought, was no more American than English; and Poe, furthermore, would have been wiser if he had lived in Paris like Chopin.

The appropriate reward for Huneker's labors was that Remy de Gourmont and Georg Brandes respected him as a colleague. Though he could not vie with the acumen of the one or the erudition of the other, he acted as a well-informed and sympathetic American spokesman for the impressionism and the cosmopolitanism that they respectively exemplify. His style added a "personal note," an air of improvisation which now sustains the excitement of discovery and again diffuses into beery rhapsody and polyglot exclamation. Names invite epithets, which bristle with additional names: Huysmans, for example, is "the Jules Verne of esthetics." Allusions are multiplied into virtual litanies; a single page on Flaubert contains references to nineteen other artists. Titles reflect the trappings of Symbolism: *Ivory Apes and Peacocks*.

Two volumes of short stories about art and its problems, *Melomaniacs* and *Visionaries*, fall somewhere between Henry James and O. Henry. Huneker's novel, *Painted Veils*, written at the age

of sixty, the year before his death, ushered in the twenties. "In it," he confided, "the suppressed 'complexes' come to the surface." Sex, heavily orchestrated in the manner of Richard Strauss, comes to the surface of the old Bohemian fable; the Seven Arts are symbolized by seven veils, which ambiguously drape the Seven Sins. The prima-donna heroine is an up-to-date incarnation of the goddess Istar, and the critic hero — an Irish-American steeplejack of the arts — resembles Huneker. It is Remy de Gourmont who advises him to return to America, and it is Edgar Saltus who tells him he should have remained in Paris.

6

TO RETURN was no mistake, for the age of innocence abroad was expiring, and the time was ripe for sophistication at home. The Exhibition of 1893 made Chicago an international point of distribution for the latest artistic fashions. Concurrently, in many large cities, art museums and symphony orchestras were acquiring a public which needed guidance. Men like H. E. Krehbiel, Henry T. Finck, and W. J. Henderson did helpful work, but seldom strayed from the field of musical reviewing. The theater and the fine arts had exponents, but they lacked Huneker's breadth. His collaborator on *Mlle New York*, Vance Thompson, could report literary gossip and editorialize against philistinism; but Thompson's *French Portraits* owed its ideas, as well as its illustrations, to Gourmont's *Livre des Masques*.

Percival Pollard would chat about central European literature in *Masks and Minstrels of New Germany*; meanwhile, with *Their Day in Court*, he drove home an invidious comparison. "The case of American letters," as Pollard stated it, stood less in need of judicial inquiry than of medical diagnosis. The feminine bias, the commercial motive, the other symptoms were analyzed to show how quantity had superseded quality. Yet a neglected Boston critic, Walter Blackburn Harte, was Pollard's example and authority for the statement that the United States scarcely contained half a dozen writers who pursued literature as a serious profession. Bierce was his culminating instance of neglect, Huneker the exception that proved his rule: "A cosmopolitan who happened to live in America. But who was not, primarily, interested in American art."

But if the trouble could be traced — as Pollard argued — to "our lack of proper criticism," the establishment of criteria depended upon a ground-

work of importation and translation. The opinions Huneker imported, the books Hearn and Saltus translated, did much to eradicate the taint of provinciality that Henry James had detected in Poe. Though traditionalists had kept in touch with England, the current stimulus came largely from France. And, though the importers and translators were equally versatile as creative writers, their accomplishment was largely critical. Its results may be counted in educated audiences, rather than achieved masterpieces. Where literature had been traditionally connected with oratory and theology, it could now be conceived through its relation to purely artistic disciplines.

Hence the old-fashioned didactic assumptions gave way to estheticism. Art for art's sake was never a very positive credo, but it aided in releasing the artist from ulterior constraints — particularly the taboos of sexual reticence. Sometimes, it may seem to us, the prudery of the moralists was outmatched by the prurience of the esthetes; the struggle between them, at all events, would be prolonged and embittered before the subject could be faced in frank simplicity. To turn from subject matter to technique is to note the paradoxical devotion of a group of journalists to the cult of style. Affectation and mannerism did not obscure their genuine feeling for the cadence and the nuance. If they no longer excite us, it is because their successors reaped the benefits of their imitations and experiments.

What these isolated stylists had in common was the endeavor to reproduce experience at the level of consciousness, to relay sensations in unimpeded immediacy, which is connoted by the term impressionism. It is this method which Stephen Crane applied to naturalistic fiction in *The Red Badge of Courage*, and which Lewis E. Gates reconciled with academic criticism in his 1900 essay on "Impressionism and Appreciation." Since impressionists are by nature individualists, they cannot be herded very closely together within a concerted movement; their lasting achievements, such as Bierce's tales, are likely to be the fruits of solitude. A negative program, however, may be discerned in the antagonism toward middle-class standards, toward everything that the popular lady novelists stood for, toward the distinguished — albeit inhibited — man of letters whom Bierce dubbed "Miss Nancy Howells."

That Bierce and Howells, born within a few years and a few miles of each other, should have ended so far apart emphasizes the divergence between the genteel tradition and the Bohemian protest. The latter developed, with the twentieth century, into a recognized opposition; it found a local habitation in Greenwich Village, and vociferous organs in *The Smart Set*, *Reedy's Mirror*, and *The Masses*. The philistines were reduced by Gelett Burgess to Bromides, by Sinclair Lewis to Babbitts, and by Mencken to the Booboisie. The seacoast of Bohemia became the comic opera kingdom of James Branch Cabell's novels, and romantic bookishness was pushed to its illogical conclusion in his *Beyond Life*.

Whether we glance ahead to Cabell and Mencken, or backward to Poe and Whitman, it is clear that Bohemianism has continuously oscillated between the poles of escape and revolt: between an imaginative retreat from, and an iconoclastic attack upon, the restrictions of the commonplace. That our means of cultural expression have gradually broadened to comprehend both extremes is due, in large measure, to the work of the esthetic journalists. Edmund Wilson, paying his respects to Huneker and Mencken, has recently asserted that the heyday of the literary free-lance is past; that such potentialities will hereafter be absorbed by staff-written periodicals, by educational institutions, or by Hollywood. If true, this terminates an epoch which goes back to the Civil War and reaches its height in the last years of the nineteenth century.

The *fin de siècle* was confused by many contemporaries with the end of the world; Max Nordau's *Degeneration*, which advanced pseudoscientific reasons for disliking modern literature, was widely appreciated in America. But Americans could not wreath themselves in the laurels of decadence, as self-conscious Europeans were doing; instead, they welcomed the innovations of the new century as peculiarly theirs. They did not always realize that the American nineties harked back to the European sixties, to the ferment over impressionism, symbolism, naturalism, and nihilism. They chose instead to look forward to the American twenties, to a generation which would win the struggles they had initiated. In short, they were not victims of the romantic agony, but the couriers of critical realism.

THE SCHOOLS I WANT AND HOW TO GET THEM

by CATHERINE TUTTLE SQUIRES

A year ago the *Atlantic*, in collaboration with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, offered a prize of \$1000 for the best article on our American public school system. Manuscripts were sent in from all the forty-eight states, and when the finalists were submitted to the *Atlantic* editors, it was impossible to make a choice between the two leading contenders, that of Miss Grace Williamson, a graduate of the University of Alabama now teaching school in her home state, and that of Mrs. J. Duane Squires, a graduate of the University of North Dakota, who has taught in the North Dakota high schools and in Colby Junior College, and who is now living in New London, New Hampshire, where she serves as Chairman of the New London School Board. The judges therefore divided the prize. Miss Williamson's article appeared in the July *Atlantic*. — THE EDITOR

I

TEACHERS strike!" "Pupils strike!" "Overcrowding a serious fire hazard!" "American education a failure!" Depressing headlines flash by with almost daily regularity. Gone are the days when articles on the schools were largely those interred in professional journals. When school may not even open tomorrow because there are no teachers to teach, it is news and everybody's business. Parents, taxpayers, educators — we are all deeply concerned because we have to be.

My own point of view is that of a former teacher, mother of two children in the grades, school board member, and property owner. I am considering primarily tax-supported schools.

I believe, first of all, that the need for new and improved schools must be met. The lack of satisfactory physical space, well equipped, is not confined to any one part of the country or to any single type of community. The children in the crowded buildings of small towns have their metropolitan counterparts in New York City, where, we are told: "In one [school] last fall, children had to squat on tin pails and fruit baskets for lack of chairs." In between these two extremes are the rapidly growing "middle-sized" places in which population increased so rapidly during the war that the schools are desperately taxed for room. Typical of these is one expanded community of 20,000 in the Middle West where an aroused school board is already planning a bond issue of \$650,000 to provide new and improved facilities. Worst of all, perhaps, is the plight of the country child. Rural areas are the "educational slums" of this nation, according to Dr. John K. Norton, Professor of Education at

Teachers College, Columbia University, in a recent eloquent plea for increased state and Federal aid for our 190,000 rural school buildings.

Secondly, the schools I want will have better teachers with better pay. While deploring strikes as a means to an end, one can hardly blame teachers for doing something drastic in the light of the fact that \$1786 was the national average of pay in 1945 for all teachers, supervisors, and principals. People frequently criticize teachers for being so ineffective in the classroom, and so negative in the general community life. The chances are that a teacher is worked to death in the overlarge classes that reduced faculties have produced; or that in off hours, if he has any energy left, he is doing anything and everything to supplement his meager salary. It is no wonder that thousands now in the profession are leaving it, and sufficient prospective teachers to replace them are simply nonexistent. A survey of twenty states indicates 55 per cent fewer teachers in training than five years ago.

Whether school boards, harassed by weary taxpayers, like it or not, they will have to make substantial salary increases if they are to keep the teachers they now have, or attract the small number that will be available during the next few months and years. In 1945 the American public spent \$3,000,000,000 on tobacco products and \$8,000,000,000 for alcoholic beverages. If we can afford those vast sums, surely we can give our educators a decent recompense.

Assuming better pay, we will have more and better teachers, both men and women. Under present conditions the profession is highly feminized. In

Chicago, with a current enrollment of about a third of a million pupils, there are close to 13,000 women teachers and only 2000 men. The proportion is doubtless the same in most communities. Granted that elementary teaching has long been considered a woman's job, we must have more men teachers throughout the schools to secure well-balanced faculties. Given financial security, the high type of man we traditionally associate with teaching will have added incentive to enter the profession.

However, salary increases do not provide the whole answer to the problem of improving the quality of instruction. Even in New York State, where the minimum pay is now \$2000, and in California, where it is \$2400, there are probably some poor teachers. Man does not live by bread alone, and young people must be made to see that teaching has rewards which cannot be measured solely in terms of money. For reasons not entirely connected with the salary situation, teaching no longer appeals to many of our best college students as a profession with prestige and honor. In a recent college graduating class of 175, only three wished to become teachers. The majority of these graduates came from families of comfortable circumstances.

To correct this state of mind, we must, it seems to me, restore the position of the teacher to one of general respect and admiration. The usual stale, and often cruel, jokes about teachers all too frequently bring a laugh, indicative of the low popular regard in which they are sometimes held. As citizens we must assume more responsibility for making enjoyable the life of the teachers in our own communities. Too often the only social and recreational experiences they have are among themselves and of their own creation. They live *in* the town, but they are rarely a part of it.

We have a serious obligation here if we are to keep and attract the really able individuals with winning personalities that we want in our schools. A certain type may be compensated by sheer love of the work, but we must make more evident our appreciation of the great numbers now "unhonored and unsung." With the rewards more apparent, we can deliberately and without apology encourage our best young people to enter the teaching profession, an appeal to which they can respectfully and thoughtfully listen.

2

THIRDLY, the schools I want will have rethought their whole philosophy of education. Most schools ought to re-examine their objectives. Aside from

some markedly progressive — or conservative — private schools, and public vocational schools, who knows what many tax-supported institutions wish to accomplish? For what are they trying to educate? Even in the vocational groups there might be a questioning of the course to see if the student is given, to quote Robert M. Hutchins, Chancellor of the University of Chicago, "a sense of purpose which will illuminate not merely the 40 hours he works but the 72 he does not."

In the so-called liberal arts schools, there are often lacking even the fairly well defined goals of the trade types. The tendency seems to be to add course after course, each valiantly championed by its own defenders, in the hope that somehow the hapless student will emerge "educated." The result is a confusing welter of assorted facts on every subject remotely connected with the complexities of modern life. My own feeling is that it is time we did some subtracting, or at least some reorganizing, with a shifting of emphases. As Angelo Patri, wise teacher of many years, has said: "It is not necessary to teach a child every detail of human experience. If he is taught the fundamentals of learning, he can go a long, long way himself. . . . It is wonderful how much a child can skip of human knowledge and still arrive at wisdom."

That is not to say that only the three R's are to be left after the pruning has been done. But anyone familiar with the handwriting of the average college student and the need for work in remedial reading and spelling knows that there is still plenty to do in the fundamentals. Granted that all these specialized courses — the latest is a demand for classes in labor relations in all public and private schools — are desirable *per se*, there is still too much. How can there be any real digestion of experience, any real appraisal of what is presented, when the net effect is the miscellany found in the typical "Question and Answer" column of the daily newspaper?

In my opinion, we shall do better to attempt less and stress more the basic subjects and the techniques of study and the acquiring of information. An Englishwoman now teaching in this country has observed: "The American child does not know how to study. . . . I have 129 pupils and only 20 can study seriously." If we will show our students the way to get knowledge and stimulate them to want to do so, we shall accomplish more than we do by the mental stuffing process now so prevalent.

The schools I want will also make provision in their curriculum planning for released time for religious education. Such a policy in no way conflicts with the traditional separation of church and state in this country, yet it does make possible a kind of

training our children need as never before. With the whole world confused in its sense of moral values, the school cannot be indifferent to the power of religion. That released time is a workable arrangement is indicated by the fact that forty-six of the forty-eight states already have the plan in operation; and one has only to study its conspicuous success in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and in the state of Vermont to realize what great good is being accomplished. The remaining two states should quickly fall in line.

Within the present province of the schools is the stressing of what might be called world-mindedness. The atomic bomb brought a new division of time into human history, and any thought of the future must consider it in all its dreadful import. As the U.S. Commissioner of Education, J. W. Studebaker, puts it: "The schools must provide the firm basis for international coöperation by an increased emphasis for world understanding." This new emphasis does not mean the addition of new courses; it means rather a shifting of accent from national to international in courses already in existence. The possibilities for teachers with energy and imagination are almost limitless. Geography, history, language, music, art — every one of them can be made vitally significant from the world perspective.

Such an orientation is already being carried out in New York City, where every teacher from the first grade through the high school is provided with an excellent syllabus on the United Nations. This introduces no new courses, but shows how the world point of view can be correlated with material currently taught. Such a syllabus should be used everywhere. In addition, professional journals are now full of suggestions for alert teachers, and they have only to follow the progress of that most hopeful of organizations, UNESCO, for further help and inspiration.

These, then, are the schools I want: more and better-equipped physical structures; schools with better teachers, better paid; revised curricula with released time for religious instruction; and an all-pervading emphasis on world-mindedness.

3

How to achieve such schools? There is no magic formula, but I should start at home. Be it large or small, every community carries its own weight, and I should try to make the citizens of my immediate locality conscious of these needs and eager to work for their realization. A striking example of the effectiveness of this approach was demonstrated six

years ago in my own community. We were greatly in need of a new school building, but there were the customary objections from those reluctant to see an increase in taxes. A systematic program of educating the public was carried out by the committee empowered to investigate the situation. Small groups of private citizens were talked to; practically every local organization received a careful and patient explanation of the case; and the most recalcitrant individuals were accorded special handling. When the issue came to a vote, the result was a wide margin in the affirmative.

A similar local demonstration on another matter occurred two years ago. To test popular support of the United Nations, an article on that subject had been placed in the warrant for every town in my state, to be voted upon at the annual Town Meeting. For several weeks prior to that occasion, a college professor in the community, himself an expert on international relations, addressed groups of all kinds, informing them on the nature and importance of the United Nations. When the votes were counted, there were 137 for and only 2 against. A neighboring town which had not been "educated" expressed itself almost solidly in the negative.

This same technique can be employed in any locality on any question of public interest. When the schools are concerned, the process should be made positive by electing to boards of education only forward-looking persons who have vigor and enthusiasm.

To supplement local monetary support, I should work for increased state and Federal aid to schools. It has become almost a cliché to regard national assistance as running "the risks of Federal domination of teaching." This is, I believe, a groundless fear. We have had very satisfactory subsidy plans on both state and national levels involving the building of highways, care of the blind, school hot-lunch programs, and, newest of all, the proposed government appropriations to encourage hospital construction. If the present comparatively small grants to education can be augmented and handled as successfully as in these other fields, we should accept them with gratitude.

Helpful as are these extra-local aids, however, I should never let my own community forget its primary responsibility in the education of its children. There is where the spark of initiative must ignite, and be fanned to working heat. If we can but arouse enough people everywhere, in the country, in the towns, and in the great cities, we shall have schools worthy of the best in the American tradition, and productive of citizens who will unite in the great cause of peace and security for all.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

THE SOLDANELLA FIELD

by OLIVE JOHNSON

ON the soldanella meadow — a scrap of land high above the distant valley — the little bell-like flowers shone warmly in the bland sunshine of an April afternoon. They hardly stirred in the still air, and to come upon them suddenly, round a bend in the path, was so unexpected that it had in it something of the miraculous, especially for Katherine, who had never before seen spring in the Austrian Alps. The field had a quality of translucency which was rather a symbolic than a physical expression of light, as some voices are translucent. It was such a small part of the whole scene — a patch of flower-laced turf under an immense clear sky, ringed with rough mountains, high above the lake; yet it seemed the center and source of all the world's brightness. It gathered all the loveliness of its setting into itself, and from it went out, throbbing with renewed impulse of beauty, the essence of the cloudless afternoon.

Katherine had never seen soldanella before: she was dumb with astonishment. But Paul, for all his sixteen years, ran forward shouting with delight.

"Soldanella!" he cried. "Katherine, soldanella!"

"How perfectly wonderful!" she managed to answer at last.

"Look at them! Hundreds of millions of them!" he laughed.

AN Englishwoman by birth, OLIVE JOHNSON was trained as a librarian. "The demand for librarians being far lower than the supply," she tells us, "I took a job in 1937 as English governess in St. Wolfgang, Upper Austria (where I found the original soldanella field)." From there she traveled to Buenos Aires and thence to Canada. She is now with the Columbia University Library in New York City.

He sat down on the short grass and bent to touch the flowers with his cheek.

"Come down close to them!" he invited her.

She sat down near him. All round her the air was alive with sunlight. The lake shone deep blue in the hollow of the mountains. Up here, close-set, yet each as free as if it were the only one, were the minute mauve bells of the soldanella. She put her face down close to them, and felt too happy to speak.

The boy was sitting with his hands clasped round his knees, gazing at the flowers. Under the straight line of his dark hair, his eyes were serious and intent. Then he smiled to himself and, looking up, caught Katherine's eye.

"They make me think of something," he said.

"What?"

"I don't know. They make me feel the way something else made me feel. Only I can't remember what it was."

"Something pleasant?"

"I can't explain. But it was something very — mysterious," he finished with some hesitation.

They sat in silence.

"It was something connected with somebody else," he said suddenly.

"Who?"

He turned to her with his puzzled smile. "I can't remember that either," he said.

"Was it a dream?"

"I don't think so."

"I never saw or imagined anything at all like this," said Katherine. "Never, in all my life."

"I never remember seeing this meadow, either,"

he said. "Soldanella are rather rare, you know. At least, they're protected: we could only pick ten of them. But imagine," he cried, his voice rising to laughter, "imagine picking ten from this field! Imagine picking a hundred! We could pick a thousand, and no one would notice the difference!"

"I don't want to pick them," said Katherine literally.

"Of course not; nor do I. But we could."

"I shall never forget this," said Katherine, "however long I live, and however far away I go from here."

"Are you going far away?" he asked in a tone of friendly interest.

"I suppose so. I'm only here for a year, you know."

"I know. And what then? Will they send you back to a finishing school for young ladies on the south coast of England?"

She burst out laughing at the tone of his voice.

"I hope not! I shall be nearly seventeen. I want to travel all over the world."

He nodded absently, and they fell silent.

Then Katherine jumped up. Her long plaits hung over her shoulders, and her skin was golden brown from the sun. In her dirndl, she looked like a native. She was learning German so fast, too, that she would soon speak like a native; already she and Paul slid unconsciously into each other's language in their conversations.

"We must go," she said. "The sun will be down soon."

2

HE got up and they crossed the field towards the wood below it. In silence they began the descent of the rocky path through the wood, and beyond that they came out again onto a meadow.

Up in the mountains, the air had yet the sharp taste of snow, and indeed the snow itself still lay in thick drifts in every sheltered hollow. Only on the gently sloping meadows, where the afternoon sun shone warmly, had the dull, rough grass appeared again. Yet the snow lingered, and was still icily thick, even when the uneven grass was dry and already decked with flowers. All the way down, from far above the soldanella meadow to far below it, faded Christmas roses bore witness to the triumph of life over death—even below the crusted snow they had borne their folded buds, which, uncovered by seekers' fingers, had lain along their stems like the heads of sleeping children on a sheltering arm.

Paul suddenly broke the silence.

"I'm still trying to think what it was," he said, pursuing the elusive memory.

"It was something to do with a mirror."

"A mirror?"

"Yes. Now I know what it was. I was quite small, and one night my mother was carrying me up to bed. At the turn of the stairs there was an old-fashioned mirror, with a rather elaborately carved and gilded frame—I used to love to look up at it. And as my mother went past the mirror with me in her arms, I looked at it, and realized that I could see myself in it. But when I gazed into it, it wasn't myself I saw there at all."

He turned to Katherine with a puzzled expression in his eyes.

"It was not myself I saw," he repeated slowly.

"How do you mean? You looked and saw someone else, who came between you and the mirror?"

"No. There wasn't anyone else, except my mother, who was holding me, and whom I could see. I mean that as I looked at *myself*, I saw someone quite different."

"Couldn't you have imagined it?"

"I don't think I was old enough to imagine anything like that."

"How old were you?"

"It must have been in our old house in Vienna, and we left that before I was five."

"Were you frightened?"

"No." He shook his head. "I wasn't at all frightened. I shouldn't have forgotten it so completely if it had frightened me."

"There must have been someone else there!"

"Oh no, there wasn't. No, I really saw someone else's face instead of my own."

"Did you tell your mother?"

"No."

"That's peculiar, isn't it?"

"That I didn't say anything? Oh, I don't think so. Such odd things are always happening to children that they take it for granted that life is full of queer happenings."

"What do you mean?"

He burst out laughing at her tone.

"Oh, they meet incomprehensible people, and they are told they must do and say the most ridiculous things—don't you think it must all seem very strange?"

Katherine looked at him: she had been sure he had meant more than that; but he answered her look with candor and amusement.

"I suppose so," she conceded. "But weren't you at all surprised?"

"No, I don't believe I was."

"Well, would you be if it happened now?"

"I think I should. In spite of the fact that I know it has happened once, I should still be surprised if it happened to me again."

"But what has it to do with the soldanella field?"

"I don't know." He frowned under his straight black hair.

Their nailed boots slithered on the loose rocky surface of the path. The sun was going down and the air was suddenly very cool. They came out of the last bit of forest on the road down to the valley, and now the way lay over the lush spring meadows. Marsh marigolds stood motionless in the long grass, curled into compact golden globes. In the distance they could hear the voices of peasant girls singing, and from time to time a lad, going home from his work in the forest, passed them with a greeting.

They were both tired, and were silent all the rest of the way home.

When they came indoors, it seemed dark in the house; it was a mild, blue spring twilight, and there were no lamps lit.

The house was at the edge of the lake, and as they came in at the front door they could see, clear through the living room, the wide view of the mountains and the water. It was the most magic moment of the day, more full of meaning and loveliness even than mornings in summer, when the roses burned crimson against the dim green of the mountains, or in winter, when the snow lay vast and unbroken, shadowed blue with the early sun. Voices, in this twilight, seemed rich with hidden significance, and faces and hands were strange and lovely.

Nothing stirred. The house was quite silent. They went through the living room to the balcony, where Paul's mother was sitting to watch the last daylight over the mountains. They sat on the rush-bottomed bench and talked to her about the day's outing. Katherine poured out the tale of their wonderful soldanella field, and Paul listened in silence. Listening, he felt with increased intensity the importance of the face he had seen in the mirror, which had seemed somehow to be linked to the sight of the soldanella. He turned and watched Katherine as she recounted their wonder and delight at the discovery. It occurred to him suddenly that she might have been the link between the two experiences. Suppose it had been her face he had seen? The contours of the phantom face had completely escaped him: he could not sincerely say whether it had been hers or someone else's. He looked at her intently, as if some trace of the other experience might yet come back to him.

But nothing in her clear and enthusiastic young face gave him any clue.

"Supper's all ready," said his mother, cutting across his secret train of thought. "We're only waiting till Maria gets back — she went across to the Grill farm for cream. You'd better both go and get ready."

3

KATHERINE went upstairs, and Paul sat down on the bottom step to take off his boots. When he got up, with his boots in his hand, he crossed the floor noiselessly in his stockinged feet, and as he passed the mirror by the door, he glanced up at himself in it. For a moment he paused, and watched the faint image which came back to him. In the dim light, he saw his own pale oval face, with the fringe of black hair straight across his forehead: his own grave eyes looked back and answered his scrutiny. He remembered the moment, in another dusk, when his mother had carried him past the mirror on the stairs in the house in Vienna. He remembered the satisfaction of realizing that now he would be able to see himself in the admired glass, and the moment when, in their passage past it, he had looked up to fulfill the desire and had seen that other face look back at him. But what other face? He was almost sure, now, that it had been a woman's face. He stared at his own reflection, trying to conjure up the image he had seen before. But nothing changed in the dim and shadowy glass, not a line wavered or blurred. His eyes were steady and constant in his serious face. He smiled, almost wondering if he had ever really seen the phantom; yet below the doubt was a certainty that he had seen it.

As he was turning away, and in a fragment of time, he saw again, and with perfect clarity, the other face look back at him.

It was a face he recognized, without knowing whose it was — it was a face which he seemed to have seen in a hundred forgotten dreams, to have met in another world, where no sign or word of recognition was needed between them. It belonged to another part of himself, a part below the everyday surface, but not less real than the part he habitually knew. Sometimes in a dream, we find ourselves in a house, or a street, where we have never consciously been; but in the dream it is as familiar as the streets we walk every day. As long as the dream lasts, we are at home there, and only when we wake do we know that we have surprised, with our remembrance of the dream, a secret territory of our hidden selves.

Entranced, he tried to hold on to the moment, to will the vision to remain. It was a lovely face which answered his gaze, and he had no idea how long it was that he saw it there. It was not that time stood still: it no longer existed, for he and the face were outside time. With a mingling of joy and sadness, it smiled at him ever so slightly, and then at once it vanished.

Hardly daring to move, hoping it might come back, he remained staring at himself in the twilight. Overhead, he heard Katherine singing to herself, and in the distance were sounds of music from beyond the water. Somewhere a board creaked; on the lake was a faint splash of oars. In the dusk of the familiar house he stood intent on the rapidly fading patch of light from the mirror.

Suddenly the spell that had held him was broken. Astonishment overwhelmed him. A moment ago, he had been staring into the glass at a strange face that had been hauntingly familiar; for the moment he had been so completely bewitched by it that its familiarity had seemed natural. Now, as if he had abruptly waked from sleep, he looked back with mounting wonder across the gulf that separates dream and reality.

But this had been no dream.

Slowly he turned and went upstairs.

It was not Katherine he had seen. There was something in the face which set it apart from every other face he had ever known.

"It was the face of a ghost," he said to himself out loud, as he came to the top of the stairs.

But if it had been the face of a ghost, where had it come from — why had it come? How did it happen that he had seen it a second time? He had no doubt now that this was the face he had seen before. There had been, he was sure, an immediate, tacit recognition, an acknowledgment of a common ground, that had been mutual.

His thoughts were confused as he considered the vision. Only when he refused to think, accepting it as an experience which had really happened, but could not be explained, could he recall the face at all. But he could not stop thinking about it.

4

HE washed his face and hands and came down to supper with his eyelashes and the fringe across his forehead in damp points where he had not bothered to dry them properly. Looking at him, Katherine was aware of something warm and tender in her feeling for him, an affection which was yet not love. He was scarcely younger than

she was, and seemed in so many ways the elder. But now she felt protective towards him, as if she had discovered a new and disarming vulnerability in him. He did not take much notice of any of them, but went on with his supper in silence. Maria, the cook who had been in the family since before Paul was born, was telling a long story about the peasants she had been to see that evening.

He wished very much to know who it was he had seen, but he was afraid there would be no way of ever discovering. Perhaps, though, he would find her human counterpart one day, coming upon her suddenly, with a shock of surprise and delight, with that wordless recognition that had passed between them tonight. If he found her, the vision in the glass would be explained; and if he never found her, what then?

Maria's voice broke in upon his thoughts.

"They actually believe they have seen the ghosts of their grandparents up in the cemetery!" she said. "As if there were such things!"

Paul smiled across the table at her.

"Ghosts?" he said. "Of course there are ghosts! Didn't you ever see one, Maria?"

"No, that I did not, nor did you. And you wouldn't say such things, either, if you weren't half a peasant yourself, living here so long!"

They all laughed at her indignation, and in the end she joined in the laughter. Katherine was watching Paul with wide eyes. Even after living in the same house with him all the winter, and spending so much time with him, she never felt she quite understood him — there was always something just out of reach.

He was wondering if the mirror itself had any special virtue, and if the face would appear to anyone who looked into it with sufficient concentration. He was very reluctant to believe this. He remembered with relief that he had first seen her in a different mirror. To still a lingering doubt, he turned to his mother.

"Do you remember the old mirror you had on the stairs in the house in Vienna?" he asked.

He felt rather than saw that Katherine was at once alert.

"Of course. You mean the one with the carved frame?"

He nodded. "That's the one. What happened to it?"

"Fancy your remembering it! You were quite a baby when we left that house."

"Yes," he said patiently. "But what did happen to it?"

"Oh, the wood was all rotten inside the gilding: those old things are so lovely, and so terribly

fragile! The carving got broken when we moved; I hated to part with it, but it was quite hopeless to think of trying to get it repaired — so I put it away in the attic for years. Then one day I went up there and saw it, and felt sorry that I'd never had anything done to it. So I got it down and had it put into another frame."

Suddenly he thought he could not bear to hear any more. He guessed the end of the story.

"And where is it now?" he said breathlessly.

"Out there in the hall — didn't you know it was that one?"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "I always remembered it with the golden frame."

He felt empty and disappointed. He could no longer be sure that the face belonged to him, not to the mirror.

"Where did it come from originally? Has it a history?" asked Katherine.

"In a way it has. It's very old, the oldest thing I have which has been in the family for years. It belonged to a distant ancestress, who is said to have been a great beauty, and who died young."

"My ancestress?" said Paul.

"Not directly; she was a cousin by marriage of your great-great-grandmother."

"Are there any pictures of her?"

"I don't think so. At least, we haven't any. I believe there was a miniature of her, but it went to another branch of the family, and I've never even seen it."

"You never told me about her," said Paul.

"I never thought of it," replied his mother.

"But," he said, smiling at her, "it's very important! A beauty in the family!"

Now he felt sure that he had seen the face of that distant relative. But he could find no explanation of his having seen her. Why, especially, had the soldanella field brought back to him the memory of the first sight of her? Had she, too, by chance, seen the same field? That alone, he was sure, would not be a strong enough bond to bring her back from her shadowy world to greet him. Was there some other bond between them?

"Do you know any more about her?" he demanded abruptly. He had been so absorbed in his secret speculations that he had not been listening to the rest of the conversation.

"Only what I was just saying, that there was some story of her being secretly in love with a young man at the court; her father was opposed to the match, and she pined away and died. There are always such stories about beauties, specially those who die young and unmarried!"

He nodded absently. A preposterous idea had

occurred to him. Supposing he had been that young man at the court? It was quite fantastic, and yet somehow it seemed to explain everything. He toyed delightedly with the idea of her waiting in the mirror to look out at him when the moment came. But her face had been so known to him that he thought they had probably found other ways of meeting. How did he know what happened to his spirit when he was asleep? Conjectures moved excitingly in his brain. If he had indeed brought the unremembered knowledge of her into the world with him, it was no longer so inexplicable that the loveliness of the soldanella field had awakened it in his conscious mind. Once, every beauty and every perfection in the world must have seemed to him to be part of her beauty.

"Look!" cried Katherine, who was sitting facing the windows.

They looked, and over the mountain they saw the soft brilliance of the rising moon. They left the supper table, and went and stood out on the balcony to watch. Gradually the brilliance grew brighter, and a rim of yellow, clear and definite as metal, came up over the edge of the mountain. As they watched, it became momentarily bigger, enormous as a portent in the smooth and softly shining blue of the sky. They were waiting breathless for the moment when it would clear the line of the mountain. It was a suspense so unbearable that they felt as if their nerves were being finely drawn to an infinitesimal point. Then, all at once, there lay the perfect globe, round and smooth and shining with a deep intense warmth, on the very top of the long slope of the mountain, as if it were the princess's golden ball, about to roll down and lie hidden in the grasses of the valley below.

Already there appeared a thin space of shining blue between the moon and the mountain: the danger of its rolling down was over. It cleared the peak and rose serene into the vast metallic cupola of the night. Over the lake stretched a band of hardly rippled light.

Katherine sighed. "How lovely!" she said.

"Let's get the boat out, and row into the middle of the lake!" cried Paul. "Come on, let's leave the supper things, and we'll all go!"

He did not wait for an answer, but jumped down the steps and raced through the garden to the boathouse. He was filled with extravagant happiness, and as he ran, it was as if a small cool hand slipped itself into his, as if his footsteps were accompanied by the faint sound of little feet that ran beside him on the soft wet grass.

FRIEND CHEKHOV

by KORNEI CHUKOVSKI

(Translated by Pauline Rose)

1

HOSPITALITY was a veritable passion with Anton Pavlovich Chekhov. No sooner had he settled down in a village than he began inviting throngs of guests to visit him. He filled his house to overflowing with guests whom he dined and wined and doctored.

He once rented a summer house in an out-of-the-way Ukrainian provincial hole, and before he even saw it, he invited all sorts of guests from Moscow, from St. Petersburg, from Nizhni-Novgorod. And when he made his home outside Moscow, his residence resembled a hotel. "They slept on the divans, several people in each room," his brother Mikhail recalls. "They even spent the night in the hallway. Writers, young women, local land department officials, local doctors, distant relatives" would crowd his home for weeks at a time.

But even this was not enough for Chekhov. "We're expecting Ivanenko. Svobodin is coming. I'm going to invite Barantsevich. Of course Suvorin will be here" is what he wrote to Nata Lintvareva from Melikhovo in 1892. And in the same breath he invited her as well. His home provided constant shelter for friends of the family, "permanent guests," and swarms of incidental, nameless folk.

Chekhov's invitations were extended gayly, spirit-edly, playfully. "Well, sir," he wrote the editor of the weekly *Sever* (North), "as you've published my portrait and thereby helped me to acquire glory, I want to present you with five bunches of radishes from my very own garden. But you've got to come down here [from St. Petersburg — four hundred miles away!] to eat those radishes."

The generous, buoyant, all-consuming vitality of Anton Pavlovich Chekhov is delightfully revealed in this prose portrait, quoting as it does from many letters which have never previously been translated into English. Chekhov's biographer, KORNEI CHUKOVSKI, is also the author of many books for children. He translated Walt Whitman and Oscar Wilde into Russian and is an authority on the Russian writers of the 1860's and 1870's

When inviting his friends and acquaintances to visit him, he described the pleasures that awaited them, as though he were writing advertisements for health resorts: "It is a wholesome place, with lots of gayety, plenty of food, and people galore." "A hundred times warmer and more beautiful than the Crimea." "A comfortable carriage, very tolerable horses, a marvelous road, and people who are fine in all respects." "Wonderful bathing."

He was very insistent when extending an invitation. "I'll get you down here if I have to lasso you," he wrote to the writer Shcheglov. That is what most of his invitations really were — lassoings.

During his first years in Moscow, Chekhov came to know every stratum of Moscow society. At the same time he studied Moscow's suburbs — Babkino and Chikino, and Voskresensk and Zvenigorod, ravenously gulping down all the impressions of the life about him.

And that is why, in the letters of his earlier years, we constantly read: "I've just been at the horse races." "Slept and ate and drank with the officers." "I often drop in on the monks." "I'm going to visit a glass factory." "Am going to take a trip through the Ukraine for the whole summer and will visit the fairs à la Nozdrev." "I drank and sang with two opera bassos." "I often call at the court of justice." "Was in a stinking pub, where I saw two rogues playing billiards in a billiard room that was packed full." "I acted as best man for a certain doctor." "Nelly has arrived and is going hungry." "The baroness has given birth." And so on.

Chekhov liked working with people and roaming about with them, and best of all he enjoyed practical jokes, masquerading, and buffoonery. He would shove a heavy round watermelon wrapped up in thick paper into the hands of a Moscow policeman and confide to him in a worried manner: "Bomb! Take into the police station — be careful!" Or dress up his brother's wife like a hooligan and pro-

vide her with a medical certificate which stated that she was "suffering from ventriloquism."

Without this phenomenal sociability of his; without his constant readiness to hobnob with anyone at all, to sing with singers and to get drunk with drunkards; without that burning interest in the lives, habits, conversations, and occupations of hundreds and thousands of people, he would certainly never have been able to create that colossal, encyclopedically detailed Russian world of the 1880's and 1890's which goes by the name of Chekhov's *Short Stories*.

If all the people portrayed in the many-volumed collection of Chekhov's *Short Stories* — all his policemen, midwives, actors, tailors, prisoners, cooks, religious devotees, teachers, prostitutes, landowners, bishops, circus performers, functionaries of all ranks and departments, peasants from northern and from southern regions, generals, bathhouse attendants, engineers, horse thieves, monastery novices, merchants, singers, soldiers, matchmakers, piano tuners, firemen, examining judges, deacons, professors, shepherds, lawyers — if all these could, in some miraculous way, come streaming forth from his books out into a Moscow street, what a mob they would make!

2

VAUDEVILLE ideas come gushing out of me like oil from the bowels of Baku," Chekhov said of himself at the end of the eighties.

"Do you know how I write my short stories?" he said to Korolenko, the radical journalist and short-story writer, when the latter had just made his acquaintance. "Here's how!"

"He glanced at his table," Korolenko tells us, "took up the first object that met his eye, — it happened to be an ash tray, — placed it before me, and said: 'If you want it, you'll have a story tomorrow. It will be called "The Ash Tray."'"

And it seemed to Korolenko right then and there that a magical transformation of that ash tray was taking place: "Certain indefinite situations, adventures which had not yet found concrete form, were already beginning to crystallize about the ash tray."

Everyone marveled at the mastery and ease with which his powerful fund of creative energy found living form in his host of diverse tales. From his early youth, for a period of ten to twelve years without interruption, Chekhov worked like a dynamo, tossing off reams of stuff, and although, in the beginning, there was no small quantity of spoilage, soon Chekhov began turning out dozens of chefs-d'oeuvre one right after another.

"I read two of Chekhov's books, and laughed like the devil," a peasant once wrote Maxim Gorky. "I read them to my mother and wife, and they did the same — they just rolled with laughter. Now here we've got something that's both funny and nice."

That was a good many years ago. But just recently, here in Moscow, some first-year medical students who had to go on duty for the night borrowed a volume of Chekhov's stories from me. They read and laughed the whole night through until they got the hiccoughs. "Our watch was over and it was time to go, but we still sat there reading and laughing like silly old fools!"

This humor of Chekhov's has lived through so many world-shaking events — through three wars and three revolutions. How many kingdoms have crumbled, how many famous names have passed into oblivion after having made the world ring with their fame, how many illustrious books have been forgotten, how many changes have taken place in literary trends and styles; yet Chekhov's "ephemera" live on in all their freshness, and our grandchildren will laugh over them just as heartily as did their fathers and grandfathers.

And then this happiest of talents, this gayest of great Russian writers, a man who infected not only his contemporaries with his immortal mirth but millions of people then unborn, suddenly burst forth with an agony of grief beyond his endurance.

Even young Maxim Gorky, who in those years was by no means inclined to tears — even he gave way before that tempest. Soon after Chekhov's story "In the Ravine" appeared in the press, Gorky, who was in the Poltava region, wrote Chekhov: "I read 'In the Ravine' to some muzhiks. If you had only seen the effect it had. Those *Khokhols* wept, and I wept with them."

And several years later, he wrote: "I saw *Uncle Vanya* a few days ago, saw it and broke down like an old woman."

Uncle Vanya was a favorite play of Gorky's and he saw it a number of times. After its thirty-ninth performance he wrote Chekhov from Moscow, "The audience wept, as did the actors."

Such was the depth of Chekhov's emotion that even professional actors who had rehearsed the play half a hundred times, who had performed it thirty-nine times, and for whom it had become part of their daily routine — even they broke down together with their audience, unable to restrain their tears. There is no other writer who, without piling up horrors, with the help merely of quiet, subdued lyricism, could wrest so many tears from his audiences.

3

CHEKHOV's letters deal much more with nature than, for instance, do the letters of such generally recognized masters of nature as Tyutchev, Maikov, Turgenev, Pisemsky, and Fet. For Chekhov, nature was always an event, and when he spoke of her, he, who had such a rich command of words, more often than not found but one epithet: wonderful.

"During the day the snow comes softly falling down, while at night the moon, a luxuriant, wonderful moon, lights up all Johnny Street. It is magnificent!"

"The weather here is wonderful, astonishing. It is so charming that I am at a loss for words."

He saw in nature what a lover finds in his beloved — something new and wonderful every minute of the time, and all his letters which speak of nature are essentially love letters.

"The weather is marvelous. Everything is in blossom, is alive with song, and sparkles with beauty. The garden is quite green already, and even the oaks are astir with life. Billions of creatures are being born every day."

And how tempestuously indignant he could be with nature when she proved less wonderful than he wanted her to be: —

"Villainous weather." "The road is as dull as can be, enough to make one kick the bucket." "The sky is as stupid as a cork."

In fact, he was so intimate, so close to nature that in his letters he either raged at her or was delighted with her to the point of rapture — but he could never feel indifferent towards her.

But his attitude toward nature was not confined to a passive contemplation of her "riches" and "splendors." It was not enough for him to appreciate a landscape esthetically: he forced nature to his own unbending will, which sought to create and transform life. He could never permit the soil around him to remain barren, and he labored so ardently to make the land green that when you looked at him it was impossible not to recall those ardent foresters and gardeners whom he described in his writings. In painting the portrait of the fanatic tree planter, Astrov, in *Uncle Vanya*, Chekhov drew what was essentially a portrait of himself.

He was indefatigably active in rendering the soil fruitful. When still a pupil at the Gymnasium he planted a small vineyard at his home in Taganrog, and in its shade he loved to rest. When he settled down in desolate and barren Melikhovo, he planted about a thousand cherry trees there and filled the

bare forest areas with firs, pines, maples, elms, oaks, and other leafy trees — and all Melikhovo grew green.

Needless to say, Chekhov shared his happiness with others on more than one occasion: he sent his relatives in Taganrog seed so that they might grow at least a garden of sorts about their own home. And he presented trees to his neighbor so that he also might have a garden.

In "The Duel," when Chekhov wanted to prove that Layevsky's parasitic existence was worthless, the first accusation that he leveled at him was that he "had not planted a single tree and had not grown a single blade of grass" in his own garden.

When he conceived the portrait of a humanitarian who preached the wise gospel that boundless love brings happiness, he put the words into the mouth of a horticulturist who had spent his whole life among flowers, for it seemed to Chekhov that a horticulturist was the man most worthy of propagating such a lofty idea ("The Tale of the Head Gardener"). Time and again he asserted in his letters that horticulture was his favorite occupation. "It seems to me," he wrote Menshikov in 1900, "that if it were not for literature, I might become a gardener."

A year later he wrote his wife: "Darling, if I were to give up writing and become a gardener now, it would be a very good thing, for it would give me ten more years of life." And as though keeping them posted about important events, Chekhov would tell his friends and relatives: —

"My hyacinths and tulips are coming up."

"The hemp, castor-oil plant, and sunflower already have raised their heads above the ground."

"My roses are blooming marvelously."

And when his camellia blossomed in Yalta, he hastened to telegraph his wife about it. In each flower, as in every animal, he saw a personality, a character, individual qualities. This is also evident from the fact that certain kinds of flowers were especially dear to him, while he felt hostile to others.

"You have six hundred dahlia plants," he wrote to Leikin. "Why do you want that cold, uninspiring flower? It has an aristocratic, baronial exterior, but nothing whatever behind it. I feel like knocking its haughty, dull little head off with a cane."

Dearest to his heart was the cherry tree in blossom. It is no wonder that the main role of the poetic drama he wrote just before his death was played by a cherry orchard — "all white," "young," and "full of happiness."

When he informed the co-founder of the Moscow Art Theatre, Stanislavsky, that he was going to call his play *The Cherry Orchard*, Chekhov was over-

come by sheer joyous laughter, to Stanislavsky's astonishment, and it struck the latter then that Chekhov was "talking of something wonderful, something he loved tenderly."

Even more wonderful and more beloved is the garden depicted by Chekhov in "The Black Friar," which embodies all the happiness of the great horticulturist Pesotsky.

And in both his play and his tale, when Chekhov desired to depict a catastrophe in the life of people, he presented it in the terms of the desolation of their beloved garden. For Pesotsky, the desolation of his garden and death were one and the same thing.

4

Not only was Chekhov eager to turn everything green, to make the soil fruitful; he was also always eager to create something new in life. With all his life-confirming dynamic, inexhaustibly active nature he gave himself up not merely to describing life but to transforming it, to building it up.

Now he would bustle about the building of Moscow's first People's Home, with a library, reading room, auditorium, and theater. Now he would see about getting Moscow a clinic for skin diseases. Now with the help of the painter Ilya Repin he would organize a Museum of Painting and Fine Arts in Taganrog. Now he would initiate the building of Crimea's first biological station. Now he would collect books for the schools on the Pacific island of Sakhalin and ship them there in large consignments.

Now he would build three schools for peasant children, not far from Moscow, one after the other, and at the same time, a belfry and a fire department for the peasants. Later, when he moved to the Crimea, he built a fourth school there. And generally, any construction work fascinated him, for in his opinion such activity always increased the sum total of man's happiness. He wrote to Gorky: "If every man did what he could on his little bit of soil, how marvelous our world would be!"

In his notebook he made this entry: "The Muslim dig a well for the salvation of his soul. It would be good if each of us left after him a school, a well, or something of the kind so that our life would not pass into eternity without leaving any trace behind."

This activity of Chekhov's often demanded much hard labor of him. When, for instance, he was building the schools, he himself had all the fuss and bother of dealing with the laborers, bricklayers, stove-installers, and carpenters; he bought all the

building material himself, down to the tiles and doors for the Dutch ovens, and personally supervised construction work.

A perusal of any of his letters written during that period would give the impression that they had been written by a professional construction engineer, so much was Chekhov taken up with beams and pilasters, cement and lime and foundations.

And when he conceived of building a public library in his native Taganrog, on such a large scale as provincial towns never even dreamed of having in those days, he not only gave up more than two thousand of his own books — that is, his entire personal library, which contained many rare autographed editions of considerable value; he not only set up a picture gallery for the library, with portraits of outstanding scientists and artists; but for the next fourteen years he kept sending it bundles and cases of books which he purchased.

In 1889, planning to purchase, on credit, a "mangy little homestead" on the Khorol River, he wrote to the radical poet Pleshcheyev, who was in St. Petersburg: "If I do succeed in buying something, I'll add a few wings and lay the foundation for a literary colony on the banks of the Khorol."

He did not found this colony, any more than he erected the lodging house which he had long dreamed of building, or a sanatorium for ailing teachers, with a fruit orchard, kitchen garden, and apiary attached, which Gorky mentions in his reminiscences. But what he did do was more than enough. When he died he left behind not only twenty volumes of universally famous prose, but also four village schools, a highway to Lopasnya, a library for an entire city, a monument in Taganrog to Peter I, a belfry, a forest which he had planted on waste land, and two marvelous gardens — and letters from hundreds of grateful people.

Over seven thousand letters addressed to Chekhov have been preserved. The Socio-Economic Publishing House has published excerpts from this mountain of mail and everywhere we meet that rarest of words: gratitude.

"I am grateful for the money received."

"I am grateful for helping me find work."

"I am grateful for bothering about the passport."

Nor could it have been otherwise. All Chekhov's relations with people were like that: he took very little from them, usually nothing at all, but gave unstintingly and kept no record.

Take his work as a doctor. During a cholera epidemic he worked all alone as a district doctor. Without any assistants he took care of twenty-five villages. And the help he gave to the starving during the years when the harvest failed. And his work

during the All-Russian census. And his many years of medical practice as a doctor, chiefly among the peasants of Moscow's suburbs.

According to his sister, Maria Pavlovna, who helped him as a trained nurse, he "treated more than a thousand sick peasants a year at his home, gratis, and he supplied them all with medicines."

A whole book could be written about his work in Yalta as a member of the Board of Guardians for the Visiting Sick. He burdened himself to such an extent that he was practically the entire institution in himself. Many tubercular people came to Yalta at that time, without a copper in their pockets, and they came all the way from Odessa, Kishinev, and Kharkov just because they had heard that Chekhov was living in Yalta. "Chekhov will fix us up. Chekhov will arrange lodging for us and a dining room and treatment."

And they besieged him the whole livelong day. He himself was wasting away with the disease — yet every day he went about "fixing them up," and if they were Jews he secured for them the right to live in Yalta.

5

CHEKHOV was such a gregarious creature that he even dreamed of writing in collaboration with others, and he was ready to invite the most unsuitable people as his co-authors.

"Look here, Korolenko. Let's work together. We'll write a drama. Four acts. In two weeks."

This, although Korolenko had never written any dramas and had absolutely nothing to do with the theater.

And to the vaudeville writer Bilibin: "Let's write a vaudeville sketch in two acts. You make up the first act and I'll do the second. We'll divvy up the royalties."

And to Suvorin, the editor, publisher, and author: "Let's write a tragedy — *Holofernes* — based on the opera *Judith*. We'll make Judith fall in love with Holofernes. . . . There are lots of subjects. We can write a *Solomon*, or one about Napoleon III and Eugénie, or Napoleon I at Elba."

He was even ready to write a play with Goltsev, a professor of law and a man seemingly quite unfit for writing fiction. "I bet you we could do it if you only wanted to. I do. Think it over."

There was a severe and captious critic in Russia who was stubbornly inimical to Chekhov's brilliant work and who, over a long period, heaped scorn on his head as a poor scribbler. Even today, after a lapse of half a century, it hurts to read his malicious,

insolent comments on the works of the great writer. "Junk," "rubbish," "trash," "a chewed rag," "colophony and vinegar," "weighty twaddle," "not art but muck" — such were the usual epithets which this critic applied to almost every new production of Chekhov's.

Chekhov's play *Ivanov* had not as yet appeared in print when this critic called it "*bolvanov*" (chuckle-head), "miscarriage," "nasty little skit." Even "The Steppe," which is the only lyrical hymn to the limitless expanses of Russia to be found anywhere in world literature, was, in this critic's opinion, "bagatelle," while Chekhov's principal earlier works, as "The Malefactor," "The Eve of the Trial," "First Aid," "A Work of Art," masterpieces which have now become an inherent part of world literature, were declared, in the same contemptuous tone, to be "bad and banal." *A Tragedian in Spite of Himself* was considered a "mangy play," an "old stale joke," and *The Proposal* a "notoriously stupid play."

What is most remarkable is the fact that this heartless and caviling critic who so angrily condemned almost every work of Chekhov's was — Chekhov himself. It was he who called his plays "trifling skits," and his tales "rubbish and junk."

About two thousand letters of his written to his relatives, friends, and acquaintances have come down to us, and it is characteristic of him that in not a single one of them does he refer to his creative art as such. He seems to have fought shy of applying such a high-sounding, lofty term to his own literary work. When a certain authoress called him a proud master, he hurriedly and jestingly disclaimed all right to that imposing title.

"Why call me a proud master? Only turkeys are proud."

Or again: "I've just finished a play, which I'm calling *The Seagull*. Nothing especially good. I'm no great shakes as a playwright."

The question naturally arises: Why was it that to the end of his days no one realized Chekhov's true giant stature? Even those who loved him, constantly referred to him as "dear Chekhov," "lovable Chekhov," "exquisite Chekhov," "refined Chekhov," "pathetic Chekhov," "charming Chekhov," as though they were referring not to a man of immense proportions but to a figurine.

Not only during his lifetime but also later, up to the very present, even those who loved him seemed to think that the words "enormous," and "mighty" are quite incongruous when applied to him. But the question is: Why did he himself, in the face of all evidence to the contrary, stubbornly reject these appellations?

6

USUALLY authors who write about Chekhov repeat that they are quite unable to understand what induced him, in 1890, to undertake a dangerous and fatiguing trip to Sakhalin Island to study the life of those sentenced to terms of penal servitude there.

"I still don't understand Chekhov's journey to Sakhalin," Nikolai Yezhov declares. "Why did he go there? Perhaps to find plots. I don't know."

"The reasons prompting Chekhov to make that exceptionally difficult journey have to this day remained inadequately explained," Sergei Balukhaty writes.

Yet all one has to do is to recall his deep dissatisfaction with himself, which especially obsessed him at that time, a dissatisfaction with his own art and achievements, for his act to become fully comprehensible. Exactly because the whole business was so difficult, tiring, and dangerous, exactly because it took him away from the happy career of a successful, fashionable author, did he burden himself with this undertaking.

As his sister Maria Pavlovna later said, "At that time there were rumors of the difficult conditions of exiles condemned to penal servitude on Sakhalin Island. People were indignant, they grumbled about it, but that was all, no one took any measures. . . . Anton Pavlovich, however, could not remain calm when he knew that people were suffering in exile. He decided to go out there."

He could have rested on the shore of the Mediterranean, but he forced himself, a sick man, to set off for the most pernicious spot in all Russia. And in doing so, he explained laconically, "I must be my own animal trainer!"

"The journey means a good six months of uninterrupted physical and mental labor," he said in one of his letters, "but I must do it, for I'm a *Khokol* and have begun to feel lazy. I must discipline myself."

He spent a long time preparing for his Sakhalin trip, and studied a whole library of scientific volumes as well as all manner of newspapers and magazines which had even the remotest connection with the devil's isle he was getting ready to visit. He wished to challenge the Russian system of penal servitude not in the capacity of a lightweight pamphleteer, but as an earnest, well-equipped scientist. And as a scientist he set off for the place to which people were usually driven by force — across the whole of Siberia, thousands and thousands of miles, traveling where no railway ran, by horse, in a sort of gig, during the bad season when roads were full

of bumps, ruts, and holes which repeatedly broke the wheels and axles of his cart.

Chekhov was so cruelly shaken up by the journey, especially beyond Tomsk, that he ached all over. His valises would go flying out of the gig into the ruts. His hands and feet were numb with cold, and he had almost nothing to eat, for in his inexperience he had neglected to take along the necessary food supplies. Several times he escaped death only by a miracle. One night he was thrown out of his carriage, and two other carts, each hauled by a team of three horses, went dashing right into him. On another occasion — this time while sailing on one of the Siberian rivers — his steamer struck some submerged rocks and came close to sinking.

There had been Russian writers before him who had made a study of convict life, but in almost every case it had been against their free will: Dostoyevsky, Korolenko, and Melshin have left us remarkable books on life in penal servitude — they had all served terms of exile. But for a young fiction writer, in the heyday of his fame, to set off voluntarily over a murderous route of eleven thousand kilometers where there were no roads fit for travel, for the single purpose of alleviating the conditions of people who were outlawed by society — for the single purpose of defending them against the arbitrariness of the pitiless police system — this was heroism the like of which is rarely to be found.

Chekhov set off for Sakhalin not as the empowered representative of some organization, not on a special assignment of some influential, rich newspaper, but as an ordinary mortal without any privileges.

When, drenched to the skin, and after having walked several kilometers over a vile road, up to his knees in water, he reached a small house together with some general, the general changed into dry clothing and was given a bed, but Chekhov had to lie down on the bare floor in his soaked clothing.

And on Sakhalin Island he undertook so much work that, of all the people there, including those serving sentences, he was the hardest-worked person for the several months he spent at the place.

In collecting material for his future book he tackled a monstrously difficult job: the taking of the census of the entire population inhabiting that island, which is twice the size of Greece. It was an undertaking worthy of a whole staff of workers. He did it all by himself, without any assistance, going from house to house, from one prison cell to another.

Is it any wonder that his journey to that convict isle finally undermined his health, which had been none too robust before? On the way back he caught cold and began to cough more violently than ever.

EASTON DORRIS
PUBLIC
LIB.

His premature death can undoubtedly be explained by the fact that during this period, when he could still have cured his tuberculosis, he spent several months under such insufferably difficult conditions as would have put a healthy person on his back. Furthermore, the trip ruined him financially, for he spent all his own money on it. His drivers alone he paid double and triple what he should have paid, and incidental traveling companions robbed him right and left. After this journey he found himself in need again, and even four years later he wrote: "I spent more time and money on that trip and that work than I'll be able to make up in a decade."

But even when he returned from Sakhalin, coughing, with heart trouble, he never once struck the pose of a hero. In fact, he spoke of the journey in his usual ironical tone.

"Yes, Sashechka," he wrote his older brother, "I've traveled all round the world, and if you want to know what I saw, read Krylov's fable 'The Curious.' What insects, flies, and roaches!"

Not one of countless friends and acquaintances, literally not one of them, had the remotest conception of the aim he had pursued in making his journey to that penal island. Even the publisher Suvorin, who at that time was one of the people closest to him, even he, in friendly banter, sent him a telegram at Irkutsk: "Don't brag. Stanley's a long way ahead of you yet."

It must be said to the shame of the society of those days that Chekhov's *Sakhalin Island*, which was published several years after his return and which had entailed such sacrifices on his part, remained almost unnoticed. Only the periodical, *Books of the Week*, acidly mumbled that it was absolutely futile for Chekhov to spend his energy on works which an ordinary newspaperman could write.

Not until Chekhov was dead did a famous scientist, Professor Mikhail Chlenov, declare in the Moscow University newspaper that, in the future, *Sakhalin Island* "will serve as a model for works of this nature, when a department of ethnographic medicine, which we need so much, is opened up."

During Chekhov's lifetime, however, university medical men merely shrugged their shoulders when it was mentioned that the author merited a scientific degree for this "exemplary book." "Who? Yesterday's Antosha Chekhonte? Impossible!"

While the book was conceived with the noblest of aims, it must be frankly admitted that it is immeasurably weaker than any other Chekhov book, for it lacks the most important thing — Chekhov himself. Throughout the book he never lets him-

self go as an artist, but pitilessly suppresses his gift of description. One would never guess that it was written by a master who, at that very time, was capable of moving his readers to tears. We look forward to every new page, hoping that Chekhov will drop the cloak of the scientist and will at last begin to speak in his magic language — the language of full-blooded, significant images — and that we shall then not only understand, but also feel until it hurts, all the penetrating horrors of the daily, seemingly orderly life on Sakhalin Island. But there is never an intimation of this. He was at the zenith of his powers then, and there is no doubt whatever that he could have created a work of overwhelming force, but, as has happened more than once in Russian literature, he "stepped upon the throat of his own song" and strangled it.

As we have seen, not long before this he was very dissatisfied with himself and his "futile" fiction, and sought to get as far away as possible from that "trash," in order to "engage in painstaking, serious labor." Well, he betook himself, first to the Siberian backwoods and a convict island, and then to a journalistic-scientific book which called for more than a year of zealous effort, and which, in the end, remained unnoticed.

Yet here, too, Chekhov's main theme is to be found — the crying senselessness and fruitlessness of the sufferings to which one group of people, for some reason or other, subjects others. With irrefutable clarity, with figures and facts, he slowly, methodically, earnestly, thoroughly reveals the stupidity of tsarist penal servitude, of the brutish mockery of the propertied and the well-fed over the social outcasts. And what is characteristic of the writers and critics of those days is that they not only showed no inclination to support his theme, if only within the limits permitted by the censors, but, on the contrary, continued to declare Chekhov an unprincipled writer without ideas and indifferent to the interests and needs of Russian society.

When the book was finally written, Chekhov dropped all reference to his Sakhalin journey, whether in conversation or in his letters. In all the three volumes of his correspondence with his wife, *Sakhalin Island* is mentioned only once, and then only in passing, merely as the title of a book.

"There is nothing to indicate that he liked to recall that trip," the novelist Potapenko says.

Even on those rare occasions when he was forced to relate his autobiography for the press, he ascribed very little significance to his journey to Sakhalin, and there was hardly a word to suggest the difficulties of the undertaking.



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

ONE FINE DAY

by MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

SUMMARY. — Laura Marshall and her husband Stephen live in the country near the tiny village of Wealding. Stephen has returned from the war to find the train to London as stuffy as ever, his garden choked with weeds, his daughter Victoria growing up fast, and Laura dead weary from the daily battle of rationed shopping and unceasing housework. "So far as I can see," says Mrs. Herriot, Laura's mother, reproachfully, "you spend the entire day doing the work of an unpaid domestic servant. When I think how you were brought up —"

And indeed Laura, as she grinds along, does think back to those lazy, hot, well-remembered summers before the war when several maids and a cook ran the house so smoothly. As she half listens to her part-time charwoman, fat, sly, sardonic Mrs. Prout, Laura thinks back to Philip Drayton, whom she might have married; as she watches the gardener for a day, frail, deaf old Voller, in his hopeless struggle with the weeds, Laura remembers the clipped turf, the roses, and friends chatting through the long June dusks.

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A SMALL clock struck in the drawing room, which wore its Wednesday air of a temple swept and garnished, dedicated to callers and the cucumber sandwich and the cup of tea. Mrs. Prout had plumped the cushions, drawn the chairs in a circle which announced, We are ready, let the company enter. And every now and then, to appease the room, Laura and Stephen Marshall had a little party. Last week, for instance, the Cochranes and Bill and Honor Farleigh had come to dinner. It was the Cochranes' last visit before they left Wealding. They were going to live in Ireland, and a good deal of the conversation was taken up with their new house. You could live like a fighting cock there, said Colonel Cochrane; you could buy a Georgian house with a decent bit of shooting for a reasonable price, as he had done, and get any amount of Irish girls out of the bog to come as maids and be glad of the chance. He was tall and grizzled; kind Mrs. Cochrane was soft and round.

"I've had enough of England," he said. "You'd better clear out too, Stephen my lad, while the going's good."

"I don't know," said Stephen, "I think I'll stay." He was enjoying himself. He was fond of the Cochranes and he liked talking to Bill Farleigh. He had brought home a bottle of sherry, and the dinner was good, the silver shone, everything was as it used to be.

"Well, I've thought it out carefully," said Colonel

Cochrane, "and what I feel is, why should Mary go on killing herself, slaving away here? Why not have a little comfort for our money at our age? You'll have to bring him over, Laura," he said, "and I'll give him a bit of duck shooting." But his eyes already had the exile's wistfulness. He would be desperately lonely, sitting in the middle of the brown bog reading the *London Times* and the *Field*, and thinking of Wealding. "Let me," he said, jumping up to remove the plates.

"Honor and I, if the worst comes to the worst, can always get top wages as a married couple," said Bill Farleigh, expertly stacking plates at the sideboard. "I've timed myself washing up, and I don't mind backing myself against a team of your Irish girls out of the bog, Colonel."

"Let us help wash up, Laura," said everybody when dinner was over.

"No, please," said Laura, "do go into the drawing room and I'll bring the coffee. Please!" Please let us go on pretending, she meant, seeing Stephen glow and expand and draw up his chair with Bill and the old man in the candlelight. What a damned bore, he had said when Honor telephoned that she was going to change, and he had groaned over hunting up a stiff shirt and finding three moth holes in his evening trousers, but now he was enjoying it. He leaned back and crossed his legs luxuriously. Laura made the coffee, surreptitiously tidying up some of the mess, and feeling slightly foolish as she tripped over her long skirts and assisted a flowing chiffon sleeve out of the sink. The silver coffee tray waited, glittering from the sardonic ministrations of

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Mrs. Prout, who had attacked it with a banging vigor which plainly masked the thought, Lord, how the gentry do hang on to their ways, poor souls. If it was me, it would be high tea for the lot and done with it.

Now the drawing room was empty, swept and garnished, waiting for the next bout. A bee buzzed angrily against the French window, the little clock ticked loudly on the mantelpiece next to the miniature of Victoria, a pink and white, fair-haired English baby waiting on a blue cushion to inherit the earth. It was time to start out and collect the wretched Stuff, who had sneaked off to the gypsy's dogs on Barrow Down. With a sense of luxury, Laura remembered that Victoria was out to tea with the Watsons, so there was no need to hurry back, positively no need to do another thing until this evening. She locked up the house again, thought, Damn! The hens and ducks, and went to mix the food in the shed, where, beside the chicken-meal bins, there were a variety of more or less junked objects out of their married life together — Stephen's skis; Victoria's old pram, which had been lent to various babies and was now resting; a naked-looking bedpan which had not been required since Laura's lying-in and had somehow anchored on a shelf here next to some old rusty mousetraps; an archery set which Stephen had once bought in a fit of absent-minded enthusiasm at a sale; the stirrup pump and the long-handled shovel for scooping up incendiaries; a tent which, years ago, they had taken with them on a camping holiday in the Dolomites; an ancient Eastern chest marked "A. Marshall" in painted letters on its lid; and other mementoes now languishing among dust and the smell of chicken food.

15

THE hens lay languidly in the dusty hollows they had scratched under the elders in the paddock. They gathered themselves up in an awkward floundering movement when they saw Laura coming, and ran to meet her, throwing their heads forward in a pushing gesture like skaters taking off on a rink. Sordid, revolting creatures! Why should they be so unattractive, such obvious slave labor whose deaths did not cause one a single pang, when ducks were so charming? She picked up the duck bucket and climbed the low wire netting. Here they came waddling, shy, comic, stopping and turning on the single beady impulse, suddenly transfixed quite motionless against the buttercups as though wondering: Is this woman preparing a trap for us? But, reassured, the absurd frieze unfolded itself

towards the feeding trough. There was no drake, there was no cock guarding the hens under the creamy, peppery plates of elder flowers. It was a completely female household to which Stephen returned in the evenings. Even the cat, thought Laura, even Stuff, shivering and rolling an eye in an abandonment of boneless female hysteria. No wonder that Stephen expanded and glowed, talking to Bill Farleigh in the candlelight.

Now you're married we wish you joy, Mrs. Prout had sung the other morning as she shoved the whining carpet sweeper back and forth over the floor, First a girl and then a boy. Ten years after a son and daughter, she had sung, puffing as she bent to gather up a rug and carry it out into the garden. And then the triumphant climax as she began to beat the rug ferociously on the poor daisies — and now, Miss Sally, come out of the water! But such neat mathematics, thought Laura, were sometimes hard to achieve. The years slipped by, wars happened, the hens stalked alone under the elders, the ducks rolled in file, like Lely beauties riding lonely on the waves of their snowy proud bosoms, Stephen frowned over his book in the evenings, she was getting gray, dull, fixed in this trivial routine of cooking the dead slab and cleaning the dirty bath. George Porter's calm blue eyes had delivered the final, the damning sentence. A sofa!

And suddenly, picturing herself standing so tragically clasping the empty bucket in the middle of the duck run, she burst into a fit of laughter. What a fool I am. Philip would never have made anything out of me, she thought, still smiling as she collected the duck eggs and carried them, rolling slightly at the bottom of the bucket among moist crumbs of mash, back to the shed. Her bicycle also waited there, propped up in a rack with Victoria's. She felt the tires experimentally before wheeling the machine out into the sunshine, mounting, and riding over the weedy gravel, through the open front gate, and into the deep lane. Absurdly debonair words, she often felt, to describe the humiliating scramble and dab with the foot, the familiar rusty protest of the chain as the pedals went up and down.

She had bought the thing for a pound at the beginning of the war, when the Marshalls' house suddenly developed all the less alluring qualities of a desert island. Ah, there's good stuff in it yet, Mr. Jukes at the Crossways Garage had said the other day when he mended a puncture. You don't find this quality in the nasty junk they're turning out today, he had said, turning the bicycle upside down so that the broken green and white strings of the dress guard dangled and it looked almost humanly

frail, vulnerable, an elderly female party most unsuitably standing on her head. Stephen had stared and then laughed uncontrollably when he first came home on leave and saw Laura sailing with dignity down the drive. Put it on the scrap heap and buy a new one, he had said not long ago. Jukes has got several decent-looking bikes down in his shop now.

But somehow Laura had not done so yet. The old bicycle groaned and grumbled, it resented going uphill, the brakes failed to hold its sudden abrupt forward plunges. But when she looked at it, she thought of it standing waiting for her, propped up in the autumn rain against the village shop or the canteen or the Food Office, and of the bundles it had lugged for her, and of the pallid flicker of light which it used feebly but faithfully to throw before her as she wobbled along the lanes in the blackout. Then she would delay putting it on the scrap heap for a little longer. She rang its bell, a harsh peculiar whir, as she shot past a couple of women wheeling push-chairs and turned out of the lane into the village.

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IN the window of "the shop" stood a row of glass jars. Laura braked waveringly, then with decision, and jumped off her bicycle. There was a new jar of peppermint humbugs, on which Stephen and Victoria doted. Laura opened the door. A bell dangled and jangled from a wire. The tiny dark shop smelled like the inside of a cupboard at home in St. Pol which, for some reason, she could always close her eyes and smell at will. Varnished pine, biscuit crumbs, something vaguely sweet, something sharp as snuff, with an undertone of mice — was it that?

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Marshall," said young Mrs. Jim.

The Trumpers' daughter-in-law, strange Annabel, the beauty. Good Lord, Stephen had said when he came back from the village, his first look round after he got demobilized, young Jim Trumper picked himself a beauty. Poor chap, he had added, for Jim had gone down on the *Prince of Wales*. The Trumpers had refused to believe, they had gone on hoping, Mrs. Trumper had seen Jim alive in the cards again and again, but it was no good. The oily waters had closed over his red head all right. Among the packets of Quaker Oats, the cards of corn cures and pen nibs and cachous for the breath, the rakes and the tins of salmon and the rubbishy cotton dresses swinging gently from their hangers in the draft, stood his widow. He might never have been,

since he had left no child. Mrs. Jim's wifehood had sunk quietly, without a cry, beneath the oily waters.

And how on earth, thought Laura ("Yes, quarter of a pound, please," she said, feeling for the ration books in her bag), how on earth had Jim, cheerful ordinary young fellow, managed to pick himself a beauty? This beauty, among all others. How had he concealed the instinct for rightness which had steered him between all the little tuppence-colored girls, all the little cheap imitations of somebody's hair and bosom and lips on the movies, towards this nose and brow architectural in their loveliness as a church, these unfashionable pale folded lips? It would never be known. The oily waters had closed over the secret. Serene, Mrs. Jim stretched her round white arm for the sweet jar, pronounced "They're nice," weighed and deliberated like a Pallas Athene masquerading among the cards of pen nibs and pink cachous.

"It's hot today," she said to Laura. Very hot, they settled. Not so many wasps yet. Ah, but wait for the plum time. Mechanically they exchanged a few small coins of country talk while Laura pushed Victoria's ration book towards Mrs. Jim's firm hand.

"Is that nut chocolate?" she said. "Well, give me a couple of bars too. Take it off Mr. Marshall's book, will you? He does love chocolate."

"They all do, the men," said Mrs. Jim. She moved her lips faintly. She picked up the scissors off the counter. "Did you know I was getting married again?" she asked.

"No!" said Laura. "I am so glad. Who is it?" And suddenly she knew the answer. Of course, she thought. George Porter and Mrs. Jim. They were, as the saying goes, meant for each other. There's prospects, George had said, staring ahead over his native heath, thinking of Annabel. She waited, smiling.

"Stanley Rudge," said Mrs. Jim, snipping carefully. "You know Mr. Rudge, don't you?" And she dropped the coupons neatly in the box.

"Oh!" said Laura blankly. She could never hide her feelings. You're terrible, Laura, Stephen would say. No thin protective membrane stretched across her emotions, which anyone could read at will, as though they were behind glass. Luckily Mrs. Jim was looking down, exhibiting no interest.

"Of course I know Mr. Rudge," said Laura blankly.

She picked up the ration books, she stowed them away in her bag. She felt quite shockingly surprised. Before her eyes floated, in a series of distressing visions, a waxed mustache, a bowler hat, a pencil

held in stubby fingers, a watch chain festooned over a stomach. Now about the little matter of the ball cock in the downstairs water closet, madam, I'll 'ave my plumber pop round and see to it Monday. Dab went the pencil stump to the waxed mustache, dab went a thick tongue to the pencil stump, dab went the pencil stump to Mr. Rudge's notebook. Now about the little matter of us two getting fixed up, Mr. Rudge would say, and dab would go the waxed mustache against Mrs. Jim's cheek. Oh horrid impossibility! But she knew that it was perfectly possible. George was the impossibility, the too neat tie-up of two beautiful beings such as one paid one and ninepence to see among cigarette smoke and wet mackintoshes and the witless libidinous whistlings of the Bridbury youths at the Palace. Thus should men be, George had stated calmly, coming out of the cottage in the splendor of high morning, the god carrying the fruit of love in his arms. But thus life is, finally and flatly pronounced Mr. Rudge in the hard, shadowless maturity of full afternoon. He licked the end of pencil, he pressed carefully down on the page in letters so thick that they shone like coal dust, recording the details of length, breadth, height. Out came his foot rule from the trouser pocket. Flick, dab, dab, and he had it. It was captured in the black notebook forever.

17

WHEN is it to be?" Laura asked. She simply could not utter congratulations, she would not.

"Next month. It can't be too soon for me, I say to Stanley. Such a squash we are here"—Mrs. Jim jerked her head towards the little curtained door behind her — "now that Cyril's home with his wife and baby, and Effie out of the A.T.S. She and her young man are waiting to get one of the new houses. Wait, wait, nothing but wait nowadays, is it?"

She looked at Laura. Laura looked at her. A clock ticked, a bluebottle buzzed, an enormous ginger cat walked majestically into the shop and suddenly, as though his life depended on it, sat down and attacked a patch of fur behind one ear. It is all very well for you, said Mrs. Jim's eyes coldly. You are one of the safe ones, you have a roof and a child. Your man came back. One must take what one can. One is forced to make do, to pick up the crumbs, to be sensible. And all that, the other part, is gone forever, sunk and drowned beneath the oily waters. She brushed a speck of something off the counter.

"Any way Stanley has a house," she said. "One

point in marrying a builder, isn't it? You should have a house."

"He must be doing well," said Laura.

"Oh, he is. He's rushed off his feet."

Yes, Mrs. Prout had said not long ago, shouting above the splash of tap water, that Rudge was doing well. Not making his money over building new houses, Rudge wasn't — oh, no, said Mrs. Prout. But doing nicely all the same, in on this, in on that, closing the eye in the right place, opening it in the right place. Sharp, she'd say that for him. Mrs. Bellamy at Hunter's Lodge had a new pink bathroom, though Effie Trumper and her young man were still eating their hearts out for a place to put their good brass double bed which Mrs. Trumper had given them. Ah, Mrs. Prout had cried, wasn't Mrs. Bellamy smart as paint too? All through the war, the food in that house you wouldn't believe, the petrol for the car when nobody else didn't have a drop, and the gin and stuff in the cupboard — oh, didn't Mrs. Sparks at the Leg of Mutton open her eyes when Mrs. Prout told her, and her having to hang out the card "Not a drop left" on the saloon-bar door night after night! Look at my new pink bathroom, Mrs. Prout, had cried Mrs. Bellamy, running upstairs with her silk stockings twinkling, and goodness only knows how she managed to dress like that with the kewpongs, dressmaker's boxes always arriving, tissue paper on the floor, no questions asked and none answered. Some people have done well out of this war and no mistake, Mrs. Prout had shouted, drawing her red hands out of the water and flopping them, like a couple of wet fishes, into the folds of the roller towel. The sharp ones, the Ridges, the Bellamys, who know how to take good care of Number One. Not the poor softies like you, her kind and scornful eye had said as it surveyed Mrs. Marshall.

"Will that be all for you?" Mrs. Jim asked Laura.

"Yes, that's all today." She paid, she took up the little paper bag and the bars of chocolate. Mrs. Jim stood watching her from behind the counter. She stood with her arms folded in an attitude of statuesque calm. Life is terrifying and uncertain, I have chosen certainty, the intense stillness of her pose seemed to say. Possibly she was perfectly happy. Laura felt suddenly muddled, felt the color coming into her face, felt a quick impulse to say after all, "I do hope — I do wish you every sort of happiness." Cruel and ridiculous words! Mr. Rudge's foot rule, flicking this way and that, would quickly prove them shallow, flimsy, gimcrack.

"Thanks, Mrs. Marshall," said Mrs. Jim coolly.

The bell sprang and jangled on its wire as Laura went out.

18

SHE felt uncomfortably hot, bicycling out of the village. Now the cottages straggled out into hedges, now came the tollgate, a squatting dwarf with surprised eyes looking down the road, and then the meadows started to spread away towards the high ridge of Barrow Down. A slight hill curved up from the meadows, shaded by the great arms of the oaks. She got off and began to push the bicycle uphill. The little bag of sweets joggled in the bicycle basket, and she thought, should she have one? This dreadful sweet tooth, this base and constant craving, while before the war she had passed marrons glacés melting in their fluted cups, sugared almonds, parterres of crystallized red and white fruit on angelica twigs, without giving them a second thought. But now, this awful craving. Stephen was the same. At home, her father hid his sweet ration in a tin in the brown snugery, retired and ate with private greed behind the *Times* after lunch. It was no good. She stopped, opened the bag, and took a humbug. Behind her, clear across the meadows, the Wealding clock struck the hour.

A wall began to run alongside the road, tall and stoutly built of stone and flint. Keep out! it seemed to say, but in a couple of places Army trucks had taken no notice, had bashed gaps in it, and landed drunk and askew on the soft, slippery pine needles. The trucks had gone, but the gaping holes remained. The wall was also beginning to give up slightly on its own account, sagging slightly here, shedding stone and flint there. But this stretch of the road was deliciously cool in the damp-smelling shade of the pines and the beeches. Two wood pigeons were purring away in Mrs. Cranmer's woods, "I love you, Lulu," over and over, the lazy sound of summer.

Ahead was the lodge, with that bush of tiny toy roses in its little garden which Victoria always looked for when they passed in the car. Before Laura reached it, a man stepped out of the copse on the other side of the road, a dog at his heels, and stood waiting for her.

"Halloa, Laura," he said.

"Edward! I didn't know you were down," she said.

She got off the bicycle and stood smiling. She felt awfully glad to see him. Edward Cranmer's spaniel crossed the road heavily to inspect her shoes, wag his tail, and lift a soft, gummy eye, dripping with the rheum of age and good will to all men. He moved as though his feet hurt him, exactly like a gouty old man.

"We're here for a week or two," Edward said, "trying to straighten things out a bit. Helen is down too."

"It's all settled?"

"Haven't you seen the papers today? The photograph is in them."

No, said Laura, she had not had time to see the papers yet. But of course she had known for a long time, ever since the morning when Mrs. Prout had arrived panting, bursting with the burden of her song, the amazing theme of which was contained in the line: The Cranmers are giving up. With no more excitement could Mrs. Prout have stated that Barrow Down had stalked off in the night, taken its famous tuft of wind-bitten trees, and removed itself to the other side of the county. Oh, she would never have believed it, Mrs. Prout had cried, and needed endless cups of tea to soften her disbelief. Wealding without the Cranmers — was it possible? Instead of the family up at the Manor, something which called itself the National Trussed — so Prout had had it from Fowler, the carter, who had had it from Dummer at one of the old lady's farms. The village hummed with it. At the Leg of Mutton they talked of nothing else. Was it a good job, was it a bad job? Some said one, some said the other. But one and all had a curious sensation, as though a stout wall had gone and a draft was catching them in the neck. Wealding would be different, on that there was no argument.

He was just, Edward said, going up to the house for tea. Why didn't Laura come too?

"They'd love to see you," he said. "I was asking my mother last night how you all were."

"Well —" She hesitated. But why not? Stuff could wait. So they started walking together, Edward Cranmer wheeling Laura's old bicycle for her and looking rather absurd doing so, for he was immensely tall and thin and had elegant long hands which looked as though they should be laid against furred velvet or the red robes of a court dignitary. He was not like his father, the old squire, Mrs. Prout had often said to Laura. Though he was pleasant enough, he was not a patch on old Mr. Cranmer, whose hawks and hounds, waistcoats, sharp tempers, kind dealings, and lusty hitting on the green in Wealding cricket week had become a village legend. And now Mr. Edward lived in Cambridge and wrote learned books, some said, and watched birds, Wealding children had reported, meeting him on spring evenings mooning along by the willows and the shivering reeds, his field glasses slung round his neck. Catch the old squire watching birds, except down the shiny barrel of a gun! (There had been a rare popping from the Cranmer woods, and a rare

coming and going of motors and ladies' maids and dogs every autumn in the old days, Mrs. Prout had recollected as she crawled her way, exposing a glimpse of knotted blue flesh above the sagging stocking, over Laura's bathroom floor.) But to everyone's surprise, Mr. Edward had done well in the war, chucking up his professors and such, getting himself a couple of medals and a permanently stiff leg in North Africa.

He limped more than usual, pushing Laura's bicycle up the drive, past the lodge where Mrs. Bunt's canaries were making their cages quake up and down and the air shudder with their top notes. It had been hot work walking round the farms, he said, over to Dummer's, through the chestnut plantations to Pratt's and the rest. What did they think about it all, asked Laura.

"I think, on the whole, they're sorry," he said. "They like my mother, you know."

"But she'll still be here?"

"Oh yes, she'll still be here. She and Aunt Sophia will go on living in the flat they're making in the stables wing — they move in next week, probably."

The house, he said, would be used partly as a holiday hostel, partly as an agricultural training center for boys.

"I'm glad it's not going to be quite dead," he said. "It's a good place to be young in."

He turned his head this way and that, looking quietly at a fat pony standing swishing its tail in one of the paddocks, at the woods and the distant river, at the great bulk of the house beginning to come into sight between the dark level slats of the cedars.

"It's the only possible thing for all these places," he said. "I could never afford to live here even if I wanted to. You can't imagine what a relief it is, Laura, to get it all settled."

He leaned her bicycle against the wall near the myrtle bush, grown from the cutting of some Cranmer bride's bouquet, he had told her once. Everything had its tradition, its story.

19

THERE were packing cases in the hall. Doors stood ajar on shuttered twilight, on vague shapes hanging in holland bags from the ceiling, on larger shapes muffled beneath dust sheets like groups of statuary waiting to be unveiled by a lady with a bouquet. Coming from the warmth and the buzz outside, the place struck chilly as a church. The dog's claws tapped confidently on the oak floors ahead of them.

"That's where your mother had her working parties," Laura said, nodding towards a door.

"Did you come to those?" he asked absently.

"As much as I could."

Fluff off the white wincyette, she remembered, had prickled the nose and made her sneeze. Mrs. Vyner had ripped away at one machine, Honor Farleigh at the other. They sighed, they stitched, they lifted needles towards the light filtering greenly through the high mullions. The news was bad, the news was good, Mr. Churchill had said, and the food — ah, the food! How are you getting on, Mrs. Prout? Mrs. Cranmer would cry from the head of the long table where she presided, her stick against her chair, the old spaniel stinking and scratching his eczema at her feet. Nicely, madam, thank you, Mrs. Prout would reply. Radical or no, she squeezed a "madam" for Mrs. Cranmer when she turned up and sat, panting from the exertion of pedaling up the long avenue, slyly storing away nuggets of gossip in her vast bosom, shaking out the striped pajama trousers and eying the dangling legs with an awful stare which seemed to fill them. Lord, she would say later to Laura, how that old dog does smell, he ought to be put away. And the house — what a sight when you thought of it in the old days, the footman and all, and now only that old Fowler doddering round with Mrs. Bunt from the lodge. It was a nasty pull up the avenue for her heart, Mrs. Prout would say. She wouldn't go again. But she turned up next week all right. She enjoyed it. There was something soothing about it, Laura always felt, as though they were repeating some classic pattern which went on recurring forever in different fancy dresses, the group of women sitting sewing round the lady of the house while their men were at the wars, fighting the Trojans or the Turk or the Nazis. Men must fight and women must sew — of course in this war women had fought too. They had flown aeroplanes, they had been bombed on gun sights, they had struggled in the dreadful equality of icy water among drowning men. Military buttons had marched up Effie Trumper's bosom, Air Force blue had all too insecurely disguised Mavis Porter in doublet and hose. But still the other women had sat stitching and folding, making ready, storing away, in quiet old houses like Mrs. Cranmer's. There was something soothing about it, the ritual gesture which said, While you destroy, we build up, we stitch and fold quietly in the inner courtyard which is the true center of the house. It had been easy, in an idle moment, to picture Mrs. Cranmer's massive chins bound round with linen bands, the long table and the

striped winceyette legs and Mrs. Vyner, bending her damp-looking pale face over the Singer, all giving place to the loom and the slowly growing greens and blues and grays of the tapestry forest.

A dark old Italian mirror gleamed from a gilt frame twisted like roots under water. Laura glanced towards it, suddenly thinking uneasily of her hair, her hands. She must look a fright, and one did not, somehow, appear before Mrs. Cranmer looking a fright.

But it was too late to do anything about it. Slightly ahead of her, Edward opened a door and said "I've brought a visitor." The library looked as though the electric lights were on, but it was the afternoon sunlight striking a yellow glow from gilt and calf bindings of the books towering up to the high painted ceiling. In the midst of death done up in little holland shrouds, said the room, we are in life. More dogs uncurled themselves from the rugs and flew to meet Edward. "My dear Laura," said Mrs. Cranmer, "what a pleasant surprise!" The three ladies were already at tea. In the corner of the big velvet sofa, Miss Sophia Cranmer beaked like a startled old parrot, a bit of sandwich hanging like a large pale seed from one claw. She smiled dimly. But she does not remember in the least who I am, thought Laura. The room was deliciously cool. In its beauty and dignity it denied everything — the weedy terrace outside the open windows, the packing cases, the holland bags, old Fowler boiling a kettle somewhere in the empty vast kitchens, the drive torn up by the soldiers' lorries, change barging in through the holes in the solid old wall. Nothing is wrong, said the room. The little group round the tea table seemed to float in the rich light, huddled together like survivors on a raft.

And nothing is wrong, Mrs. Cranmer seemed to declare also as they talked. Not a word indicated that this was one of the last times that she would sit here, pouring out from the massive tea service, leaning back and looking at Laura with her amused old eyes. She spoke of everything but that. She was dressed as usual in black. When she went out, she had a way of snatching up an ancient tweed shooting cape of Mr. Cranmer's and throwing it round her shoulders. Laura had met her one day, flapping across the fields towards one of her farms, stooping, prodding the earth familiarly with her stick, stumping on among a white and brown and piebald sea of dogs. Before she got too lame, she gardened in shocking boots and a hat like a bee skep. But at dinner parties before the war, in black velvet and diamonds, she could look like a queen.

"More tea, Sophia?" she called loudly to her sister-in-law.

"She didn't hear," said Helen, leaning forward and repeating the question, in her cool distinct voice, closer to old Miss Cranmer's nodding auburn front. Then she sat back and went on talking about housing difficulties in Cambridge. Stephen thought her rather charming, Mrs. Herriot had been greatly struck when they met one day at lunch. Such perfect taste, Mrs. Herriot had thought, the neat figure, the single string of pearls, the fine hair waved back in scallop shells from the brow. Your stocking, darling, has a ladder in it, she had said briskly to Laura as she got into the car going home. Impossible to imagine Helen untidy, ruffled, letting things boil over on the stove. She had run something in London all through the war with, everyone said, wonderful competence. But what, Laura could not help wondering, had made Edward lift his shortsighted eyes from the page, see the limp brown hair, the face so correctly pretty that one had to remember it all over again each time one saw it, and think to himself, This is the one? They had been married twelve years and had no chick, no child, only the little Chinese dog on Helen's lap.

20

ALH, but Mrs. Cranmer had her griefs as well as the rest of us, had cried Mrs. Prout, who had herself lost four sons, reared four. It had seemed to afford Mrs. Prout, sighing and wheezing, a mysterious satisfaction, the idea that Mrs. Cranmer had been bowed with the common grief though she never showed it, though her voice rang clear and unfaltering, and the men said she was a caution, you couldn't put anything past her. They were all frightened of her, Mrs. Prout said to Laura — Pratt at Lower Farm, Dummer, Stokes, the whole lot of them. But sorrow hardened some, softened others. The eldest son, Mr. Henry, had died suddenly at school, a lovely boy, everybody's favorite. Mr. Robert had been killed out in Africa, where he went big game shooting with a party of friends. There had been two other sons who died in infancy. And now the fresh-cheeked, full-bodied Cranmer stock had dwindled and thinned into Edward, sitting there by his wife, pulling the little dog's tawny lion locks. "I had a battle with that old scoundrel Rudge at the Wealding parish meeting over the new houses," Mrs. Cranmer was saying, and he was laughing, teasing her. "Nonsense!" she said, laughing too, and the door opened and in came Fowler carrying a tray. From some

window she must have seen Edward and Laura, for she had brought fresh tea and sandwiches.

"Halloa, Fowler," said Laura.

"Good afternoon, madam," said Fowler.

She was a small, thin woman, Mrs. Cranmer's old maid. Hiya, toots! Hiya, Miss Fowler! the Canadians used to call, grinning, when they saw her toddling down the lime avenue to have tea with her crony Mrs. Bunt at the lodge, among the yelling canaries and innumerable photographs of the Family. She had never taken any notice of their insufferable impudence, uncalled-for however far they had come to fight for anybody, she would say to Mrs. Bunt as they sat together drinking a nice cup, watched by Mr. Henry chubbily bestriding his first Shetland, Mr. Robert in his uniform at Sandhurst, Mrs. Cranmer with a muff against an Edwardian snow scene, Mr. Cranmer on old Pericles among his hounds, and the rest. Thank goodness, she had said to Mrs. Bunt as the last singing, rowdy truckload rolled away that day, not knowing that worse was to come. Thank goodness it's over, she had said, going off to look over Mrs. Cranmer's evening dresses and scrutinize her sables for the moth, for would not everything now be as it used to be? Back would come the men into their brass buttons or baize aprons, back would come the girls into their print dresses. And about time, she had said to Mrs. Bunt, for her feet ached terribly, she could hardly lie in bed at night for the pains in her back. Fowler, whose job had been to mend the torn lace on the tea gown and clean the ruby rose with a little brush, now lay in bed and ached all over. Sometimes at night, she had told Mrs. Bunt, feeling herself creaking, listening to the house creaking and going to pieces, worrying about the falling plaster and the swaddled furniture and the damage those dratted Canadians were doing to the place — sometimes Fowler had wondered how much longer she could keep things going for Mrs. Peregrine Cranmer and Mr. Edward, who after all did not care. And it had been no good, as it turned out.

"Good afternoon, madam," she said to that Mrs. Marshall, who had come calling without a hat, without any stockings on her long legs. She set down a plate, collected an empty one, glanced over the table. Yes, they had all they wanted. Mrs. Cranmer was laughing with Mr. Edward over something. Laugh away, then, a voice said quite wildly inside Fowler's breast. But she went quietly out with her tray.

"You know we're moving out this week," Mrs. Cranmer said suddenly to Laura. She lay back, scratching the old spaniel's ribs with the point of

her stick. He grunted with pleasure, his rheumy little eye rolled upwards in ecstasy. She and Fowler, Edward, Helen, Mrs. Bunt, Bunt with his hammer and nails, all of them had been working away as hard as they could go, taking Cranmer apart. A dreadful job, she said, when a house had been there so long, when so many people had saved and stored everything carefully for centuries, letters, journals, estate accounts, locks of hair, shreds of silk, sentimental rubbish of all sorts. Some of the furniture was being sold, some would go to Edward, the best of the pictures to the nation, and a few into the new abode with her and Sophia and Fowler. For instance, that — she jerked the stick towards the conversation piece above-the fireplace.

"I'm glad," Laura said, "I always loved that one."

"Peregrine was fond of it," Mrs. Cranmer said.

The two ladies, sisters perhaps, one in sea-green satin, the other in flounces of yellow satin, conversed with the gentleman with the gun while, in the background, a little Negro boy played with a tremendous parrot in a cage. Over the three faces, blooming as though they could have downed a leg of mutton apiece without any trouble, and the grinning turbaned face of the little Negro, played the rich, soaking light of the long English afternoon, which had seemed as though it would last forever.

And the next thing would be, Mrs. Cranmer said, the boys would move in.

"You won't hear them, round in the stables wing," Helen said, "it should be quiet."

"I don't mind if I do," Mrs. Cranmer said. "I like boys. There always used to be dozens of boys round the place, Edward — you and your friends, and Robert's and Henry's."

"It will be like old times for you," Helen said, "with hundreds of Edwards, darling, dozens of Roberts and Henrys." She smiled, stroking the little Chinese dog's ears.

"Come along and I'll show you the flat, Laura," Mrs. Cranmer said, groping for her stick and heaving herself out of the chair. She took Laura's arm; Edward and Helen strolled after them. At the door Laura glanced back at Miss Cranmer, who had been left sitting in the corner of the velvet sofa. She did not seem to notice their departure. She was staring into space, her hands folded in her lap, her head twitching now and then like a dog who dreams. Her small figure looked lost in the great glowing room, swimming in the light of the summer afternoon. The group over the fireplace gazed down at her with well-fed, amiable arrogance, declaring that

they were English ladies and gentlemen who would forever inherit the earth. Thus should life be, they said, the green garden and the trout rising in the river, the white hand curled against the sea-green silk, the dead wild duck dangling, the jolly little slave crouching beside the cage of the huge flaunting crimson and yellow bird. Thus will life always be, stated their healthy confident faces. But in a minute there was nobody in the room but Aunt Sophia.

21

LADDERS stood against the stables wall. A painter's white coat hung on a hook, melancholy with the queer human sadness of the abandoned possession which says in a fold, or in the limp curved fingers of a dropped glove, You have deserted me. The workmen had gone home to tea. As Mrs. Cranmer had said, the sunlight flooded into these rooms. Her stick pointed this way and that — here the family group with the parrot, here her desk, a big one, for she still dealt with much of the estate business herself. She liked boys, her nurseries had always been strewn with lead soldiers and toy railway tracks. And she had continued to prefer, guessed Laura, the conversation of men. She missed the Canadian officers who had been stationed in the house, she said. Such interesting, fine young men, they had dined with her every Thursday, and drunk her cellar dry — heavens, how Fowler had detested them! She would still enjoy going down to one of the farms and standing talking to Dummer or Stokes in the rain. She would enjoy sitting at the big solid desk, going over accounts with the bailiff. There was something masculine about her, Laura thought, the authority of one who had always been accustomed to make the decisions. She looked around, up and down, observant beneath the heavy lids.

"We shall be pretty snug here," she said indifferently. The pigeons cooed and cooed, plucky and thick in their throats. A board creaked under her weight as she stumped down the stairs. Rudge had promised, she said, to have the bath in by the end of the week. Everything waited for the bath, it was impossible to move in without that. Yet when she had first married, there was only one bathroom in the whole house, and they had managed very comfortably. "People are cleaner today," she said, "but I don't know that I like them any better."

"That old rascal Rudge," she said. He knew what he wanted, he would end by buying up all Wealding. She sounded amused. She and Rudge, Laura thought with surprise, would get on very well indeed. Now about that little matter of the bath,

Mr. Rudge would say confidentially. He would not be scared of her, as Pratt and the rest of the men were scared, standing turning and turning their caps in their hands, looking hangdog and chap-fallen. He would size her up quickly with his small bloodshot eyes, keeping a flat thumb on his foot rule as though about to measure how far he could go, to chip the surface with a grubby nail and find out if it was only veneer or the solid old stuff which, after all, he would have to admire. Like a cocky little bird, waxed, ruffling, wonderfully insolent, he would stand his ground before her. We all 'ave to wait our turns now, madam. Even Mrs. Cranmer of Cranmer Manor, owing to the admirable sideslip which the world has now taken, must wait her turn like the rest, his bloodshot little eye would say. It would satisfy some deep emotion located beneath the festooned watch chain, to remember that his father had been a bricklayer, his mother a servant girl, he had often gone hungry in his youth, but here he was rising, rising, a handsome new villa bought for himself the other day, more land being added bit by bit, and he stood on the faded Aubusson cabbage roses with his legs apart, telling Mrs. Peregrine Cranmer that she must wait her turn with the rest. And yet he would like her, he would respect her. Some urbanity which he did not quite understand, some calm but smiling obtuseness over the situation as he saw it, would leave him feeling vaguely as though she, after all, had done him the favor. They would part with mutual liking and heightened colors, thinking The old rascal, the old battle-axe.

Marrying that good-looking daughter-in-law of the Trummers, so she had heard, said Mrs. Cranmer. They were out in the flagged yard, passing the empty boxes and the coach house, where a door stood ajar on canary and black paint, spidery shafts tilted upwards. And she would understand that too, felt Laura. She would never undervalue worldly success, not she. She would have no patience with Mrs. Herriot's hyperfastidious attitude towards money, as something to be enjoyed but not mentioned, which fell naturally as the gentle dew from heaven upon the honorable recipients beneath. To Mrs. Cranmer, a bargain was a bargain, and she could be shrewd as an old peasant calculating the value of a cow.

"An excellent thing," she said reasonably. Money was not to be sneezed at. Indeed no! They had come again to the front of the house. There was no sign of Edward and Helen. Mrs. Cranmer stood for a moment, her hand resting against a mossy urn, looking silently down the broad ride towards the oddly Eastern little pyramid in the park, and beyond it to the great massive trees and the parklike

English fields. Everything was so still, the clatter of some farm machine a couple of miles away sounded near.

"I always thought that if the Germans had come, I'd have had a good view from here," Mrs. Cranmer said.

"What ages ago that seems," Laura said.

All that summer, in memory, had seemed to be like this one day, burning, blazing. The calm, gentlemanly voice on the wireless had said this and that. Paris fell, the Germans were in Paris, and she stood with a basket picking peas, calmly picking fat green peas. Victoria ran about in a little bathing suit with an anchor embroidered on its bib, watering her own toes with a small red watering can. Everything was burning, blazing, but she stood mechanically pulling the fresh, creaking pods off the rows, thinking. I'll hate these things all my life. But she did not. She adored them, and had frequently picked them since without a thought.

"What would have happened?" Mrs. Cranmer mused. "I often wonder. I suppose it would have been disastrous. But I should have liked —"

What would she have liked? Laura wondered as she did not go on. To do something violently active, instead of sitting at the head of the long table, crying How are you getting on, Mrs. Prout? It was possible to imagine Mrs. Cranmer in another age, directing the heating of boiling water, heaving rocks over the battlements, even stumping out herself with the troops. Yes, she would have liked that! But she had been tied helplessly to her corner of the big decaying house, over which the German planes grumbled every night, peaceful and regular as a line of buses, scorning it, going on to drop their loads on the cities. She had never had even that taste of danger.

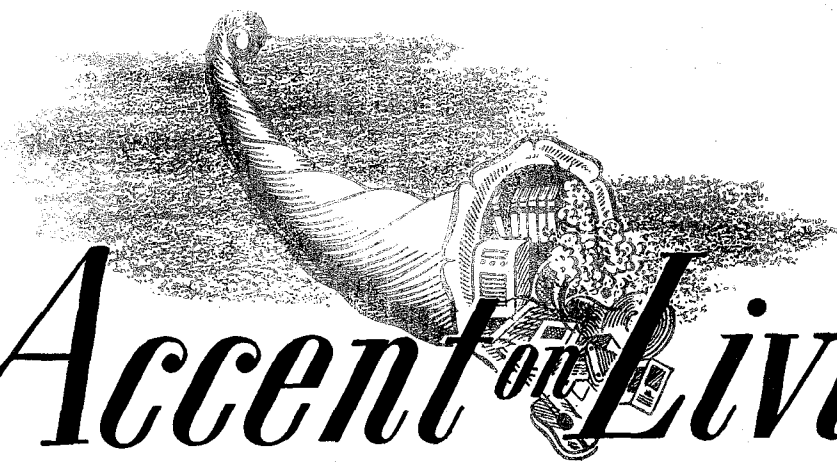
And she had sewed so atrociously at her working parties, handling the work with the awkwardness of the woman who had never in her life been asked to sew on a button, and whose tastes ran naturally to walking across turnip fields in the rain, or to getting down on all fours under a tangle of little boys on her nursery floor. But to this clumsiness, she had added a sort of fierceness of her own, frowning, jabbing the needle back and forth as though she hated the innocent pajama coat, hated this sitting here blah-blah-ing with a pack of women while England was fighting for her life. Take this, take that, accursed fate which found me old and a woman, had flashed Mrs. Cranmer's needle. My God, Honor

Farleigh used to groan as she packed the parcels to be sent to the depot in Bridbury, this must be one of hers! We can't — we really can't send such a frightful — And Mrs. Vyner would roll it up and pop it in her bag, to take home and unpick and remake Mrs. Cranmer's sampler of fury with the fates.

She stood looking at the view, unpossessively, seeming to appraise like a casual tourist who never expected to come this way again. And already the house, thought Laura, had an impersonal look. It seemed to say, I have no more secrets, I shall have no more stories. Visitors to Wealding, driving along the lower road from which one could see Cranmer standing lovely above the water meadows, would ask their host intelligently What is that? instead of Who lives there? For so obviously its personal life had ended, it would resound in future with the cheerful echoing noises of collective living, the sound of a great Amen, the clatter of forty feeding as one. Who wrote that? Laura wondered absently. She could not remember. Her mind was a rag bag, in which scraps of forgotten brightness, odd bits of purple and gold, were hopelessly mixed up with laundry lists and recipes for doing something quick and unconvincingly delicious with dried egg. You used, her mother would say reproachfully, to be so well up in things. Soon I must read some good books, she thought, I must keep awake in the evenings long enough to read some poetry again.

But when she turned back to Mrs. Cranmer, a stout old woman without beauty or grace or fashion, for some reason she began to think quite naturally in poetical images, she saw Mrs. Cranmer standing reassuring as a rock or a tower in the frightening uncertainty of everything which could turn her stomach to black water as she bicycled along on a fine summer day. The position in Trieste clung to the wet fish skin, Stephen frowned as they sat together listening to the wireless speaking suavely of alarming things, but Mrs. Cranmer, by simply standing screwing up her eyes at a view, seemed to say, Be not afraid. How did that go? Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises — something of that kind, in her silence and the lift of her head, Mrs. Cranmer contrived to say. The fancy only lasted a second. She moved, she became once more a stout old woman limping slowly back towards the great house which appeared to be drifting away, away, a deserted ship with its portholes blind, its chimneys smokeless, across the deep blue of the sky.

(To be concluded)



Accent on Living

This Month

My final memory of Sherlock Holmes is aural, as the smarter of two characters plugging a soluble coffee on the radio. I am not sure that Holmes himself drank the coffee, but Dr. Watson was fairly awash with it as he unfolded his tales. Since then, I gather, Holmes has continued his "adventures" — for a time in the field of headache pills, again under the aegis of a wine company, and at present as one who wrested a hair tonic account from a news commentator even after the latter had ridden it to victory five nights a week throughout World War II. But other matters claimed my ear and I lack direct knowledge of whether Holmes is getting a bit thin on top, suffering from a serious scalp disorder, or merely discovering that it pays to have that well-groomed look. (The tonic is just as good for one condition as for another.)

My final memory of Holmes is via radio because a five-pound omnibus edition of Doyle destroyed my ability to read him further, and my only view of Holmes on the screen was back in the days of Roscoe Arbuckle and William Gillette. Thus, on how a Hollywood producer would have "angled" Holmes for the films, I hasten to defer to Erle Stanley Gardner (page 102).

A recent bibliographer credits Mr. Gardner with fifty-three titles of book-length mysteries. He is king of the quarter books, with annual sales of anywhere from four to six million copies. His American and Canadian editions alone have passed 27,873,401. Like Holmes, Mr. Gardner's Perry Mason ekes out his career as a criminologist nowadays by considerable radio work. While Holmes is toning up scalps,

Lawyer Mason is adventuring in soap. Both boys are making good on the networks, but neither one has connected with as many screen triumphs as both would seem to deserve. I believe Mr. Gardner's little treatise will throw some light on the cleavage between Hollywood and the two master minds.

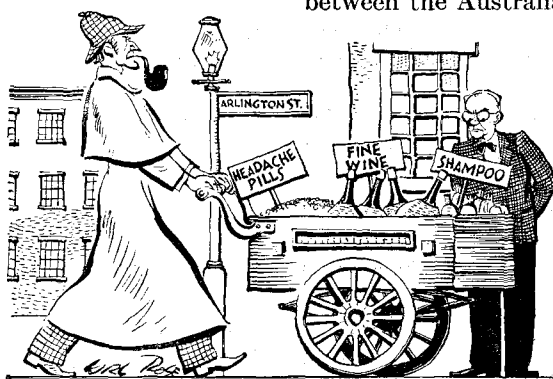
What separates Hollywood melodrama from British melodrama is a basic difference in purpose. The British film is out, unabashedly, for the gasps. The Hollywood effort is to show how many changes of Adrian ensembles the female star can make in a given sequence. Vaudeville, years ago, always gestured to the higher arts by sandwiching in an *artiste* between the Australian Woodchoppers and the skit.

The *artiste* was a vocalizer who first appeared armored in sequins and rhinestone tiara, a truly blinding spectacle in the spotlight. After an aria or two, she would modestly withdraw to the wings, only to reappear almost instantly in a new but equally formidable gown, ostrich feathers and pearls. Without benefit of a slide fastener, it was all hook-and-eye cou-

pling and the audience knew it. The *artiste* always deigned to construe their tributes as intended not for her fast transfers but for her upper register, and she would even cut in the accompanist on the ovation given her aigrettes and corseting. So, in Hollywood melodrama, the clothes are spectacular even though the action never honestly reaches high C. But while all this is going on in California, the British melodrama's hero is hanging by his teeth from a middle-span girder of the Firth of Forth bridge.

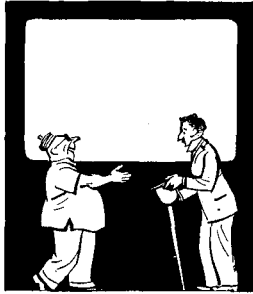
One vote, then, for the British.

C. W. M.



"Come Right In, Mr. Doyle"

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER



"Good morning, Mr. Doyle. Good morning. Now come in and sit down and make yourself at home.

"This is your first experience in Hollywood, ain't it? . . . I thought so. Well, now Mr. Doyle, you've probably heard a lot about producers being tough guys that can't

appreciate good creative writing. You want to get that out of your system right now, because if we didn't know what we were doing, this industry wouldn't have grown from a shoestring up into the biggest and most important business in the world.

"Now, don't be afraid of me, Mr. Doyle. Speak right up and tell me whenever you think I'm wrong. Between us we've got to make a good picture. It ain't as though we were on opposite sides of the fence. We're partners. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Now let's take these stories. I've read 'em. You've got a character here, this Sherlock Holmes, that might do all right on the screen. There's a lot to be said for him. I understand the studio readers made some pretty enthusiastic reports.

"Well, now Mr. Doyle, I'll tell you what this character needs, just a few little touches that you can give him, and he'll be a Wow! He'll be Colossal!

"Now sometimes when a studio hires an author to work on the adaptation, the author gets a little sensitive about minor changes, but I know you're too smart a man for anything like that, Mr. Doyle. You understand that we specialize in knowing what the public wants and we have to give it to them, you understand.

"Now for instance, this Sherlock Holmes is a nice character. I'm not saying anything against him, but there isn't any romance. In order to make a character live, you've got to give him romance, you understand.

"It's a shame you didn't know about this when you were writing the books, 'cause just a little romance and that character would have taken right hold of people. The trouble is, you didn't bring any nice, seductive women into your books. That's it, no sex appeal, just the cold, intellectual approach.

"That gave me a little trouble. I had to read until ten o'clock last night before I found out how to fix it, but I've got it now.

"You have this Mrs. What's-her-name that takes care of the rooms on Baker Street. We can't use her because she ain't the type, but what we need is to give her a daughter. Now we'll let her be a widow and have a daughter. A nice attractive girl with a lot of This and That and These and Those. We don't want her to sound too high-toned when we bring her in, because, you see, after all, her mother is sort of a lodginghouse keeper, and this girl can't be putting

on airs. We'll call her Margery. You get it, Mr. Doyle? MARGERY!

"Now, in order to have romantic interest, you've got to have some sort of conflict. You can't just have two people take each other for granted. You got to have suspense, so the final clinch means something. When they have that clinch, it has to satisfy the audience.

"Well, now I've been thinking, this Dr. Watson of yours doesn't do any particular good in the stories. He just sort of tags along. You haven't described Watson very much. You get the impression he's sort of stolid, and slow on the uptake.

"That's all right as far as it goes, but we've got to pep the man up a little bit, give him something so he can be a foil for this Sherlock Holmes of yours. Better make him a natty dresser and make him a kind of a sheik with the ladies — sort of a wolf, you know.

"That'll give us a good approach for the stories. This Sherlock Holmes is more the intellectual type. You'll have to change him a little bit to make him appeal to the audience, make him a little more human. But, anyhow, he's sort of preoccupied with these crime problems of yours and Dr. Watson pretends he's real interested. But what Dr. Watson is really interested in is Margery. He's not a chap to overlook a wren like that. Margery's a nice dish. A young girl, you know, being brought up sort of secluded like and just flowering into womanhood. Her mother doesn't realize how the gal has grown. She's been away for a while, out of circulation somewhere — maybe a convent or something like that, and she comes back and she's all grown-up, lots of curves and all that. Her mother doesn't realize how her daughter has grown, but Dr. Watson realizes it, you can bet on that.

"And Margery sort of falls for him because Margery doesn't like to be treated like a child. She's grown-up and she knows she's grown-up, but her mother doesn't know it and this Sherlock Holmes doesn't seem to see her for a while, and that bothers her. Of course, you can see that she's really in love with Sherlock all the time, but because Sherlock doesn't make over her and call attention to the fact she's grown-up, the way this Dr. Watson does, she sort of goes temporarily for the Watson guy.

"Now, about these crimes — they're too abstract. You don't get enough human interest in 'em. What we've got to have is a little of the good old Chandler touch. We've got to make Sherlock Holmes more human. In the first place, he's too aloof from every-



body. We've got to give him a few vices. Let him keep a bottle of rye in the bottom drawer of his desk — I see you were sort of groping around for something like this when you had him hitting the hop, but we can't do that on the screen because of the Hays office and, besides,

it ain't the best angle. The best angle is hootch. People can understand that. You don't know anybody that jabs himself with a needle. I don't know anybody that jabs himself with a needle, and the audience doesn't know anybody that jabs himself with a needle. But you know guys that hit the booze, and I know guys that hit the booze, and the audience knows guys that hit the booze.

"Get the idea, Mr. Doyle?"

"But we've got to go a little farther than that. We've got to make this guy more human. We've got to give him some character that the audience can sympathize with. And there ain't enough action in your stories.

"Now, my idea is that we'll have Sherlock start out on one of his adventures while Dr. Watson is making a play for Margery. This Sherlock is all wrapped up in the case; and just about the time he begins to get somewhere, he tells Dr. Watson to cover him while he's making an investigation in an old warehouse. But Dr. Watson is asleep at the switch because he's making a play for Margery.

"That gives the villains a chance to sneak in without Watson tipping Sherlock off, and first thing Sherlock knows, he's captured.

"Now there's where we give the picture a chance to get tough. We have these mugs pretty rough babies. They make wisecracks when they talk, and they're crisp and up to date. And right away they get tough.

"Sherlock says something to 'em and the leader says, 'Oh, wise guy, huh?' and then he smashes him right in the face with a blackjack. Holmes goes down and they all jump on him and start kicking him around.

"Now we can't have Holmes take all this lying down. He's pretty athletic despite the fact that he's sort of slight, so he starts pulling these mugs around, and for a while it looks as though he's going to make it, licking the whole four of them. But they finally trick him and down he goes.

"Well, then, they've got to keep him out of circulation for a while, so they take him to a private nut house and pretend he's goofy, give the guy a big build-up, and they put him in a padded cell, lock the door on him, and go away and leave him.

"Now that takes care of the first part of the treatment. — Oh, yes, there's just one other thing. That is about the crimes themselves. Now the audience isn't going to be interested in a crime that's just a crime. It's got to mean something. Now what you'd better do is to have the crimes really important — have, say, a husband and wife and the husband thinks the wife loves him and the wife is a cold little devil, but she puts on the love act all right. Fools the husband, but it doesn't fool the audience. You get me? And all the

time the husband thinks everything is hunky-dory, the wife is all fixed to give him the works.

"Now when she's going to put this idea across, she needs the help of some other guy that comes in the picture, and the wife starts in getting his help by using sex appeal.

It's a cold-blooded sex appeal. She shows just as much love as the censor will allow. She pulls the vamp act and he falls for it, but you can see all the time the little devil is just as cold as ice. Back in her brain she's scheming to kill her husband, and she needs this guy's help.

"Now, about the time we get this all worked out, Margery begins to wonder where Sherlock Holmes is, and Margery starts in looking for him. That means that the tough mugs have got to get rid of Margery. That's where this Dr. Watson guy falls down. He ain't fast enough on his feet. He can't see the play. So these mugs get Margery and put her in the same hospital where Sherlock is in the padded cell.

"Now, here's where you got a chance to make Sherlock a smart egg, just like you show him in the books; only this time the way he's smart means something to the audience. See?

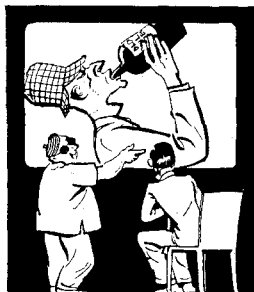
"He learns that Margery is in the hospital. Now he's in a padded cell and Margery is in danger. Holmes has got to get out of this padded cell.

"Well, I think that gives us enough for our first story conference. You go and block out an outline of the treatment the way I've given it to you. Of course, you understand, I'm just hittin' the high spots. You'll have to work out the means by which Sherlock Holmes gets out of the padded cell and all that. But remember we have to have him *fight* his way out.

"There in the first part of the story Sherlock was overcome by the mugs. There were four of them and only one of him, but nevertheless they got him. Now, we've got to show the audience that was just sort of an accident, because Sherlock Holmes is really a fit guy to be the hero of this picture. So when we have him break out, we'll have him lick all of these mugs and, just to show that the first time was an accident, we'll throw in a couple more guys. That'll make six in all. And we can have a great scene out there in the corridor of this hospital, with Sherlock Holmes throwing these boys around. He can trick a couple of them, so he gets them locked in the padded cell. Then he starts throwing the others down a staircase, out through a window, and stuff like that. Lots of action. See?

"While you work out this thing in an outline and submit it, I'll think it over and give you a buzz when I'm ready to make some more suggestions.

"You see, Mr. Doyle, we producers are pretty human guys, after all. Eh? And we're going to get



something. You bet, we're going to get something! Don't worry about that. I'm going to give it all the personal attention it needs to really make it something. I've got a lot of screen credits, and I can't afford to come out with any turkey. It's *got* to be good!

"All right, Mr. Doyle, you run along now and get busy on that treatment and after you get the outline in — oh, maybe sometime in a couple of weeks — I'll read it and give you a buzz. Then we'll get together and have another conference. By that time we can start on dialogue and gag stuff. After all, you know, we've got to have a little humor in the picture. Something like, maybe Holmes is trying to do some trick with a pitcher of water to see how long it will take it to evaporate at a certain temperature. The only place he can find that temperature in the room is high up over the door. So he balances the pitcher on the door, and then this Mrs. What's-her-name comes in, and down comes the water over her.

"But that's minor stuff. We've got some gag men that work on a script and pep it up. What we mainly want out of you, Mr. Doyle, is the plot. You know the characters better than anybody else and



we want you to put 'em on the screen the way they should be. You did a good enough job in the books, but on the screen your characters have to be convincing.

"But we'll work together and get it all ironed out, Conan, my boy. You bet we will!"

A Visit to Aunt Francesca

By JOHN CIARDI

PIGMENT of wax apples bleeds into
The glass refraction of a little sun
On marble table-tops, and light through wine
Purples our fingers toying with the glass.
It was or never was. At Aunt's command
My hands are poles to orbit colored yarn
Flowing away in little strands of light
From Sunday Fauntleroy's and good behavior
In a dark room divided by the sun.

Three black hairs mustachio her lip
And she was beautiful. The Sèvres cup
Is cracked and glued. I think I hated her.
And that changed too. But still we may not smoke.
Color fades from the daguerreotypes
That manted all our days. A little more
And all the light is gone. The yarn is gone
In baskets for the night. Only that glimpse —
I cannot reach the rest — a pale gray hand,
A dry kiss like an epigram, a door,
And footsteps sounding on our last good-nights.

FACTS

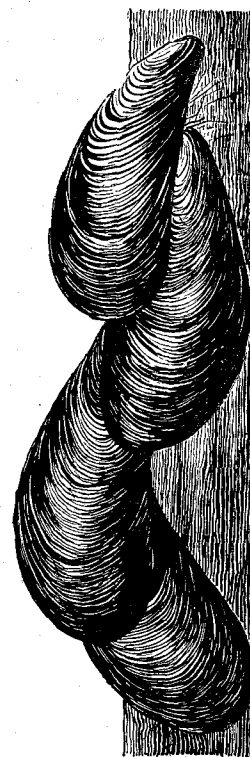
Spinners in the Sea

By LORUS J. MILNE

NATIVE North Americans eat few mussels. For some obscure reason, the bronzy blue-shelled clams have never taken their place among the oysters and quahogs, the littlenecks and scallops. On other continents, especially in Europe, mussels are recognized as a staple sea food. They are cultivated extensively and shipped inland just as oysters are here. Our Atlantic and Pacific coasts are well populated with mussels — just as edible as those of Europe — yet few know anything of their economic value. Only in the fish markets of the larger cities is there a sufficient demand from the foreign-born population to make the selling of mussels a commonplace.

Mussels differ from other bivalves in that great numbers of them (of all sizes) cling side by side to wharves and pilings, to the bottoms of anchored ships and floats, to buoys and other firm foundations in shallow sea water and in tidal rivers. At low tide many of them are exposed to the air, each mussel held in place by a few dozen strands of brownish fiber — guy ropes fanning out from the edge of its shell. These threads are spun by the mussel with the help of a thin, tonguelike foot. The first man to watch a mussel produce its byssus fibers, and to record what he saw (about two centuries ago), summed up his impressions in a final sentence: "I could not doubt then that the Sea has her Spinners in the Mussels, as the Earth has in its Caterpillars and Spiders."

Anyone enterprising enough can repeat Reaumur's observations by detaching a small mussel from a piling and putting it in a dish of sea water. Torn from its mooring, the elongate, rather pointed shell lies on its side. The stub of its broken byssus sticks out between the valves and has the appearance of a brown, fibrous root with many branching rootlets. After a while the mollusc relaxes the strong muscle which holds its valves together, and in the region of the byssus extends a slender sensitive foot. The tip of the foot explores in all directions and soon locates the bottom of the dish. Stretching more and more, the foot tip turns this way and that to inform the



LORUS J. MILNE is a professor of zoology at the University of Vermont. This article, and the others by Dr. Milne which have appeared in the *Atlantic*, will be part of his forthcoming book, which Dodd, Mead will publish.

mussel about its new and strange surroundings. Finally the sensitive tip curls back to touch a dark, glandular spot at the base of the foot. Rapidly the tip travels to a distant point on the dish bottom and is held there for a moment. When the foot is drawn back, a fine strand of clear brown material is seen, stretched taut between the point on the dish bottom and the base of the mussel's foot. One fiber of the new byssus is in place.

Soon another is added by a repetition of the process, the second strand extending as far as the foot can reach in another direction. Slowly the mussel produces more of the anchoring strands. Six is a good day's work. Six well-placed fibers will also allow the mussel to right itself, so that the gap in the valves through which the foot is extended is turned toward the bottom of the dish. With this degree of security, the creature casts off its old byssus completely. Some mussels carefully kick the discarded support out of the way, using the foot to push the old byssus through the gaps in the circle of strands formed by the new. Day after day the mussel adds more threads, and holds the bases of the entire group in a groove along the under side of the foot. The same cement substance is added to the strands in the groove, until they are welded together to form a common stalk. From this main root, branches extend in all directions to the many adhesion points on the bottom of the dish.

Charles Lamb thought that a mussel, once anchored, was fixed for life. In one of his letters he wrote: "How much more dignified leisure hath a mussel, glued to his impassable rocky limit, two inches square! He hears the tide roll over him backwards and forwards . . . but knows better than to take an outside place a-top on't. He is the owl of the sea, Minerva's fish — the fish of wisdom." Unfortunately for literature, the mussel can move about. If dissatisfied with one position, it extends the foot to its limit in some direction and a new byssus strand is produced there. Letting go of the old byssus, the mussel swings free. Again it stretches forth its foot. Again it moves along. In a few days the creature can crawl many inches, leaving behind it a series of single byssus strands which mark its route from the previous location.

Where the sea is full of microscopic plants and animals on which the mussel feeds, great numbers of these molluscs are found. Every solid support is encrusted with them. They extend their byssus lines over the layer of barnacles and tubeworms and smother them. The mussel is a dominant form. Even mud and sand may be held together by the countless byssus strands, and flat areas of shoreline often present unbroken acres of mussels. Such communal action is important to the molluscs because it keeps the silt from freeing itself and clogging their feeding mechanism. It is important to man in preventing the tides and currents from eroding the foreshore.

In Devonshire, at the town of Bideford, there is a bridge across the Torridge River. The two dozen

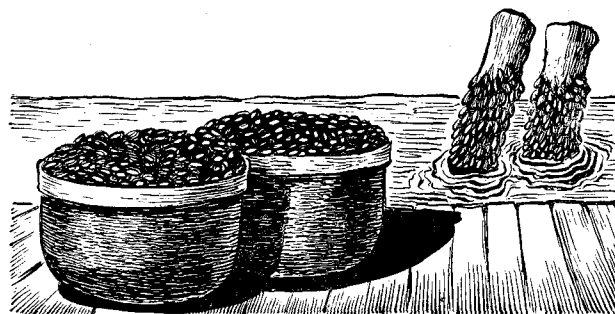
arches are covered closely by mussels, which no man may disturb without involving himself with the local police. The natives of Bideford have great respect for an ancient ordinance protecting the molluscs, for the reason that the creatures save the bridge from the wear and tear of the tides. Neighboring villagers have spread the story that the mussels hold the stonework together with their byssus strands, and that the Bideford Bridge has no mortar in it. These rumors are groundless, but the protection given to the structure by its crust of blue shellfish is plain to all.

Byssus strands are strong and remarkably durable. They retain their flexibility for centuries. Along the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea lives a mussel which has a particularly fine byssus, with very long fibers of an attractive golden color. In ancient times, men armed with sharp knives dived into the warm water and carefully cut the adult molluscs from their moorings. The womenfolk severed the separate strands, washed them of debris, and wove them into cloth. This handicraft has persisted to the present in Sicily and some parts of southern Italy, where gloves and stockings of remarkable wearing qualities and handsome sheen are still manufactured, although chiefly as curiosities.

More beautiful workmanship has been found in pieces of this same false "cloth of gold" uncovered by archaeologists excavating the ruins of earlier Mediterranean civilizations. The color and flexibility, the luster and toughness, seem unchanged by such long periods of time. The gummy secretion of the mussel, stretched into fibers by the spinning action of the foot, could truthfully be termed one of the first successful plastics.

Like other bivalves, mussels draw water into one region of the shell (near the foot), through their plate-like gills, and out a second opening. To enter the gills, the water must pass through moving curtains of mucus, which strain out any particles, digestible or otherwise. If the mussel is feeding, the sheets of mucus pass down the gills and are carried forward by the beating of millions of microscopic, hair-like cilia, to form food-laden ropes which enter the mouth continuously. If, however, the particles are not suitable, the ropes are dropped toward the edge of the shell to be cast out as waste. Thus the breathing current is continuous, and the mollusc feeds whenever the water brings particles which are digestible.

During the winter, the mussel's shell cavity be-



comes filled with tiny yellow eggs, and the mollusc is not suitable for human food. These are the R-less months for the mussel. Each adult liberates about a hundred thousand young into the water. Most of them fall on soft mud bottoms, where they suffocate, or into the mouths of slightly larger creatures. A number of the fry are left to settle upon various solid supports, where they commence at once to take on mussel form and make a byssus anchorage. In a region where food is plentiful, an egg may become an adult mussel, nearly four inches long, within a year. If food is scarce or contaminated with many indigestible particles, the mussel's growth may be stunted. Those which live on vertical surfaces well above the bottom have the best chance to grow large.

Providing vertical surfaces for mussels is characteristic of the peculiar farming which is carried on in several sections of the French coastline. Long poles are driven into the soft mud, and basketwork is woven from pole to pole for a height of about six feet above low-tide mark. Fry become attached to the basketwork in great numbers. With proper care, in a year or two, as much as a cartload of mussels may be harvested from each square yard of wicker surface. A large "farm" may have a mussel-bearing surface totaling a hundred square miles, which means that tons on tons of shellfish can be sold from it each year. In less well organized coastal regions, tree boughs (commonly elm) are driven into the mud and left to accumulate fry. When the mussels are several inches long, the loaded branches are trimmed off and the molluscs are sold by weight without even being removed from their support.

Felicity of Animal World

By R. P. LISTER

SPIKED barbs of remorse
Do not enter the soul of the horse.
The jocund cow
Does not reflect on the why and how.
No mention of right and wrong
Is made in the lark's song.
The goat does not waste his time
Considering concupiscence a crime.
The peregrine
Has no notion of sin;
Nor does it occur to the mole
To look to the salvation of his soul.
Nothing could be more free
Than the conscience of the chimpanzee;
And every beaver
Is a born unbeliever.
Prayer
Does not interest the bear,
And not even the dove
Ever got the idea that God is love.

TRAVEL

Tourist in France

By CARL de SUZE

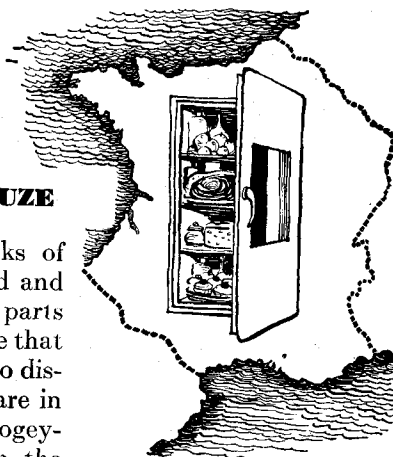
AFTER five weeks of sampling food and lodging in various parts of France, I believe that friends who tried to discourage my visit are in the clutches of bogeymen, and that on the subject of eating and drinking and getting around France these days American opinion is marvelously addled. The French, for whom the press insists on tolling the bell, are, on the contrary, bouncing back with great vigor. They are making a strong bid for the luxury markets and tourist trade, by which the country hopes to stabilize itself.

France is again a fine place for the traveler. The \$30 breakfast and the \$50 room are a myth — except for those who want to sport with the international set. And you need not rough it with bicycle and pack in order to set aside enough money to dine superbly and see the sights. This resilient country can still show visitors good living at a moderate price. It does this at some sacrifice to its citizens, who are still tightly rationed. But abundance is available in the restaurants, pensions, *auberges*, and roadside inns, which are flung open in quantity to attract foreign exchange. The following are a few notes on what you could get for your money in the summer of 1947.

The legal rate of exchange was 119 francs to the dollar. Yet at a well-known foreign money mart in Radio City, New York, it was possible to buy 200 francs for the dollar in a perfectly aboveboard dealing. In Paris the black-market rate was 220. The French regard the legal rate as false and prefer to have visitors get the more favorable exchange since it encourages trade. Patriots insist that their government maintains the lower legal rate only at the behest of foreign countries that would not provide the necessary supplies if they felt that France was a powerful competitor. Some travelers deposit funds in America for French visitors to America and collect these amounts at a favorable rate in francs when they get over on the other side. A few daring souls simply smuggle in the dollars.

Since the average French pay check is about half the American one, and prices are somewhat the same as they are here, the Frenchman does have it twice as hard as we do. He doesn't complain, because he knows that the more tourists there are, the quicker his economy can get back to normal.

CARL DE SUZE has been engaged in radio broadcasting since his graduation from Bowdoin in 1938.



Restaurants all over France are divided into categories A, B, and C. In Paris the distinctions are most notable. Two people may spend 3500 to 4000 francs for a meal at the luxury restaurants like Maxim's and the Tour d'Argent, which is less than what similar places would charge in New York, say "21" or Chambord. Atmosphere and tradition go on the bill also at Prunier's near the Madeleine, Ciro's in the Rue Daunou, or at the gilded Lapérouse, Joseph's, Philippe's, or the Café Véfour in the Palais Royal gardens.

Jean Casenave in the Rue Boissy-d'Anglas continues to serve a handsome four-course category B meal for about 500 francs to the busy merchants of the Rue de Rivoli and to the wanderers overcome with hunger between the Place de la Concorde and the shops of the Faubourg St. Honoré. Prices in category B may vary sharply. For example, Burgundy snails and *sole meunière* are some 250 francs at Casenave's, but at another B restaurant, the Chope du Pont-Neuf, they are just as tempting at 80 francs.

What increases the price of a meal anywhere is the wine. A bottle of very decent red wine is available in most B and C restaurants for 80 to 140 francs. Something special, like Beaujolais or a fragrant Burgundy, may cost as much as 230 francs. Nevertheless, a *carafon* (about $\frac{1}{4}$ bottle) or a half bottle is usually to be had at a modest sum even among the best wines. Beer runs from 5 francs 50 to 7 francs in this class.

A substantial and often lavish meal can be procured for 150 to 250 francs in such restaurants as the Ministères on the Rue du Bac, the Plat d'Argent on the Rue des Saints Pères, the Restaurant Gibert on the Rue Comte Rivière, L'Alsacienne on the Boulevard St. Michel, the Petit Colombier on the Rue des Acacias off the Étoile, or any of the *bistros* along the Rue Monsieur le Prince up by the Sorbonne.

Here's a sample meal selected at random from menus I brought home: —

	Francs
Soup (sorrel or <i>consommé aux pâtes</i> is fairly standard).....	5
Hors d'oeuvres (anchovy or sardine, deviled egg, radishes).....	20
Fish — <i>colin vinaigrette</i>	40
Meat — beefsteak, the real thing, too! — and tender!.....	80
Tomato salad or fat asparagus <i>vinaigrette</i>	20
Strawberries, served with hulls on — all you can eat. (You rub them in sugar.).....	20
Café filtré (individually made drip coffee).....	15
Carafon of beer with the meal.....	6
TOTAL.....	206

The 10 per cent tip is offset by the deduction of the nationally imposed cut of 10 per cent, thereby causing the total price of the meal to remain at about 206 francs.

You may substitute for any of the above entrees, Parisian specialties such as tripe à la mode (100 francs), sweetbreads with mushrooms (100 francs), chicken with mushrooms (100 francs), or a filet of some kind dredged in real butter and kissed by the broiler (80 to 100 francs).

Cheese in Paris is likely to be poor nowadays unless it is black-market Camembert. The best cheese is reserved for export. But several places serve portions that are fairly ripe and about the size of a lady's compact for 10 to 30 francs. Bread is a scarce item even in the country, and bread tickets are requested in most restaurants. Although white bread is a rarity, the hearty chunks of good French bread still have their excellent crusts.

Two motor trips into the countryside of France revealed that despite the intermittent scars of the exodus on the road to Bordeaux and the destruction of some towns in Normandy — Caen, Falaise, Lisieux, Bayeux, and St. Lô — most of the country's picturesqueness is preserved, and facilities of all kinds encourage the traveler. All the little inns in Normandy to which English and American tourists have traditionally repaired for their Continental holidays were booked solidly for the summer season. In the food-producing belts, butter, cream, and meat are abundant. Cheese improves as one journeys through the northwest. Although the food in Normandy is still cheap and good, most travelers bring with them their own towels, washcloths, and soap, and their own coffee and tea either to substitute for, or supplement, pension fare.

The Commissariat Général au Tourisme (French National Tourist Office) in Paris is especially helpful at arranging itineraries to suit the budget. They have found reservations in Normandy for English travelers limited by their government to a £75 holiday, and they will furnish lists of hotels which serve three good meals at prices starting at 400 francs a day. In Juan-les-Pins special rates are made for service people now demobilized. My advice is to consult the Commissariat au Tourisme and take with you on any motor trip a copy of *Auberges de France*, an expert catalogue of rates with descriptions of the food and lodging to be found wherever you may go. Bountiful meals are to be had in numberless spots along the main highways, and the wine of each region is inevitably good. At Bagnoles-de-l'Orne in Normandy, a



fashionable thermal spot, there are many small hotels and pensions of modest price tucked into the recesses of its wooded valley. I can personally recommend the Auberge des Charmettes, where both the view and the cuisine are inspiring — all found at 800 francs per person a day.

Driving toward Bordeaux through the broad plains of the Beauce we passed through Orléans, following the Loire through a countryside studded with good eating places and pleasant inns. One of the most distinguished restaurants, yet unpretentious in appearance, is the Val du Loire, outside of Blois. At table the *vin du pays* was a delicate white. Four of us enjoyed a meal consisting of a great variety of hors d'oeuvres, a fish filet in white wine and caper sauce, a juicy roast beef with a fragrant red wine, a fresh garden salad and green beans, two varieties of aromatic cheese, and for dessert, the fluffiest of chocolate cream-filled éclairs. *Café filtré* and cognac completed the meal. The whole bill for four came to less than 1200 francs including the tip.

At night we dined at the Hôtel de la Toque Blanche at Ruffec. Sorrel soup, thick with egg and barley, a *daube* or stew of venison, some pungent Bordeaux red wine, salad, creamy cheese, caramel custard, and *sablés* came to about 200 francs per person. All through the Charente region down to Cognac and back to Paris by way of Poitiers, Tours, and Chartres, we found the food more than satisfying, the prices amazingly moderate.

Our next trip was by train from Paris to the Côte d'Azur, with stops at Lyon, Avignon, Arles, Marseilles, Beauvallon, Ste. Maxime, St. Tropez, St. Raphaël, Le Rayol, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, and Nice. This neighborhood lives up to its reputation, regardless of what the Germans did to it during the war. Despite shortages in machinery, materials, and manpower, the people of this region have cleaned their harbors of the ugly hulks that cluttered them, and are restoring the cities and gardens to their former beauty.

The most spectacular comeback has been made at Juan-les-Pins, where the Germans removed all the sand from the beaches to make cement, and erected a sea wall with connecting pillboxes extending for miles along the coast. The local citizenry took down the wall, replaced the sand, and have just completed a modernistic promenade raised above the beach, with sunken bathhouses and gymnasiums, gardens and play areas for children. The entire project is shaded by magnificent umbrella pines, from which the town takes its name. A new sewerage system has been laid to take refuse far away from the beaches. All these towns along the coast echoed with the sounds of hammer and saw as new buildings went up to accommodate the influx of residents and visitors. In many places we saw community-financed housing.

Even in Nice and Cannes we found comfortable and often luxurious quarters with meals included for from 500 to 800 francs a day. If we ate in restaurants, we had the specialties of each region: around Lyon, quenelles and mushrooms at Mère Fillioux's; snails at Juliett's, washed down with the aromatic Julianas Beaujolais; chicken cooked with truffles in Vienne. Still, we never paid more than 500 francs apiece for the most sumptuous meal. There was one exception — the Hotel du Cap at Antibes, where lunch of hors d'oeuvres (a huge table holding the largest variety I have seen in France), wine, cold lobster with real mayonnaise, salad, potatoes, and fresh garden peas, dessert, brandy, and coffee came to 4800 francs for four. I had practically the same, and just as good, the next day in Nice at La Marée near the fortress end of town on the Quai des États-Unis, and the price there came to only 1200 francs for four.

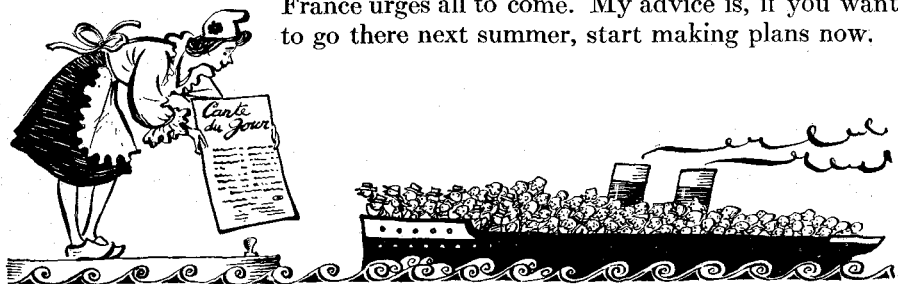
France opens up for any taste if you can travel leisurely by car. The Paris office of the American Automobile Association has cars to rent; and one can buy a French automobile in New York for delivery when one gets off the boat on the other side. If you can bring your own vehicle from America you won't have any difficulty obtaining the gas you need. Much of it is reserved just for people like yourself, and Americans are granted six times as large a gas ration as the French.

On the other hand, train travel is pleasant and very cheap. We crossed nearly the whole of France by train for about 4000 francs apiece, which is a lot cheaper than what it costs to travel the same distance by train in the United States. Four-course meals are served on the main-liners, such as the Paris-Lyon express, and for 180 francs their chefs put American dining cars to shame. Good wines, spirits, and liquors are also available.

For out-of-the-way places, buses or the gasoline-powered trains (the Auto-rail or Micheline) connect with main stops. Air France has established an efficient network of flights from Paris to all the main resorts. On long trips sight-seeing tours now include food and lodging in the price of tickets.

In Paris the Métro connects with all the main points of the city and suburbs. A ticket which you can use twice costs 4 francs. Taxis are back in Paris this year for the first time since the war. Everyone scrambles for them at rush hours, and some of the citizenry have been known to take a cab just for the novelty of being able to hail one again.

So desperate is the need for foreign exchange that France urges all to come. My advice is, if you want to go there next summer, start making plans now.



THE BOOKS AT STRAWBERRY HILL

by WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS

1

SEYMOUR DE RICCI has this to say in his *English Collectors of Books and MSS, 1530-1930*: "Although the library of Horace Walpole . . . contained some very valuable books and manuscripts, the interest attached to it was on the whole more sentimental than strictly bibliographical." After publishing this, de Ricci spent the summer helping me discover the whereabouts of letters to and from Walpole. "What did I say about his library in my book?" he asked suddenly one day, and when I couldn't tell him, he treated himself to that elixir of the scholar, a re-reading of his own work. He read it aloud, impressively, and then added, "That is not nearly good enough." Another judgment of Horace Walpole had been revised.

When one first turns over the pages of the Strawberry Hill Sale Catalogue one can hardly fail to agree with de Ricci's original verdict. Making all allowances for the obvious imperfections of the cataloguing, it is quite clear that there were few books at Strawberry Hill which would today reach four figures in a New York sale room. Walpole owned one or two fine Books of Hours, Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, and Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579, but they should be regarded as happy accidents; he did not collect books as he collected coins, medals, and engraved English portraits. What, then, did de Ricci mean when he said that his pronouncement upon Walpole's library was "not nearly good enough"?

There were about 7500 volumes at Strawberry Hill, a modest total for a library of the time, but it included nearly 300 bound volumes of tracts,

A graduate and a trustee of Yale, WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS is the editor of the Yale edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence and several other delightful volumes on the eighteenth century. He has brought together in Farmington, Connecticut, the supreme collection of Horace Walpole and of the relics of Strawberry Hill.

plays, and poems. Each volume had about ten pieces. The total number of *titles* was about 6500 in the rooms devoted to books at Strawberry.

Of these rooms the most interesting was the library Walpole built in 1754. It was 28 feet long, 17 feet wide, and about 15 feet high, and it had shelves entirely around the walls, except for the chimney and one window that looked east upon the Thames. The library had three features which gave its owner particular satisfaction. One of these was the ceiling painted by Clermont from Walpole's design. It displayed the shield of Walpole surrounded with the quarters borne by the family and heraldic embellishments. "At the four corners," Walpole wrote, "are shields, helmets, and mantles; on one shield is a large H, on another a W, semée of cross crosslets." The chimney piece, he recorded, was "imitated from the tomb of John of Eltham, earl of Cornwall, in Westminster Abbey," but what he really had done was to copy the print of it in Dart's *Westminster*. The "doors" to the bookcases supplied the third special feature of the room. They were "Gothic arches of pierced work" which swung on hinges before each case of books and were "taken from a side door case to the choir in Dugdale's *St. Paul's*." Thus were the ages of romance brought into the library. Little furniture was brought with them. There was a Louis Quatorze writing-table, six ebony chairs, five screens, an osprey modelled in terra cotta by Mrs. Damer, seven ossuaria, and a clock, a present from Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn.

Each bookcase was assigned a letter, beginning with *A* to the right of the fireplace and extending around the room to *M* on the left of the fireplace. Between *D* and *E* was a "Glass Closet" in which Walpole kept under lock and key the books and MSS he particularly valued or did not wish everyone to see. The Glass Closet was originally a door

which opened upon the Armoury, but proved to be a convenient way of adding another case to the library when the need for more shelves became imperative. Here were prudently placed the only two books in the library which would come under the modern rubric, erotica, and certain contemporary books in which Walpole had made notes of a personal nature. Among the MSS were several volumes from Sir Julius Caesar's library and Mme. du Deffand's letters and notebooks which she bequeathed to Walpole.

In 1763 Walpole notes he had plenty of leeway for growth, but gradually the library became filled. His secretary-printer, Thomas Kirgate, wrestled with the shelves in *A* and *B*. "Those books that were on the third shelf in *A*," Kirgate noted, "are carried to the 6th; those on the 5th to the 7th and so upward. Those on the 5th in *B* are carried to the 6th and the others upward." Brave but unavailing struggle! All creators of libraries are familiar with these growing pains; Walpole was fortunate in being able to provide the only satisfactory solution, an additional library. In fact, he added not one library but two, both completed in 1790. The larger of these was on the upper floor of the new "Offices," the smaller was a room in the Round Tower fitted up for the books of prints originally in cases *B*, *C*, and *D*. There was a fourth library, as a matter of fact, a mysterious one built in 1765, in what Walpole called "The Cottage in the Flower Garden." In his *Description of Strawberry Hill*, he speaks of "several volumes of MSS" being in this library and states that there was "over the bookcases, a small marble bust of Lord Chancellor Clarendon," but he does not say what printed books, if any, were on the shelves. Although so much is known about Strawberry Hill it retains a few secrets.

We can speak with confidence of the rest of the books because of the MS Catalogue of the library which was commenced in 1763 and the two Sale Catalogues of 1842. The MS Catalogue was written in a professional hand, presumably by someone from Walpole's office at the Exchequer. Walpole kept it up himself from 1763 to 1768, but thereafter Kirgate took over and he entered the new books only fitfully. The Sale Catalogues furnish a great many additional titles. Finally, the recovery of three-quarters of the bound volumes of tracts, plays, and poems gives us the titles of their otherwise unidentified contents.

It cannot be said that the arrangement of the books at any time was in accord with modern library practice. The method employed was what I believe is now called "fixed location." Above the

bookplate in each book in the main library was written a shelf mark unless the end-paper was marbled, in which case the shelf mark was written on the opposite fly-leaf. The shelf mark consisted of the letter of the case, the number of the shelf counting from the floor, and the position of the book on the shelf from the left. Thus, H.6.9 was placed in Case *H*, the sixth shelf, and the ninth book on the shelf from the left. The books in the Round Tower and the Offices had only a letter, *A* through *Y*, and one digit to indicate the shelf, for by that time Walpole and Kirgate had discovered it was too much bother to replace the books correctly on the shelf.

It seems likely that Walpole directed the original arrangement in a casual way. Case *A* contained a preponderance of biography and books by noble authors, *B*, books on the arts and numismatics, *C* and *D*, books of prints and drawings, *E*, topography, *F* and *G*, French literature, *H*, *I*, and *K*, English literature, and *L* and *M*, the Classics, but even so settled and stable a case as *I* had a lot in the Sale Catalogue made up of "Johnson's *Rasselas*, Chetwood's *General History of the Stage*, Lock's *Abridgment*, Harris' *Elements of Geometry*, Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon*, Lock's *Education*, [*Love in the Empire* in seven] Novels, Cambray's *Fables*, Nickolls' *Remarks*, *Impeachment of the Earl of Clarendon*, and an *Essay upon Government*."

Something of this confusion must have reigned during Walpole's lifetime, for on moving into the house at his death in 1797, Mrs. Damer had printed at the Press a notice, "If any Person should take a Book out of the Library, they are particularly requested to set down their Name on this Slate, and the title of the Book," together with a "Rule for replacing a Book," and when in 1810 she was getting ready to turn the house over to the Waldegraves she added a note on a fly-leaf of the MS Catalogue: "The Vols that may be found missing from any of the Works mentioned in this Catalogue, were so when Mrs. Damer came to Strawberry Hill. She is not aware — that any have been lost since —" The Waldegraves do not seem to have been a bookish family and during the following generation it is safe to say that the books remained undisturbed. Then came Robins, the auctioneer, and his men who catalogued the library as they found it on the shelves.

2

OF the many anniversaries which went uncelebrated because of the war, that which fell on April 25, 1942, was, for Walpolians, the most memo-

nable. One hundred years earlier began the Sale of the Contents of Strawberry Hill, the sale which shredded out and undid the labors of a lifetime — and, incidentally, gave posterity the delightful task of attempting to perform them all over again. The sale led off with the dispersal of the books in Cases A, B, and C. It had been planned to give the first eight days to the library, but there was so much dissatisfaction with the cataloguing of the prints and books of prints in the seventh and eighth days' sales (the contents of the library in the Round Tower), that these were removed and were re-catalogued and sold in a ten days' sale in London the following June. Thus the sale of the library was made in two portions which occupied sixteen days.

There were six different issues of the Strawberry Hill Catalogue, of which the sixth issue is the all-important one, since it alone mentions most of the books. It is easily recognized, for the additional books are printed in blacker type than the rest and the seventh and eighth days' sales are omitted altogether.

The sale made a great stir. Robins invited derisive comment by the lushness of his style of cataloguing, but the newspapers gave lengthy accounts of the thousands of persons who visited Strawberry Hill on the days before the sale and were particular in naming all those above the rank of Viscount. The roads leading to Twickenham were choked with carriages; a boat brought many who had no carriage.

At the sale itself there were few in attendance other than the great booksellers who, one unfriendly newspaper account asserted, were buying largely on commission. That this was not true is proved by the many books which appeared in the booksellers' catalogues after the sale, some of which, those issued by Thorpe, Payne & Foss, and Strong of Bristol, were largely filled with books from Strawberry Hill, but it is true that nearly all of the leading collectors wanted at least one volume from the library and that few bid themselves. Several collectors bought dozens of books: Beckford bought through Bohn; Lord Derby through Boone. The books acquired by Henry Labouchère were bought at the sale by Thorpe, Payne & Foss, and Bohn, and it would seem that he bought his books from their stock. John Britton's extensive purchases came from Strong, who worked closely with Thorpe in what was perhaps an early version of the "knock-out." A few private collectors had the temerity to buy in person, Richard Bentley and Henry Colburn were two of them; Sir Thomas Phillipps was another; Ralph Snelyd was still another.

The prices were not considered brilliant, but occasionally a lower price is paid today than the one realized at the sale. The only author to bring consistently high prices was Horace Walpole himself. The total realized for the books, prints, and books of drawings was £3837.15.6. Heaven knows what that represents now, but perhaps the present-day value may be approximated if we multiply it by five.

Lord Derby's purchases are still at Knowsley, the only purchases, so far as I know, which are in the library for which they were bought. The rest have wandered far and wide, literally around the earth. (At the moment Walpole's set of *Archaeologia* is on its way to Farmington from Egypt.) Surprisingly few of the books have found their way into public libraries; of these the two chief repositories at present are Harvard and the Victoria and Albert, with about thirty-five volumes apiece. (The British Museum bought many of the MSS at the sale, but no books and have acquired few since.) "New" books turn up all the time. During the twenty-two years I have been reassembling Walpole's library I have acquired a *title* from it on the average of one every four days. In all, about a third of the titles in the original library may be examined today. That this is the most interesting third of the library, both from the bibliographical and Walpolian standpoint, would seem to be clear. The better books have higher powers of survival than inferior books and Walpole's notes have acted as a preservative in those copies he annotated.

3

THE number of Walpole's books which have been found is, furthermore, a much higher proportion of his books now in existence, for many of his books have been destroyed, not by fire or flood, but by the trade. I have been told by old-time booksellers that before there was a market for any book from Walpole's library they thought little of pulping unimportant books formerly in it which were in poor condition. The bookplate was always worth half a crown. The dealers soaked it off and either sold it separately or pasted it into another book. They stripped off the covers and threw the body of the book into a sack which they sold for half a sovereign when it was filled. The covers, with the precious shelf marks, went into the office fire. And so the book was literally destroyed. How many were thus disposed of there is no way of knowing, but Walpole's bookplate is distressingly common and each bookplate represents a book irretrievably lost.

The practice of pasting Walpole's bookplate into books which had not been his has supplied the market with a number of ghosts, some of which haunt the most august shelves. The presence of the bookplate brings conviction of authenticity to its owner, who goes on presenting the book as from Horace Walpole's library. Since all the books in the library had shelf marks except the books in the Glass Closet, and all of *those* I've ever seen have Walpole's notes in them, the absence of the shelf marks and Walpole's notes in a book with an eighteenth-century or earlier binding is suspicious. When, in addition, the MS and Sale Catalogues show that Walpole did not own a copy of the book, the impostor stands revealed beyond any reasonable doubt.

A more difficult problem is to identify the books which really were Walpole's, but which are masquerading as ghosts. These are the books which were rebound after the sale by their owners. The original covers with their shelf marks are gone, and if there are no MS notes, the catalogue is the chief source of reassurance. Proof of Walpole's ownership may be supplied by the small marginalia he frequently made. These were short horizontal lines, crosses, and exclamation points in pencil.

Further evidence is furnished by the bookplate itself. It exists in two states. In the second state, which was designed about 1766, Walpole's name is printed in an elaborate script. About that time his taste in book-buying changed somewhat; from then on he bought contemporary books much more frequently than older ones. Therefore, a bookplate of the second state in a book printed before 1760 is suspicious. Finally, when later owners have disliked the marks of former owners they have occasionally tried to erase Walpole's shelf marks, sometimes with great but unavailing skill, for the paper is inevitably roughened and the erasers may have failed to remove the offset of the shelf marks which frequently appear on the opposite fly-leaf. (The man from the Exchequer who wrote the shelf marks in the books when he made the MS Catalogue was evidently in a hurry and shut the books before the ink was dry.) A more effective blotting-out was accomplished by new end-papers — Henry Gibbs, Lord Aldenham, used this method — but modern paper is easy to spot and when spotted one may astound his own binder by saying, "Please remove the end-paper of the front cover and when you do I think you will find C.2.15 written in ink just about here."

What use, it may now be asked, did Walpole make of his library? It is evident to any reader of

his works and letters that he made constant use of it. The *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* could not have been written without the books in Case A; the *Castle of Otranto*, Walpole himself said, was natural, "for a head filled like mine with Gothic story." The Road to Otranto would be a comparatively easy one to follow.

Its starting point goes far back into Walpole's life. At seven he wrote to his "Dear Mamy" for Bank's *Earl of Essex* and Rowe's *Jane Shore*. We know that he was buying books when he was aged ten, doubtless from Pote of Eton. These books are identifiable because he wrote his name and the year when he bought them on a fly-leaf, a practice he unfortunately did not continue regularly. The books he bought while at Eton prove his statement that he "was never quite a schoolboy." In addition to his textbooks — Webster's *Practical Mathematics*, Palairt's French Grammar, Moll's *Maps of the Ancient World* — he bought and read the contemporary writers, Addison and Steele, Congreve, Prior and Gay. The classical books he had at Eton included not only Horace, Ovid, and Virgil, but Petronius as well. His lifelong habit of annotating his books began at school: on a fly-leaf of Moll's *Maps*, following his note linking Leonidas with Thermopylae and Themistocles with Salamis he wrote a graceful quatrain in French on Tasso.

Books which he particularly liked — topographical books and biographies — he would occasionally annotate so fully that he would exhaust the fly-leaves and write on extra sheets which he then bound into the volume, and these notes frequently passed through the creative process and reappeared in his letters. These interpolations were usually anecdotal and biographical in character; they were *ana*, to use the eighteenth-century word. Such annotated books became in effect commonplace books upon which he drew for his letters.

The library was primarily a "working" library, not a sentimental one. The books Walpole collected were the tracts, plays, and poems which he brought together to assist him in the grand project of his life, which was to transmit to posterity a true picture of his time. These tracts, plays, and poems he had bound, about ten to a volume, with his arms on the sides, and "Tracts of Geo. 3," "Theatre of Geo. 3," or "Poems of Geo. 3," on the spine. He would write "A List of Pieces in this Volume" on the inside cover. On many of the title-pages he wrote the month of the piece's publication and he added notes on the title-page and here and there in the margins. In many volumes he pasted newspaper cuttings which referred to the contents of the volumes or their authors. A catalogue of the

books at Strawberry Hill would be a biography of Horace Walpole.

Such a catalogue has been in course of preparation for many years, and now it is hoped that it may be pushed to completion — in perhaps another twenty years. This catalogue will show virtually all the titles in the library. Fortunately, the MS Catalogue has the shelf marks and the years when the books were published and so ensures an accuracy of identification the Sale Catalogue rarely affords. What appears in the Sale Catalogue merely as *History of Virginia* becomes in the MS Catalogue “Beverly’s History of Virginia, 1722, H.4.25.” We shall be able to show something of the migration of the books about the house; we may even be able to throw light on the *malaise* evident in Case B which suffered an unexplained incursion from case D. We shall be able to name a good many of

the other owners of the copies before and after Walpole — the aspect of the library which appealed most strongly to Seymour de Ricci and made him realize that for the descriptive bibliographer Walpole’s library is extraordinarily rich. We shall give the MS notes in the copies we have seen when they are of interest. And finally, we shall try to show how Walpole used his books in writing his works and letters.

Then will emerge, I believe, a clearer view of the ambitious, over-sensitive, long-suffering, far-sighted, and witty man who made the library. Horace Walpole will doubtless always be a somewhat controversial figure, but the library when it is fully described will spread out a panorama of unsuspected breadth. We can be certain, I think, that in every generation there will be those who will explore it with profit and delight.



THE TRULY FEMININE MOTHER

by ANNA MARY WELLS

I

MRS. COWAN had for a long time felt a strong affinity to the family’s female cat, but it did not become clear and explicit until she read *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex* by Ferdinand Lundberg and Marynia F. Farnham, M.D. Reading books about psychiatry and psychology was one of Mrs. Cowan’s weaknesses; it had been responsible for a great many errors in the upbringing of her two children born during the 1930’s. John B. Watson had dominated the field then, and Jane, born in 1933, had been brought up according to the theories of behavioristic psychology. She had been fed on a rigid schedule, never picked up when she cried, trained for the toilet before she was a year old, required to eat everything that was set before her, and told all the facts of life with which her parents were then conversant by the time she was three. Mrs. Cowan simply refused to contemplate what she had done to Jane by the standards of the 1940 psychiatrists; it didn’t bear thinking of.

In addition to caring for her active family, ANNA MARY WELLS has published two murder mysteries in book form and a number of short stories and critical essays.

Hilda, coming along in 1936, had had an easier time of it, not because the psychiatrists had got around to changing their minds, but because the workout with Jane had left both Mr. and Mrs. Cowan a little tired. George, in 1940, was late enough to get the benefit of the pendulum swing. Having allowed him to develop more naturally, Mrs. Cowan hoped she was on the right track at last but was compelled to admit that at seven he was not so easy a child to live with as Jane had been.

On the whole Dr. Farnham approved of Mrs. Cowan because she was a home woman and had fulfilled herself by bearing and personally rearing three children. The jacket of the book said that the doctor herself had two. Her collaborator was a man, and the number of his offspring was not mentioned. The surprising thing was that the doctor would not have approved of the cat if she could have observed her as intimately as Mrs. Cowan did. The cat’s adjustment to the demands civilization, or even life, made of a female was definitely neurotic.

It began with the fit of restlessness which always

made Mr. or Mrs. Cowan say, "Oh, dear, we *should* have sent her to the vet." So they should, but he said the operation held more risks for a cat who had been several times a mother than for a female kitten, and the children could not endure the thought of allowing her to undergo any risks. And each time Mr. and Mrs. Cowan thought perhaps they could persuade the children to keep one of the kittens and give the cat away. And it was so much simpler to open the door and let her out than to make arrangements with the veterinarian.

To this part of the process at least the cat was well adjusted; she went out and she did not come back until she was ready to curl up in the patch of sun behind the radio and sleep for three days straight. The only complication was that the black tom from down the street sat on the window sill outside glaring at her, alternately switching his tail and howling in rage.

The unwed mother is usually a mess psychologically even before her child is born, Dr. Farnham said. She has failed in her primary duty to provide social and financial security for her child. Well, the cat was certainly a failure by that standard; neighbor children and school friends in droves would offer to take the kittens and then the next day would report that their mothers wouldn't let them. The chances were better than even, that most of the litter would eventually have to go to the Humane Society. The black cat was in exactly the position that Jean Jacques Rousseau had found so painful.

But the Cowans' cat did not seem like a mess psychologically. Not yet. She lay in the patch of sun, yawning and stretching at intervals, coming out only to eat or to allow herself to be petted. She was calm, self-contained, thoroughly feminine and feline.

"She even has that holier-than-thou look a pregnant woman gets," Mr. Cowan said.

In the later stages of pregnancy, however, she resented her discomfort; she would lie stretched out awkwardly, her tail never quite ceasing to twitch, and would start awake glaring at her overburdened abdomen. It was impossible to explain to her that she was fulfilling her nature and that these should be the happiest days of her life.

2

THE choice of a place for the accouchement was always a battle between Mrs. Cowan and the cat. The animal would have to be dragged out from the linen closet, from any drawer inadvertently left

open, from the dark recesses of the children's clothes closets. The children sided with her and concealed her latest hiding place whenever they could. She always had the kittens in the comfortable box Mrs. Cowan had fitted up in the basement, but never without the preliminary battle that left them both exhausted.

She loved her kittens. But, from the first, Mrs. Cowan wondered whether Dr. Farnham would not classify her as either an oversolicitous mother whose entire activity represents a conscious denial of her unconscious rejection, or the overaffectionate mother who makes up for her essentially libidinal disappointments through her children. Whenever she was away from them for even ten minutes she returned at a gallop, making little moaning sounds of maternal solicitude; she appeared to enjoy feeding them as much as they enjoyed eating, and interrupted the process only to wash them vigorously and often.

She gave them plenty of affection and security, but she never relinquished her ambition to raise them on the second floor. Every time anyone left the basement door open she would slip through sooner or later with a wriggling, howling burden in her jaws and a fanatical gleam in her eyes. Occasionally she would get all five of them onto one of the children's beds before she was discovered, and then again the children would join the battle on her side. More often she would leave one or two in a clothes closet, another under the bathtub, one in the middle of the hall, and the last one in the comfortable box in the basement, and dash neurotically from one group to the other, moaning, licking, lying down to offer nourishment, and then leaping up to go to the assistance of the one that was howling loudest.

The truly feminine mother, Dr. Farnham asserted, could tell without reading books on child care what to do for the children by waiting for them to indicate their need. "This method is infallible," she said flatly and without qualification. Mrs. Cowan, reading it, felt defensive about all the fallible vaccinations, diphtheria, whooping cough, and typhoid serums, vegetables, vitamins, music lessons, and baths she had inflicted on her children without their having indicated a need.

But the cat, although in many ways she seemed truly feminine, grew increasingly uncertain of what to do for her kittens. As long as it was physically possible for her to carry them she never gave up trying to bring them upstairs. When they were four weeks old and able to run all over the basement, Mrs. Cowan would meet her staggering groggily through the front hall with one clamped in her

teeth, its rump dragging along the floor. It reminded Mrs. Cowan almost unbearably of the days when she had dragged herself and a Taylor-Tot out to the park for the afternoon although a morning of washing diapers and sterilizing bottles had left her with no wish in the world but to curl up on the couch with a good book on child psychology.

By the time the kittens learned to crawl over the edge of the box and to drink warm milk from a pie tin, the cat was beginning to change from an unconsciously rejecting (oversolicitous) mother to a frankly rejecting one. Milk in pie tins belonged to her, and it annoyed her to have them walk in it, sneeze in it, and drink it. It annoyed her to have them run away when she wanted to wash them, to have them scattered instead of assembled in one readily accessible and completely dependent heap. She precisely fitted Dr. Farnham's description of the overprotective mother.

"Overconcerned about the rate of the child's development, she retards him by oversolicitous concern. . . . As he exhibits more and more interest in independent activities she tries to restrain him. . . . She is prone to develop in her child a prolonged dependency. . . . She does not encourage his personality development or his mastery over himself or environment."

That described the cat to a T.

But having learned, like King Canute, that she could not hold back the forces of nature, did the cat adapt herself to the inevitable? She did not. As bitterly and as futilely as she had fought the human prohibition against bringing them upstairs she fought the normal development of her kittens.

The climax came when they were about six weeks old and began to play with her tail. This was an indignity she could not endure. She would sit down and wrap it tightly around her, frowning at them, but she never had quite enough self-control to keep the tip from twitching. One of them would catch sight of it, watch for a minute or two with rapt attention, and then pounce. She would snarl, slap the kitten, and jerk her tail violently to the other side, where all four of the remaining ones would at once seize it joyfully. And later would

come the inevitable day when they could mount the basement stairs and eat from her own sacred dish in the kitchen. This was too much; she could neither ignore them nor share with them, but would sit behind the dish all day long on guard, growling whenever she saw one, and too upset emotionally to eat what she so treasured.

This stage perturbed the whole family. Mr. Cowan would say each evening: "*Tomorrow* those kittens go to the Humane Society," and the children would say that Edith and Mary Lou and Jack and Murphy were almost sure they could persuade their mothers to let them have the kittens and please wait just one more day. Only Mrs. Cowan in deepest secrecy enjoyed what was happening. She derived from the cat the only moral support she had ever found for herself in her most shameful secret. She had a sentimental passion for babies, but over the years the conviction had grown on her that she did not like children. She loved her own, of course (and what dark horrors the psychoanalysts would turn up beneath that "of course"), but children as a class bored or irritated her. She could not find a single heroine in literature of whom this was true, and very few villainesses were so depraved. Psychiatry would find behind the simple fact, bad enough in itself, causes which were much worse. The cat was her only consolation. Mrs. Cowan would watch the cat snarling and spitting, and from wellsprings deep within her soul pure fountains of healing sympathy would burst.

It always ended badly. Jack and Murphy and Edith and Mary Lou among them might take one kitten or even two; the rest would go to the Humane Society, each time with a larger bribe to assuage Mrs. Cowan's conscience. The next day the cat would sit in her favorite patch of sunshine, calm, serene, thoroughly feline and feminine, and wash her face.

"But you haven't solved anything," Mrs. Cowan said. "You've just left someone else to deal with the results of your own errors."

The cat looked at her with inscrutable green eyes and purred.



THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE water was high when we reached the Northwest Miramichi this year, so high and powerful that only the veteran salmon were able to take the falls to the upper pools. In the pools of the lower camp those fighting freshmen, the grilse, and the sea trout lay in clusters waiting for the headwaters to subside. If the fishing was good, so were the flies; black flies, moose flies, mosquitoes, gnats, and their smaller cousins — they were all there waiting to smile upon the moist and excited fishermen. But with a judicious mixture of DDT and Flit in a Flit gun, we sprayed our hat brims, bandannas, shirt sleeves, and trouser legs to gain about eighty minutes' immunity for each third of the day. It was like fishing with an aureole, the bugs hovering but not daring to alight until, after an hour or so, your *esprit de corps* began to disperse your immunity. Then look out for the back of your neck!

Trees are an indivisible part of any stream, and the trees in New Brunswick need a doctor. The black spruce suffered severely from the blight of the 1920's. Two years ago the white birch were attacked and today, in the north country I know, not one of them survives. The flickering heart-shaped leaves that caught the sun and wind are gone; against the dark green conifers stand the white skeletons ready to topple under the snows of winter. Nothing so graceful will fill the void in my time. Perhaps nothing will fill it. The guides were fearful that the Canadian white pines were next on the firing line. The borers were at them. If this is to be the fate of the north woods — so far,

one would have thought, beyond the reach of infection — what glimmering chance is there for the vulnerable shade trees of our suburban towns?

I am thinking of the American elm, the most characteristic tree of the New England communities. I have come to love the elms of Chestnut Street, Salem, and of High Street, Newburyport; of Williamstown and Rowley and the Harvard Yard; the elms of Manchester, Vermont, and of the Ipswich Green. It is touch and go if we can save them: if we do, it will be thanks to our foresters, to DDT, and least of all to our unvigilant citizens.

The Dutch elm disease was first observed in the Netherlands; since 1919 it has killed literally thousands of the great elms in Europe. The disease is carried by the bark beetles that invade weakened or damaged elms, feeding in the bark of small branches commonly in crotches. The young beetles develop from the egg stage in the dying tree, and when aided by a favorable wind they have been known to carry the infected fungus at least two miles. Stop the beetle and you stop the spread of the disease. For this, DDT, while not infallible, is the best weapon at hand. Naturally, you do away with every infected elm regardless of its age or former beauty. For too many towns this has been a desperate remedy.

Ask the residents of Boydon Road, Columbus, Ohio, who have stumps instead of elms the length of their once shaded street. (Ohio was our first state hit, and in 1930.) Ask the citizens of northern New Jersey what substitute they have found. Ask the Connecticut Yankees who spent their entire park appropriation last year just to remove the dead trees from their towns. Or if you are complacent and don't feel that this is your fight, just sit back for another decade and then ask yourself how it looks to be without the elm.

To date, the bark beetle has been winning. He invaded Massachusetts in 1941 when the disease

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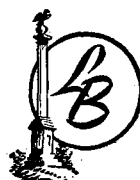
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What Amy Ellery learned about life and love in her first twelve years with Lyle few women learn in a lifetime. The author of *TO MARY WITH LOVE* has written an intimate, nostalgic novel of a woman you will come to know better than your best friend. *September Literary Guild Selection*. \$2.75

WAY OF LIFE

Coming September 10th. The author of *SOUNDINGS* writes a timely and compelling novel of an American paratrooper's love for an English girl. The pent-up fury, hope and optimism of today's youth is boldly contrasted with the cynicism and disillusionment of the older generation. "A beautiful and heart-rending picture of a cockeyed world."—KENNETH ROBERTS. \$2.75

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was first spotted in the Berkshires. One tree was lost that year. In six years the disease has spread to forty-eight cities and towns, including Plymouth, Quincy, Hingham, and Milton. Last year we lost 296 superb trees, and this year the killing is nearly twice as fast. Now the cry goes up from Providence. But why worry? We can always put up new billboards. It's a good year for baseball. We never had more to spend on the horses. In beauty parlors alone we spent 541 millions last year. Eight and a half billions on liquor. But contribute¹ a five-spot to save the elms? Don't be silly.

I sometimes wonder if we deserve the country we've got.

Know what you see!

Three years ago, spurred by the example of Leslie P. Thompson, I began to keep a fishing diary. My first concern was to note the size and species of the monsters brought to my net, but as my interest deepened I began to make note of the time and the climatic conditions, and if I was after sea fish, of the tide; I tried to calculate the underwater architecture. There is in all of us an impulse to take note of what we love best in nature, but unless impulse teams up with habit, nothing gets written.

John Kieran's *Footnotes on Nature* is a book of the seasons, enriched by recollection, of a city dweller who refreshes his spirit by walking and by bird-watching in the woods and fields of New York and New England. Most of us have come to know Mr. Kieran as that delightfully human encyclopedia on "Information Please." In this pleasantly confiding book he shows us the origin and orderliness of his knowledge. When he was eleven his father bought a forty-acre farm in Dutchess County, New York; there, during the long summer vacations, young John acquired his early knowledge of trees and birds, the wild flowers and the streams, and there as a young schoolteacher (to me a significant admission) his antenna reached out for a closer and closer observation. The "want to know" was natural in the boy as it was persistent in the man; and being blessed with clear eyes and a fine memory, Mr. Kieran has been able to gratify his insatiable curiosity about our flora and fauna. Often in the company of a friendly quartet, the Dramatic Critic (Brooks Atkinson), the Artist, Herman the Magician ("He loves to catch fish, eat fish and talk about fish"), and the Astronomer, he has walked down the years on the

shores of Long Island Sound and the Hudson enjoying the experiences and making the notes which compose this book. When his duties as a sports writer took him afield, as to that hottest of all baseball towns, St. Louis, he would spend the morning wandering through Forest Park, and the afternoon writing about the sweating Cardinals.

Birds have been the primary object of his search and he has the collector's passion for listing each day's finds as he spots them through the glasses. There are passages when I wished that he might have paused to tell us more about the individual within the plumage, but any real threat of tedium is interrupted by the episodes, the gregarious quotations, and the flash-backs of boyhood which flow so easily from his rich and eager mind.

Out of New Bedford

Seafarers who learned to sail long before motors were invented are today men who have had no less than sixty years' experience on salt water. The *Atlantic* has been fortunate in having two such among its contributors this past decade: Bill Adams, an Englishman trained in sail who finally came ashore in California, and Llewellyn Howland, who learned the discipline of the sea in New Bedford and on the Cape. Mr. Howland is conservative as all good "sailors" are. His book *Sou'West and By West of Cape Cod* is endowed with the tradition, the taste, and the resourcefulness which were all part of his seagoing education. He early learned the creed that there is a right way and a wrong way of doing things on shipboard, and this he learned from a ripe and active elder of New Bedford whom he calls the Skipper and who is the magnetic central figure in this delightful collection of tales. The Skipper's memory carries us back to the early 1800's; and man and boy, the emphasis of their experience falls on the hardihood, the taut discipline, the formality ashore, and the sudden sweet rewards of the sailor's life.

Mr. Howland's prose is tasty enough to make the mouth water, as in his memorable description of a Clambake (it ought to be memorized by those on the coast) or in his stories of Journey Cakes and Thumblings — those small codfish croquettes about the size of a big man's thumb. (Did I say "codfish"? I meant "a batter of mashed potato, shredded salt codfish, a mere trace of garlic, and cream — all whipped into a consistency. . .") He can make you feel the ruthless cruelty of the sea and ice as in "Sim," the most powerful story in the volume; make you share the glory that was Trafalgar; make you appreciate the skill and beauty of the terns as in "Wind and Wings," and remember the

¹The conscientious few might like to know that the Massachusetts Park and Forest Association, 3 Joy Street, Boston, is waging a good fight and needs contributions.

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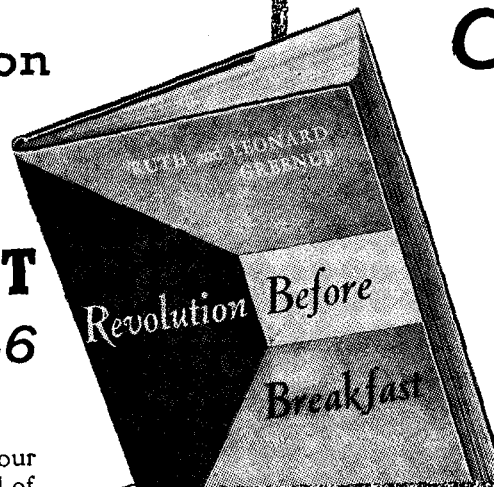
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By R. H. MARKHAM

Author of The Wave of the Past

A graphic picture of Yugoslavia during the recent war — the people themselves, their defiance of Hitler, the resistance of Mihailovich, the machinations of the great powers, the rise of Tito — and of its present Moscow-directed government, this book by the *Christian Science Monitor's* Balkan correspondent should be read and pondered by everyone who is at all disturbed by the shadow of Communism which today looms large over Europe. The author's indignant sympathy for the Yugoslav people and his candid dispatches caused his abrupt dismissal from Southeastern Europe by the Red Army.

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timeless delight of an old-fashioned Christmas as in "Holly Days." One emerges from this book with the realization that the "right way" is not only the safest but the most rewarding.

The boxing fraternity

The Harder They Fall is the story of an American heavyweight and of how he got his. In it Budd Schulberg gives us an ugly, intimate picture of the boxing fraternity, of the professional gamblers who control the racket, of the punch-drunk boxers who are fixed, and of the bums, luses, and grifters who add color and corruption to a hard business. It is the story of an oxlike peasant from Argentina who was built up to be "The Man Mountain of the Andes" and then betrayed; and incidentally it is the story of the American fans and of their mass talent for self-hypnosis. "Sure, the game is crooked, but that was a good fight."

The story comes to us through the honest, disillusioned gaze of Eddie Lewis, a Princetonian no longer young, who for ten years had been meaning to finish his play about the ring and who meantime was writing well-paid publicity for Nick Latka, the gambler. We see Toro Molina, the gentle bewildered giant, led into Nick's stable and his contract sold and divided; we see Danny, the old Irish trainer, and George Blount, the good Negro veteran, try to instill some fight in him; we see Ruby, Nick's wife, cut the locks of Samson; we watch the build-up on the West Coast and the excitement which reaches back to Broadway after the sixth phony knockout; and knowing what happened to Firpo and Carnera, we can guess the end though not the full measure of the degradation and dignity with which Molina goes down.

Not since Hemingway's "Fifty Grand" has there been a story so idiomatic, so physically cruel, so underscored with the disgust of the corrupted. The atmosphere at Stillman's gym, the Sunday luncheon at Nick's country place, Barney Winch playing gin rummy, the sparring of George Blount — these are descriptions or bits of low comedy incomparably well done. I cannot question the tough reality of the episodes — not even the corny scenes with Shirley, a boxer's widow, who would probably be even cornier in real life. But I do wonder whether there is enough change of pace and enough high relief in the book to keep the reader coming. Even Eddie's affair with Beth, the Smith graduate, is dragged down to the low level of Nick's society, and that level is so low that as the story progresses, disgust begins to take the place of pity: disgust with Molina's stupidity, with Eddie's futility, and with the rapacity of Nick's ruthless success.

INTRODUCTION TO WHITEHEAD

by LUCIEN PRICE

READING Alfred North Whitehead is like learning to swim. The instructor is kindly, helpful, puts one at his ease, and at the start one can always put his foot down and touch bottom. But he keeps getting us in deeper and deeper until we are in over our heads, swimming for our lives, astonished that we can swim at all, and glorying in it.

People often ask, "What book of Whitehead could I understand?" One answer is, "Parts, and large parts, of them all"; another answer is "Almost the whole of this one, *Essays in Science and Philosophy* (Philosophical Library, Inc. \$4.75)." In it Whitehead himself has written the Introduction to Whitehead.

The first three chapters are personal history, highly picturesque and amusing, illumined by flashes of his lively humor. Here at the same time one sees the gathering of his forces, how he took in history as it were through his pores from living at elbows with its sites and architectural monuments of the past two thousand years. Being schooled in science and humanism by the nineteenth century, the scientific revolution between 1880 and 1900, while he was still a young man, shook the false certitudes of that century out of him and prepared his mind to ride the hurricanes of the twentieth.

From here the chapters go on into Philosophy, Education, and Science. Covering a span of thirty years though these writings do, they are surprisingly unified. Some are prophetic. "An Appeal to Sanity" (1939) has been reprinted without the alteration of a word. There was nothing to take back. Foresight so comprehensive can only mean that when a man's thought goes up into a sufficiently high mountain, it can anticipate events. He knew and said in 1939 what others know in 1947. Probably this prophetic strain in him will be found to stretch over generations.

Like old friends or old violins, Whitehead's thought must be lived with to be known. Not until it is taken into one's bloodstream is it possessed. Reading his pages is at once process and reality: you grasp (or perhaps at first you don't grasp) the idea tersely worded there, but that is only the start, almost the least of it; for at the same time an immense surrounding area of one's own intellectual capability is being set in motion, and one is well aware of it, although only long afterward is it clear what the effects of that activation were. While he is creating in us the world of his thought, he is also making us create our own worlds.

This second process is so powerful that it often seems like a palpable substance. Whitehead thinks first in mathematical concepts, then translates them into the English language. His style has thus a conciseness, a concentration, and a force that are well-nigh unique. A single paragraph of seven sentences may contain seven ideas each of which could be expanded into a chapter. (The reader is supposed to do the expanding.) Grecian and Latinist, Whitehead's English is lucid, beautiful, witty, and as understandable to the layman as the matter permits. He himself considers that his books are well within the grasp of educated readers; but it is doubtful if the English language has often been made to work so hard for its living.

All the while, Whitehead is not impressed by the adequacy of language to express the complexity of our conscious thought, and still less by the adequacy of our conscious thought to convey the vast world of our subconscious. "The curse of philosophy," he has said, "has been the supposition that language is an exact medium. Philosophers verbalize an idea and then suppose it has been stated for all time. Even if it had been accurately stated, it would still need to be restated for each succeeding epoch. Plato is the only one of the lot who knew this and did not fall into the trap; and he, you will remember, began with mathematics. If civilization continues to advance in the next two thousand years, the overwhelming novelty in human thought will be the dominance of mathematical understanding."

Two pitfalls which stand in the path of man Whitehead warns us against repeatedly. All truths, he would say, are half-truths, valuable as such, but when taken for whole truths they play the devil. The other is "stagnant thought," "dead ideas," the false certitude of dogmatism. Here let him say it himself: —

"The human race consists of a small group of animals which for a small time has barely differentiated itself from the mass of animal life on a small planet circling around a small sun. The Universe is vast. Nothing is more curious than the self-satisfied dogmatism with which mankind at each period of its history cherishes the delusion of the finality of its existing modes of knowledge. Sceptics and believers are all alike. At this moment scientists and sceptics are the leading dogmatists. Advance in detail is admitted: fundamental novelty is barred. This dogmatic common sense is the death of philosophic adventure. The Universe is vast."

Process and Reality is the book which cost Whitehead most and which he most wanted to write. It contains the heart of his thinking and at the heart of his thought is this sentence which will bear thinking about for the rest of one's life: —

"The process itself is the actuality."

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Guy Greer's YOUR CITY TOMORROW

AMERICAN ROMANCE IN THE FRENCH COURT

by A. W.

WHAT are the ingredients of a good historical novel? What is in an author's mind when he chooses a period in which to place his story? Is it to provide color and background to enrich with a romantic haze a story not quite strong enough to stand on its own legs? Does the author set out to "explain" history in a popular way? Or is he writing for the pot, knowing that any craftsmanlike cloak-and-dagger job will find a good market? These and other unanswerable questions bedevil this particular reader of *The Moneyman* (Doubleday, \$3.00), which the Book-of-the-Month Club, in its combined wisdom, chose as its midsummer — or hammock — selection. There is a continuing flow of historical novels in the shopwindows, and the same questions might be asked about any of them.

Mr. Costain, however, is a consistent and successful producer of this sort of thing — as his three previous novels have shown. *The Moneyman* is a good enough story, well enough told. Jacques Coeur, the *argentier* of King Charles VII, has acquired a fortune as a merchant of the new school and, although of low birth, has reached an important position at court through his wealth, his patriotism, and his willingness to finance the war against the English. To spur the sluggish king to keep on with the war, someone is required to replace the dying Agnes Sorel as an inspirational mistress. Coeur finds such a substitute on hand in the form of a virtuous female waif who bears a striking likeness to the moribund Agnes and who, oddly enough, turns out to be her illegitimate niece. Coeur's benevolent plot is abandoned when his friend, the Sire d'Arlay, falls madly but virtuously in love with the waif, Valerie. Sinister characters now enter and things go very badly indeed. But of course Valerie and the Sire d'Arlay are married at last, and the book ends on a hopeful note as the husband tells his wife: "There will be a change. Men will begin to see the folly of all this. Everything Jacques Coeur wanted — and much more — will come to pass in time."

The author has made Jacques Coeur and the Sire d'Arlay into modern-minded men. The former foresees a state of things when wealth, wisely administered, and sound economics will replace outworn feudalism. The Sire d'Arlay has come to regard chivalry as an empty fraud. Things are pretty bad in fifteenth-century France but, given a few characters with modern American ideas, they will work out

all right in the end and the world will be better in our next volume. In fact, the world will probably keep on getting better and better, which is a very nice, comfortable thought in 1947.

This is, therefore, a kind of "hindsight" historical novel. The present is always with us, looking down its nose at the past. We see fifteenth-century France as a brutal, colorful pageant of error and evil, of romance and misery, which we readers, as superior spectators, can regard in our wisdom. This happy position makes the book easy to understand; we like the swordplay and the action and the suspense, and we are pleasantly aware of our own superiority to the misguided creatures who caper and prance before our eyes.

Neither we nor the author is in or of the period described. The book is well enough documented as to manners and customs, the clothes and the armor, the food and the gallantry, but it is all objective. Nothing is taken for granted. It has to be explained. We have to see it through the eyes of Mr. Costain and his modern-minded characters.

I am irresistibly reminded of that idol of my youth, G. A. Henty, who employed the same technique quite consistently and successfully. In all his innumerable books, written for the "Dear Lads" of England and America, no matter what the date or where the scene, whether in a Phoenician galley or with the legions of Caesar or on an Indian trail, the hero was always a nice boy, somehow Anglo-Saxon, Victorian, and Protestant. Whatever his alleged race or creed, he felt about things just the way we dear lads would have felt about them and he was just as brave and noble as we dreamed we were, and were not.

This objective, hindsight historical novel writing has its obvious virtues and advantages, but it is hard to write from that standpoint and produce a work of art. One cannot re-create a period if one cannot speak and think and react in its rhythm and idiom. Mr. Costain can no more place himself inside the body and mind of a fifteenth-century Frenchman than Mark Twain's Yankee could creep into the soul of Sir Kay, the seneschal. In his introduction the author says, quite naïvely: —

It is surprising how little has been written about some phases of the career of the great Moneyman. Monstrelet and his fellow scribes of the day went to great pains to set down the activities of unimportant knights and to tell of the daily lives of dull kings and stupid princes but they seem to have been lightly concerned with the spectacular career of Jacques Coeur.

Well, yes, it is surprising from the standpoint of International Rotary, but it is wholly in character

with the standpoint of the fifteenth century. Only by hindsight could a lowborn moneyman like Jacques Coeur acquire stature. At the time, he was not the kind of person one wrote about.

Compare this kind of thing with the historical novels eminent Frenchmen of our day have written about their own countrymen. The suave and unexplained incarnations of their periods who appear in the novels of Anatole France and Henri de Régnier are creations as authentic in art as they are learned in documentation. Or take a novel placed in the sixteenth century, such as Maurice Maïndron's *Le Tournoi de Vauplassans*. Here we are wholly and magically drawn into the idiom of an age that is past.

A *Moneyman* written in that idiom would probably not be appreciated by the Great American Public. But it would more nearly approach the standards of attempted artistry. Both books, however, have received their rewards: *Le Tournoi de Vauplassans* was crowned by the French Academy; *The Moneyman* is the midsummer selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. There is a difference.

SECOND GROWTH

\$2.75

Wallace Stegner

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

IN THIS deceptively slight novel, Mr. Stegner answers the question a good many of his readers have asked — will he progress beyond his early short and sometimes faintly coterie fiction to something of wider appeal? *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, his monumental last novel, was a magnificently realized and executed piece of work, but essentially autobiographical, and therefore no firm assurance that he could sustain a major key. In *Second Growth* Mr. Stegner proves that he can be popular without sacrificing craftsmanship, and that he continually grows in a subtle and sympathetic feeling for character. There is no impatience here, no malice; he is always objective, but never cold. It is a rather special thing, this ability to get on paper a love for the damned human race, sadness for its blunders, hope for its obscure future. The book has humor, too, of the dead-pan variety peculiar to the stubborn and beautiful New England hill country which provides the setting; Mr. Stegner, born a Westerner and now Professor of English at Stanford University, during several years of summering in Vermont has mastered its idiom to a point which makes it seem his native tongue.

The small town of this book is peculiar in that the summer people are for the most part academics, professors from Harvard and Yale, heads of preparatory schools, instead of the business and professional families of the usual summer resort. The town is dying, the farms are worked out, and the summer people provide the shot in the arm that keeps it going through the winter, but the techy, complicated local people can't be expected to admire the process wholeheartedly. Three stories, slightly linked, demonstrate the split between town and country, between the intellectual and the natural man. The most deeply affecting of these concerns Abe Kaplan, tailor, the

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only Jew in town, and his strange marriage with Ruth Liebowitz, who came from Brooklyn and had to sit at a separate table at the inn. The town does not mean to be cruel, but Jews are strange, and these two have ideas which can be accepted only by the summer people; the book rises to its dramatic climax in the tragic episode where the town discovers that Abe and Ruth, however outlandish, truly belong there. Mr. Stegner handles the heartbreak and hope in this relationship with great skill and tenderness. *Second Growth* should add substantially to his increasing reputation.

AVIS DeVOTO

1 1 1

REPORT ON THE GERMANS \$3.00

W. L. White

HARCOURT, BRACE

As an old hand with Europe, William L. White is not beguiled by the trick which the Germans have lately developed to the point of a fine art, whereby they tell foreign inquisitors what they believe the outlander wishes to hear, rather than what they themselves think. His experience of Germany, his knowledge of the language, and his good fortune in being able to re-establish contacts with Germans he knew prior to 1940 all stand him in good stead. For these reasons *Report on the Germans* is almost unique in the flood of post-war studies of Germany.

There is a ring of authenticity in the story of Germany's fall from the summits of pride, in the early days of the struggle, to the depths of apathy, confusion, and doubt in which her people flounder today. "We are all guilty," says Herr Schultz, in the opening pages. "Some did terrible things. Others did nothing, but knew what was being done and approved. Still others of us perhaps knew little, but at least approved of some of it. Yet now all of us, regardless of how much we ourselves did or of how little we knew of what others did, today do not want to remember it. We would like to forget what we did or knew, and cannot believe that we ever approved. The amazing thing is that so many have forgotten so much and so can deny that they ever knew or approved."

The passage sets the key for the book. In every chapter it gives this study unity. Herr Schultz's story of the progress of the war, as seen from within Germany by a functionary in the lower echelons of government, is extraordinary. But it does not stand alone. Mr. White has supplemented it with some excellent investigation of the ordinary German's attitude on such grim matters as the Jewish massacres and concentration camps. He has also marshaled a number of studies made through his legmen in restaurants, bars, business offices, and homes. He even sought to snare a sample of the unregenerate Nazi under his microscope, but in vain; so he had to content himself with interrogating an unrepentant German nationalist who hated the Nazis for bringing the nation to ruin.

The Germans depicted in these pages are not startling, dramatic, or sensational — except as the events in which they were submerged were in themselves unusual. They

are ordinary people, most of them. In this fact lies most of the value of Mr. White's report.

The whole final section of *Report on the Germans* is given over to a stimulating assessment of the hazards of peacemaking; and some instructive comparisons are made in these pages between the procedure followed by Woodrow Wilson in shaping American policy after the First World War and the ineptitudes which have marked much of this nation's approach to the problem since the second defeat of the Germans. In Mr. White's view, Wilson's grasp of world history and precedents in diplomacy far exceeded Roosevelt's. He regards the highly advantageous position now occupied by the Kremlin as a direct consequence of the fact that the Russians have pursued the Wilsonian — which was also the orthodox — method while American diplomacy has not.

It is an interesting thesis, though open to some questioning. It will scarcely do, for instance, to contend that Mr. Churchill's "soft underbelly" theory about the Balkans as a suitable major Allied invasion area would have produced a diplomatic situation essentially different from the one now before us, and that General Marshall's insistence upon striking over the coasts of France was wrong. On this point Mr. White seems to be indulging in specious thinking. If the Italian campaign proved anything, it proved that the "soft underbelly" theory was ludicrously wrong, and that a Balkan drive might easily have proved extremely costly and slow, without providing the advantages in political position.

The real probability is that, had the Churchill proposal been accepted, the Russians, who were at the edge of Warsaw when D Day arrived for Europe, would have pounded west over the vast central European plains to "liberate" France and the Low Countries before the Allies in the Balkans could extricate themselves from the mountains. General Marshall's insistence upon an invasion of Normandy has not been proved a mistake yet.

But this final section of *Report on the Germans* represents only a third of the author's book. His real concern, which occupies the remaining two thirds, is to explore the German mind and mood today and to compare it with the mental climate of the Germany he knew before this latest war exploded across Europe. The substance of the *Report*, accordingly, is a sort of Gallup poll of personalities. As such it is most revealing.

JAMES H. POWERS

1 1 1

THE OTHER ROOM

\$2.75

Worth Tuttle Hedden

CROWN

IT WAS a very much surprised young woman who accepted a teacher's job in a college in New Orleans, to find on arrival that it was an institution for Negroes, with, for the most part, a Negro faculty. The reader fully shares Nina Latham's surprise, and once, together with the heroine, he gets over it, he will find the story wholly plausible, and he will follow Nina's adventure with an absorption which

comes only with authentic experience. Nina, it must be borne in mind, came from a good Virginia family which had once owned slaves. Her first reaction was one of horror; she felt tempted to flee.

She had the gumption, however, to stay, and with the passing weeks she was persuaded to revise some Southern preconceptions and traditional prejudices on the Negro. It was Heine who jestingly remarked that the devil is not as black as he is painted, and Nina discovered that the same is true of the Negro. Indeed, in some respects we can learn something from him to our profit. For one thing, "we're the backward race when it comes to charity," and by charity the author does not refer to material things.

Nina's experience gained a peculiar poignancy because she fell in love with Professor Warwick, who could pass for white in more senses than one. She took him for white when he met her at the station, though certain details of his behavior in public astonished her; their meaning became clear later. Even more startling was the discovery that beneath the slightly tinted skin there were an intelligence and a personality which would be exceptional in a white man. Warwick was a gentleman, he was attractive, and his sensitiveness responded to the sensitiveness in Nina. And she simply couldn't stand Professor Ames, whose unadulterated whiteness did not prevent him from being wholly unattractive to Nina.

Mrs. Hedden poses the problem of the interrelation of the races in terms of fiction which impressively she employs to drive home a lesson in interracial good manners.

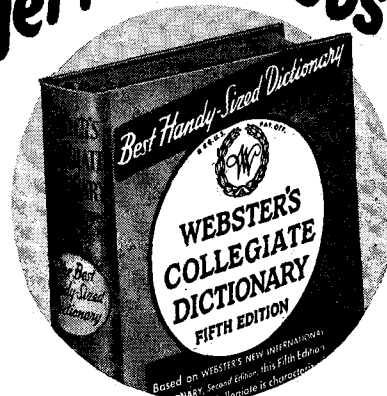
JOHN COUNROS

A SAINTSBURY MISCELLANY: Selections from His Essays and Scrap Books OXFORD, \$3.50

THE ubiquitous figure of George Saintsbury has turned up so often and for so long in the field of English letters that it is time to look for the man behind the voice. He has been met at many crossroads, up endless alleys, and round the most surprising corners. "No one I have known," says Sir Herbert Grierson in one of the five excellent memoirs which occupy some seventy pages of the present collection, "no one I have ever known had anything like the range of Saintsbury's knowledge." In the age of Shaw, Wells, and Lawrence, we may take that to begin with. "Reading," said Saintsbury himself, "is to me like mental breathing." We may take that for granted. The American layman, who knows him best — perhaps only — through the three square little *Scrap Books* or from *Notes on a Cellar-Book* (as good as the '51 Port can ever have been), is aware of one side of Saintsbury at least, the man of taste, of gusto, of salty word; his father's son, with "some knowledge of good wine and an unlimited horror of bad." As Professor A. Blyth Webster of St. Andrews, leaning adroitly on Meredith, puts it, he combined "piety and epicurism, learning and gentlemanliness, with good room for each, and a seat at one another's table." How true that is! Full of the "minute sparkle," Professor Saintsbury came to life on every page that he ever wrote. He approached every subject with a fresh, unclouded mind. An incorrigible Tory, a man of "conditioned pessimism," an untraveled Oxonian for whom the arts held but slight interest, it is

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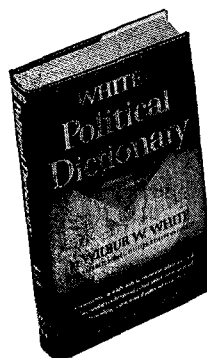


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incredible, however, that the legend of this learned man should interest the literate of America adrift from Boston to Hollywood. I believe it will.

"There was something Victorian in him, much of the Regency, and something [I think a great deal] of the eighteenth century. But he was not a period man, belated or misplaced. . . . Strong rather than delicate, humorous, sensitive, and proud . . . with profound patience and great power of will, he was English in solid weight, in self-trust and sufficiency, and in the reticent expression of feeling. . . . He did not spend time on the 'literature' of the subject. Where doctors differ he was content not to know. . . . When theories change, as change they do, he will not easily be out of fashion for he was never merely in." Thus Professor Webster in a masterly analysis of the man.

If I have said nothing of the essays and studies by the critic himself, it is because the curtain goes up on a character and not on a scene. This is wide-ranging and comprehensive selection, however. All the delights of that foraging mind, all the strange elemental quality of that style, all the exasperating aptness of conclusions drawn are here. One misses a section from the monumental *History of Prosody* and a wineglass from the Cellar-Book; but no matter. This is much more than a string of valuable *aperçus*. It is a welcome composite portrait of a very great man.

DAVID McCORD

1 1 1

VILLAINY DETECTED

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Lillian de la Torre

APPLETON-CENTURY

"In England," writes Lillian de la Torre in the introduction to this anthology, "the years from 1660 to 1800 were one long festival of crime." She then proves the claim with as staggering a collection of rogues, domestic murderers, and judicial atrocities as the reader can find anywhere.

The only criterion which Miss de la Torre appears to have considered in selecting her pieces "by various hands" is the very sound one of interest. The tales include piracy, highway robbery, lawsuits over inheritances, two inexplicable disappearances, and the expected thefts and assassinations. The authors range from such modern connoisseurs of crime as Edmund Pearson and William Roughead to Daniel Defoe and an anonymous eighteenth-century ballad writer whose style, in describing the liquidation of Mr. Hays by his spouse, suggests an ancestor of W. S. Gilbert.

Villainy Detected is hardly a book to read straight through, and every reader will develop preferences among the disreputable creatures who fill its pages, but anyone who has a taste for bizarre misdeeds will want to see it. My own affection centers on the ghost of Sergeant Davies, which besought an addle-witted Highland lad to bury its murdered owner's bones. The ghost spoke, according to the Highlander, "as good Gaelic as ever he heard in Lochaber," although the late sergeant was an Englishman

who knew not one word of the local tongue while alive. But he is run a close second by one Perry, on whose confession three people were hanged for the murder of a man who wasn't dead. This affair occurred in Gloucestershire, in 1662, and one can only assume that the excitement of the Stuart restoration had made the authorities more careless than usual about the presence of a corpus delicti.

Much of the charm of these antique disasters depends upon the police methods of the day. Detective work as we know it was unheard of, and the prosecution of any crime depended largely upon the energy and indignation of the victim or his surviving relatives. The situation gave the criminal a sporting chance, permitting a gentleman highwayman the leisure to collect his lordship's watch with an elegance and civility now unhappily lost to the profession.

It is worth noting that few of the professional rascals whose exploits are recounted here seem to have been driven into crime by anything except a desire for more money and less work. Lieutenant Richardson, correctly described as the "amorous pirate," was a lad with talent only for feminine conquests, but Jack Sheppard, burglar and most miraculous jail-breaker, was a first-rate carpenter, and James MacLaine a not unsuccessful grocer.

Miss de la Torre, who recently published a reconstruction of the Canning case under the title *Elizabeth Is Missing*, has naturally included Pearson's account of this perennial puzzler. For good measure, she has tossed in one of her own short stories on the same subject, a speculation in which the question of what happened to poor Lizzie, and why, is solved by "Dr. Sam: Johnson," James Boswell assisting. It is the one frankly fictional item in the book, and it bears up very well among the more solid pieces.

The introductions to the various chapters by Miss de la Torre are exceedingly pleasant reading, setting the stage with wit and an occasional undertone of parody. Altogether, this "Collection of the most sensational True Crimes and the most notorious Real Criminals that blotted the name of Britain" is a matter to delight the judicious lover of authentic wickedness.

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

1 1 1

THE AGE OF ANXIETY

\$2.50

W. H. Auden

RANDOM HOUSE

MR. AUDEN's long poem (138 pages subtitled "A Baroque Eclogue") examines four anxious people's tempers on a night of All Souls during the late war in the "pastoral" settings of a Third Avenue bar and a Manhattan apartment. The "shepherds," who speak almost entirely in nine-syllable lines of alliterative verse, are: Quant, a shipping clerk, whose uneasiness is introspective and expressed in sardonically distorted mythologies; Malin, a Canadian Air Force Medical Intelligence officer, who is pained by the incompatibilities between the facts of war and his academically flavored truths; Rosetta, a department store buyer, whose feminine reveries reflect the

emptiness of her independence; and Emble, an American Naval officer, whose spiritual instability yearns for compensatory triumphs, preferably sexual.

Their themes are illusion and frustration. They seek out their own souls, and honoring the ceremony of the day, they supplicate for all men, both in the pure rhetoric of "The Seven Ages" and in the dream-journey of "The Seven Stages" of man. They lament the absence of a Superhuman Grace in "The Dirge"; they perform "The Masque," which presages happiness for all in the mating of Rosetta and Emble; they end in an "Epilogue," where each goes his way, and the source, as well as the only resolution, of "the infinite impetus of anxious souls" is pronounced. Christ alone will save, and not in this life.

It is where we are wounded that is when He speaks
Our creaturely cry, concluding His children
In their mad unbelief to have mercy on them all
As they wait unawares for His World to come.

As no single stratagem will relieve the tension of the "Age," so Mr. Auden's virtuosity sparkles variously throughout the volume. His indictment of American materialism stands in the glittering diction of our own speech, polished by the poet's wit until the clangings of the alliterative verse ring like the cymbals of The Hucksters. There are pieces of pure lyricism and perhaps no one now writing can juxtapose the materials of pure poetry and the prose of the actual world better than Mr. Auden. Airplanes, cars, and bicycles are the conveyances of the phantasy-travels; the protagonists of restlessness are personalities whose removal from and immersion in the American state of affairs both point the paradox of their tensions and the frustrating lack of direction.

The integration of the poem is even more impressive than the magic of its many incidental gems. The themes conclude on an otherworldly note, but leaving aside the rather late entrance of theology, *The Age of Anxiety* is very much of this earth. While rejoicing the admirers of his purely poetical abilities, Mr. Auden has, at the same time, woven the patterns in the world-spirit of uneasiness into an argument the logic of which may be nearly irrefutable to anyone who has felt "modern" anxieties in his heart.

WALTER ELDER

THE STEEPER CLIFF

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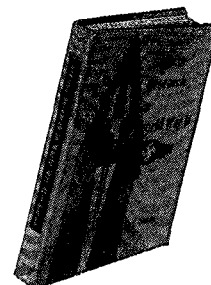
David Davidson

RANDOM HOUSE

The Steeper Cliff is the absorbing story of a search conducted in occupied Germany by Lieutenant Andrew Cooper for a "good" German. Against the opposition of his CO, Major Groll, a souvenir-hunting, rank-happy reserve, whose venomously drawn character will be regarded as understated by anyone who has been with an army of occupation, Cooper persists in his efforts to find and appoint as editor of a Bavarian newspaper one Adam Lorenz, a member of the German Resistance.

The search takes place against a bawdy background of occupation binges and military government intrigues in the dusty ruins of the Thousand-Year Reich. There are many excellent minor people: the ex-Hitler Maiden, the civilian expert on Germany, the combat officer, and a group of semi-Nazis. As Cooper attempts to judge the resistance of Lorenz to Nazism, he comes to identify

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himself with Lorenz and to ask how courageous he himself would have been. Driven by his own lack of experience with war, and by his memory of cowardice as a child, he tests his courage by his quarrel with Major Groll; at the end he must decide whether to take that final step over the cliff from which there is no returning.

The flaws in this rewarding first novel are not so much occasional overslick turns in the plot, or even the sometimes awkward love affair between Cooper and the wife of Lorenz. The real weakness of the book is essentially the weakness of our conduct of the occupation of Germany. Not once does Cooper consider the possibility of reforming any of the applicants for editorship, as, driven by his feelings of cowardice, he judges them, browbeats them, fires them, drives them to suicide. Mr. Davidson has accepted somewhat too complacently the Fascist thesis (he erroneously suggests it is Puritan at one point) that for the sinner there is no redemption but loss of employment or imprisonment.

And in the end, the quest for absolute courage is a failure. What Cooper does find is the more important virtue of charity, first towards himself, and therefore towards others. For all its groping on its main theme, *The Steeper Cliff* remains a sensitive, at times brilliant, novel on a great moral subject.

JOHN ASHMEAD, JR.

DAY OF THE TRUMPET

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Miriam Colwell

RANDOM HOUSE

THE Maine lobstermen of the last half of the nineteenth century were a tough and independent lot, in harsh competition with the sea, the weather, and each other for their precarious livelihood. Here is a novel about them that is both historical and regional without sacrificing the validity of its characters to concern with time and place.

Justin Sand and his Negro companion Hiram Eddy grew up together on the rugged Maine coast, dreaming of futures rich with bigger hauls and higher prices. Miss Colwell's novel spans their boyhood and youth, and ends with the decisive crisis of Justin's life after his heartless yet unpremeditated betrayal of his gentle friend. For Justin was a man to whom prestige and the dollar meant more than human beings. Nothing that could happen to people — suicide, madness, childbirth, or the alienation of friends and family — could touch him so deeply as the idea of his own success.

Miss Colwell writes in prose as precise and strong as the Yankee men and women she describes. In a few words she can give the feel of a New England fall day when "the noontime warmth had an edgy sweetness like the red-veined flesh of the early apples." She can set down the tricky Maine dialect so accurately that one is never conscious of affectation or odd spelling, but only of its richness.

The one misgiving about this competent novel arises from the frequent reliance on symbolic descriptions of scenery and weather to convey the mood of the people. This oblique approach, combined with Miss Colwell's fondness for understatement, often produces a tone too gaunt and austere to quicken the reader's full sympathy for her characters.

MARY PINCHOT

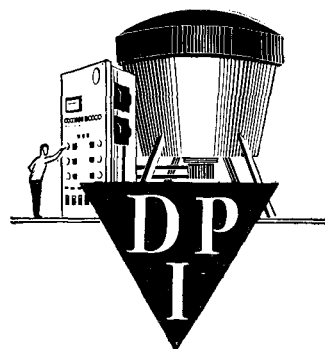
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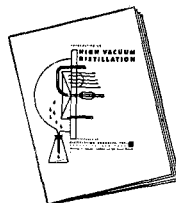
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735 RIDGE ROAD WEST, ROCHESTER 13, NEW YORK



Pioneering in Molecular Distillation and High Vacuum Research

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735 Ridge Road West
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SITTING PRETTY...

then we pulled our chair out from under us

Twenty years ago we at Alcoa put on our coonskin cap, shouldered our flintlock, and went pioneering with another new idea . . . *Making aluminum chairs.*

"Look", we said to chair manufacturers, "why make chairs so heavy to move and lift? Think how much lighter aluminum would make them. Smart looking, too."

"Maybe so," they answered, "but changing materials means changing our plant setup. Risky, costly business."

So, the only way to get aluminum chairs made was to make them ourselves, which we did. They sold so well that chair manufacturers changed their minds and decided to make an aluminum line.

Having proved our point, we pulled our chair out from under us. Got out of the chairmaking business

and left it to those whose business it was. Scores of companies are making all sorts of aluminum chairs now, doing business and providing jobs that wouldn't have existed but for Alcoa's pioneering.

Never once, since we first put it on 59 years ago has our coonskin cap been hung in the closet. Nor will it be, ever. Almost anything you use that is made of aluminum has been made as a result of Alcoa pioneering . . . of Alcoa research and product development . . . blazing the way toward useful things for better living

... Aluminum Living

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA,
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